

THE
AMERICAN
WHIG REVIEW.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

AUGUST, 1852.

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PORTRAIT OF HON. MEREDITH P. GENTRY, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM
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Winfield Scott.



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THE
AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. XCIL

FOR AUGUST 1852.

THE WHIG CONVENTION: THE CANDIDATE AND THE
CAMPAIGN.

THE respective National Conventions of the two great parties of the United States have closed their labor, and the stir and strife of discussion which have for the last few months divided the public mind with reference to the action of the divisions of one or the other party, to the success of this or that Whig or Democratic candidate in Convention, to the fate of this or that local and distracting sentiment, have at last resolved themselves into a concentrated and earnest question as to the triumph of one of the two great popular parties, whose forces now present themselves in the field of political action, marshalled and organized, and intent upon the work which lies before them.

In a preceding number of this *Review*, we entered into the history of the late Democratic Convention, as illustrated and elucidated by the Conventions of former years. We detailed the various distracting elements which it became the onerous duty of that Convention to harmonize if not to assimilate; we reviewed the history of that monstrous and anti-democratic measure, the Two-Thirds Rule; showing its mischievous influences—the power which it confers upon stubborn and factious minorities, the opportunities it offers alike to the wilfulness of radical innovation and the blind pertinacity

of conservative obstinacy, and the dark and ruinous precedents with which it has defiled our national history. We glanced at the man whom this infamous rule had raised to his present conspicuous position of candidateship, and indicated our belief that so negative a character, with so negative a creed as his party put forward, could hardly hope for success. We noticed also the reasons why it became necessary for his party to propose him to the acceptance of the people in place of the renowned and tough old soldiers of the Democratic army. We saw how these veterans had only lived to become contaminated by the parasites and the schemes of their party; how, in the event of their success, they would have become bankrupt from the multitude of their promises and from the clamorousness of their followers; and how, therefore, out of sheer desperation—forced upon the Convention by the Two-Thirds Rule, and the scandal of the candidates—recourse was had to an unknown man, whose obscurity was the cause of that measure of political purity which he possesses, whose personal enemies were few simply because he was never strong enough or prominent enough to create enemies, whose political virtues and vices were almost negations, and in whose weakness

was discernible a prospect of success. In the nomination of Franklin Pierce, we brought the history of the Democratic party to its final alliance with political and personal negation, leaving it, as it were, upon the shore of that unfathomable sea of nothingness whose depths are now yawning for their intended victim.

Since that time the Convention which we are now to chronicle has met and has made its choice. Before its assembling, during the months in which the claims of the three candidates for its suffrages were most eagerly discussed, we did not predict, nor did we venture to assure ourselves, that the final disposition of the platform from which the party was to appeal to the people, would be made with that hearty promptitude and conciliatory zeal by which its final establishment has been honored and commemorated. We were aware that difficulties of moment and magnitude beset the Whig party, and while we did not for an instant doubt that they would be finally overcome, our most sanguine hopes have been infinitely distanced by the harmonious consummation to which we have alluded.

While we disavowed alike the extremism of inconsiderate partisans of exclusive Northern or Southern interests, and saw their ultimate defeat plainly written in the destiny of the party, we also apprehended a degree of mischief from their collision from which we have been delivered by the non-consummation of the accident itself.

It is a fault, but no sin, to have a disorganized conscience. While therefore we disown any sectional sentiment as Whig or National doctrine, we will not refuse to examine it, to consider it, and to prescribe for it. Here and there, in various quarters of the Union, we have seen the workings of embittered sectionalism, afflicting both parties, and thriving most rankly where the harshest means have been used to stifle it. We have not hesitated to argue with the men by whom these sentiments have been held. While we have shown them their folly and their want of national fidelity, we have not ruled them out of the pale of forbearance, or refused to admit their honesty in their misguided devotion to the principles of their adoption. For this we have earned the respect of candid men, and what is of equal importance, the respect of ourselves. Since the breaking out of sectional feeling between North

and South in the time of the Mexican war, and the subsequent accessions to our territory—a feeling which it required the energies of our ablest statesmen to quell, which, although it could never have subverted the Union, might have distracted its councils during many years of strife and darkness—through the memorable times of 1850, up to the present hour, we have regulated our course by what we conceived to be the duty of faithful citizens of a sworn confederation, irrespective of local prejudices and political aspirations. Indeed, from our position we should have been doubly guilty had we done otherwise. Did we acknowledge the force of any such motive, we are not constrained to write for any particular locality, or shape the current of our thought to suit the wishes of dictating constituents. A journal whose circulation is bounded by a county or a state district may have some shadow of excuse for sectionalism; but had we stooped to any such weakness, the whole vocabulary of apologies would have been ransacked in vain to find any plea or pretext for the voluntary degradation.

In the contest we have maintained with the ten-headed monster of sectionalism, whose trunk has spanned this Republic, and drawn nourishment through its foul jaws at either end, it has been our fortune to make enemies as well as friends; and we regard this as a welcome indication that we have not labored in vain. We have contended for principles steadily and from the beginning, and if we had encountered no opposition, or our views been received without dissent, we should have felt that we had been neither read nor recognized. The *Review* has not escaped the reproach of being styled an "anti-slavery organ." The editors of this journal are not in love with the institution of slavery, but we defy the closest investigator to discover any passage in our columns in which we have either attacked or defended that institution. It has not lain within our province to attack or defend slavery in any manner whatever. We do not recognize it as a national principle, and it is only with national principles and measures that as moral or political questions we have to do. In other quarters we have been styled a "compromise journal," and we have been given to understand that the title was one of eminent reproach, and intended to do us injury. To the gentlemen who have honored us with these several ap-

pellations we have only to express our regret that their zeal for our injury has resulted in such slight success. We intend to conduct this journal for the benefit of the Whig party, and we hope with profit to all intelligent and sound-judging men; and those who do not believe in the utility of such a course will do us a real and signal service by persevering in their attacks. We have no apology to offer for this brief statement with reference to the policy of the *Review*.

We return to the difficulties which appeared to beset the Convention. As the time for the assembling of that body drew near, the troubles did not diminish. The peculiar position of one of the candidates—a position now explained, and indeed relieved of all its embarrassment by the preliminary action of the Convention—was the text on which a great deal of argument was set forth by the different wings of the Whig party.

The opposition to General Scott was of a nature easily explained. In his own view it was an act of political impropriety to give any written pledges of future action before called upon to do so by a nomination to that position which should make action necessary. With a reputation for high and steadfast integrity, for untiring devotion to his country as manifested in many a long and hard campaign of his soldier life, and with the profoundest assurance that not one word of all that he had ever said or written could be quoted to show that he was not keenly and constantly alive to the interests of the entire nation—with this reputation and conviction, he felt himself, as an individual, under no obligations to give pledges until the time should come when to give the pledge and to maintain it before the people would be one and the same thing.

In private letters and in conversation no reservation has been expressed by General Scott as to his views on national policy, or on that framework of concession which grew out of the joint labor of the wisest statesmen in the Congress of 1850. In his own judgment, therefore, it was unnecessary to affix any further seal to the chart on which was inscribed his love for his country. In the event of his nomination he foresaw a necessity which did not, in his estimation, previously exist. To any resolutions submitted by a majority of the party he professed himself most cheerfully willing to subscribe. It became a matter of opinion with him whe-

ther he should or should not publish an explicit profession of his doctrine previous to his nomination, as the rule by which his actions should be gauged; and as a matter of opinion it should be estimated.

Nor was it argued in any other light. Those who have carefully read the eloquent debates—and there are few who have not—made on the floor of Congress by the members of the two disputing Southern parties, of whom Messrs. Gentry and Stanly may severally be taken as the representatives, will recollect that those who opposed the nomination of General Scott opposed him, not because he had ever shown himself hostile to the Union or the measures of 1850, but simply because, in a crisis like the present campaign, it was better to adopt a candidate whose soundness could not be by any possibility assailed, than to select one against whom the arrows of the enemy could be more easily directed. Further than this the argument was not carried. The personal preferences of a large body were with other candidates. Against such preferences no one objects, or has a right to object. But had it been foreseen before the Convention that the resolutions there adopted by a triumphant majority would have been adopted so easily and by so large a preponderance of votes, the argument against General Scott would have dwarfed at once into a personal preference for other candidates, such a preference as is at any time capable of being merged in the will of the majority.

The resolutions passed by the Convention preliminary to the balloting for candidates did indeed place them all on a similar footing. But as these resolutions did not abate personal preferences, so they could not at once remove those apprehensions which had been so long suffered to affiliate with them that both seemed to share the same texture. When a body of men have entertained opinions for weeks or months, and have spent much time in arguing them, they can by no process be at once delivered from them. If a single individual cannot change his opinions at once, it is infinitely more difficult for a consolidated body. There is a feeling of association, of pride in preserving a common bond of sentiment, of unwillingness in the case of each to yield before the rest, that goes very far towards perpetuating for a time any opinion or set of opinions formed by a group of intelligent and conspicuous men.

But if our opponents imagine that the opposition expressed by Southern Whigs to General Scott's nomination before the Convention is not now removed by the removal of its cause, they are most egregiously at fault, and are counting on finding the weakness of disorganization where they will find all the power of united and determined action. The resolutions of the Whig Convention are at once explicit and national. The candidate who is nominated by that Convention endorses, in his acceptance of the nomination, the entire series of the resolutions. In coming before the people, he only appears in the attitude of a national candidate, who if elected will swear with the just solemnity of a Presidential inauguration "TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION," and whose after course will manifest the sincerity of his vow, as it will be consistent with all his previous life.

And now, while on the subject of the candidate, we wish to say a word relative to the course which this *Review* has pursued with reference to General Scott. We have not considered ourselves disqualified from having a preference in the matter of a Presidential candidate. The most remote and insignificant newspaper of the country is free to express its preference, and generally claims the honor of the Presidency for some individual within the limits of the State. We, of course, are influenced by no such local prejudice, and regard principally the statesmanlike qualities by which a man is fitted for that high office. Looking mainly at superiority in these qualifications, we have an indisputable claim to such a preference as we can express without disparaging the services of others—such a preference in short as any intelligent citizen feels himself at perfect liberty to entertain and freely make known.

Our first choice therefore was *not* General Scott. Had we acted from selfish policy, nothing would have been more natural than to have made the *Review* a decided Scott journal, since its circulation is very much larger in the States whose votes were recently cast for Scott than in those whose votes were cast for the other candidates. There are few who will deny that the chances of General Scott for the Presidential nomination have all along been better than those of the Secretary of State, or the present incumbent of the Presidential office. By supporting him, therefore, or by ignoring other

candidates, we should have been in the right way to prove our political sagacity, and perhaps might have got up a reputation for President-making that would not have been at all unflattering. But these considerations were of no moment in comparison with the duty which we felt was owing to that man with whose name American greatness will always be associated, and who, we are proud to think, will not be forgotten so long as the noblest qualities of the statesman and the orator shall command the admiration of mankind.

As a statesman long tried, laborious, practical and profound; as an orator great beyond all examples in American history; as a diplomatist feared by European monarchs, and successful in the most difficult of all diplomatic schemes; as an unyielding and efficient supporter of the various measures by which the Whig party proposes to benefit the nation; as a friend to the eminently national project of Land Reform; and as a zealous and unflinching Whig; in fine, as a man eminently fitted to guide the councils of this nation, to give dignity to its domestic acts and foreign policy, and to hasten us on the path to our high destiny, our preferences were naturally in favor of Daniel Webster. We represented his services in that light in which they deserved to be placed; nor did we hesitate to say that if any thing can entitle a citizen to the nomination for the highest office in the gift of his fellows, it rests first in that combination of statesmanlike qualities which go so far to form the glory and renown of Webster.

In being just to Mr. Webster, we were just to his distinguished competitors. Never before was a choice made to rest between three men so eminent, and so warmly backed by the incontestable proofs of actual service. Never was choice so delicate. One candidate was already in the Presidential office. Another was his Secretary of State, and acting officially under his direction. The other was engaged under his orders as a General of the United States Army. Each of the three enjoyed the veneration and confidence of an influential portion of the Whig party. And never has there been a time when to speak well of one candidate was to say so little to the disparagement of the others. In suggesting, therefore, the claims of the Secretary of State for the Presidency, we felt that we enjoyed a peculiar immunity

from derogating from his competitors, since we felt that in this instance it was easy to be just.

It was with no blind and indiscriminate eulogy that we remarked upon the characters of Fillmore and Scott. We recognized the claims of both to the warmest affection of the Whig party. The one had shown us an example of a liberal, firm, and progressive administration; the other had rendered material services to the State, second only to those of Washington himself. We felt that they had merited the rewards they had already received, and were not undeserving higher honors. While we deemed the nomination of Mr. Webster an act at once of policy and justice, we argued that if he were set aside the choice should fall upon one of the remaining two of the illustrious group. In either case we saw a good Whig, a national man, and an upright President; and when our preferences were overruled by the majority of Conventional delegates, we felt that, however much the friends of Messrs. Fillmore and Webster might endure disappointment as individuals, the great Whig party was yet intact and harmonious, and that its moral and political strength was in no wise impaired by the discussion through which it had passed.

Our views might have assumed a more sombre aspect, had we suffered ourselves to contemplate any such unwarrantable despotism as was exercised by the "Democratic" Convention in its nomination of a candidate desired by none of its constituents. But as the Whigs did not send their delegates to Baltimore to nominate a third-rate man over the heads of wiser and more distinguished candidates, so we had no fear that such a suicidal course would be pursued. The choice of the Whig party lay palpably between Scott, Webster, and Fillmore. That choice the delegates were bound to respect and abide by, and we congratulate them and the party that they have done so. There would have been no excuse for them had they done otherwise. The candidates were disfigured by no false pretensions; they were hampered by no vile associations; they were dogged by no foul and blackening history. The party had not proposed them, after months of deliberation, and in the solemn faith of honest men, to have them promiscuously thrown overboard. The ship was not so waterlogged to render such an act necessary. The officers were

not so unworthy that they must be swept from the decks to give place to an unknown subaltern. The "unknown man" game can never be played successfully in the ranks of the Whig party, and any attempts at such shameless imposition, should they ever take place, will be summarily and effectually put down. Let such manœuvring do for the "Democracy." It may suit their tastes, although time alone can determine this. The prescription is a bitter one for them, but they may swallow it. But it will never do for the Whigs. The chances are infinite against its being attempted by any Whig Convention, nor indeed can it ever happen until a Convention of Whigs shall come together with the pre-determined purpose of organizing defeat for the party whom they represent.

In the most unequivocal terms, therefore, and with pride and pleasure, speaking for the National Whig party, both of the North and South, do we accept the nomination of Winfield Scott. He stands before us on a platform broad and firm; the representative of principles national and enduring, untrammelled by inconsistencies or political wrongdoing, attended by an unbroken prestige of success, and strong in the confidence of the party by whom he is supported. Already has disappointment passed from the feelings of the supporters of rival candidates, and the hearty and universal ratification of the nomination has afforded an unmistakable sign of that victory which, already organized, waits only the progress of time for its fulfilment.

We are aware of the antipathy manifested by a few Southern men, formerly Whigs, to the nomination, and their determination to oppose it. While we regret that we should be obliged to chronicle any withdrawals from the Whig party at any time, and for any cause, we are not conscious of any such feelings of dismay at this defection as the opposition seem disposed to ascribe to us. For, in the case of Messrs. Toombs, Stephens, and their more intimate political associates, this disaffection is not of recent origin. It has existed so long that we have become quite well acquainted with it. We have measured it by itself, by its precedents, and by concomitant circumstances, and we find in it little cause for alarm. We acknowledge a greater degree of concern in the case of Messrs. Gentry and Williams,

of Tennessee, whose names appear in a sort of codicil to the document issued by Messrs. Toombs and Stephens. The gentlemen from Tennessee do not intend to oppose General Scott, but they are not inclined to support him. Heretofore known as true and leading Whigs, they have been scared by a political bugbear into a position full of perplexity to themselves, of gratulation to the Locofocos, of antagonism to the sentiments of their constituents, and of no profit to the Southern Whig party at large. We sympathize with these gentlemen, as we sympathize with any honest man who places himself in a false and untenable position. We have no charity for the error itself, but reason teaches us to be considerate to its victims.

Reflect, gentlemen, that the votes of Tennessee were instrumental in nominating General Scott. Remember, moreover, that Scott could not have been nominated without the help of Tennessee, and Kentucky or Virginia; and that the votes given him from the Southern States were given with the true and profound conviction that he stood above the sectional atmosphere with which his enemies charged him with being nourished; and that, by his announcement in his letter read before the Convention, and in his warm acceptance of the resolutions of the Convention, he had removed that distrust which, in your Congressional speeches, you had asserted as prevalent among your constituents. The nomination of General Scott is so far from being a Northern measure, that he could not have been nominated without a good share of Southern votes; and never in the history of the nation have Southern votes in Convention been cast with so much deliberation, care, and forethought.

The political life of Messrs. Gentry and Williams has been up to this time consistent and distinguished. They stand to-day almost alone among the Whigs of Tennessee in the tenacity with which they adhere to an unhappy prejudice; nor can we believe that this prejudice will much longer continue to afflict their vision. The great Whig party at the North, the Whigs of Louisiana, Florida, North Carolina, Kentucky, and their own State of Tennessee, are forcing it upon their convictions daily that their eyes are gazing through a false medium, and that the dangers which they apprehend are

visionary and impossible. We feel safe in leaving the future to their honesty, which has been throughout unquestioned.

In the nomination of William A. Graham for the Vice-Presidency, we recognize a just tribute to the wisdom and purity of the Administration; for, setting aside the high qualifications of the nominee for the office, we see a principle involved in his nomination which we would have the party bear in mind. In the earlier days of this Republic, when presidential power and purity of action were synonymous terms, and when cabinets were framed with a jealous eye to national honor and well-doing, it was the custom to look to the cabinet of one administration for the executive, or the substitute, of the next. Our fathers, with the punctilio of the old school, viewed this as by no means an unmeaning compliment. As a testimony of confidence and high respect, it was held most weighty and profound. Are we not entitled to claim a similar weight for the testimony which, in the present nomination, we have seen so explicitly manifested? And may we not also find in Mr. Graham's nomination a complete refutation of the charge of sectionalism urged against the Convention, and a convincing proof of the high nationality of the ground assumed by the Whig party?

But in the campaign on which we have now entered, the contest, with thinking men, will be a contest of principles. The Democratic party can make very small personal capital on a candidate and representative of the negative renown of Franklin Pierce. The question which has so long distracted our councils, we may regard settled by unanimous consent; or if ever hereafter agitated, it can in no shape be made a party matter. The issues of a past century cannot be trumped up to serve as rallying cries for either party, although by the resolutions of the Democratic Convention, we might understand that a different opinion is entertained by our opponents. This we are perfectly willing to leave open for national decision. It is simply the duty of the contending parties, as we read the indications and the necessities of the times, to place before the people of this nation, in clear and unambiguous terms, what they intend to do, what are their creeds, their policy, and their prospective measures. On these a true and intelligent contest can alone be waged.

From such a contest the Democratic party seem anxious to hold aloof. With a temerity for which we can find no example, they come before the people without a creed, and without a man. They have miserably parodied the old game of 1844. Then there was a show of reason for the course they adopted. Now their action is but an unbroken infatuation. They have put forward no inflammatory sentiments, such as "Annexation" and the "whole of Oregon," and the deficiency is fearful and profound. They have ousted their well-known men for an image of straw, who represents nothing, and for whom popular impulse is attempted to be roused in vain. The claims they put forward for the votes of the nation sound more like the pretensions of professed mendicancy than the demands of a definite political organization. For what mendicancy can be more shameless or complete than that which asks for alms as a right, and ignores the necessity of acknowledgment by repudiating all the obligations of gratitude or reciprocal service?

That these remarks are true and can be readily substantiated, will be seen from a survey of the platform adopted by the Democratic Convention at Baltimore. A more negative body of resolutions were never passed by any political organization in this country. The first resolution in that body could with propriety be adopted by either party, and the same may be said of the fifth, eighth, and ninth. The second, third, and sixth are mere negatives; and the fourth and seventh are cowardly evasions of negatives which the party do not dare to utter. Of the fossiliferous nature of most of these resolutions, we have elsewhere remarked. They are indeed memorable as specimens of what antiquarian research is able to accomplish. But we are unable to see the justice involved in propounding for popular acceptance, a creed which resolves itself upon examination into negation and repudiation of long since dead and buried issues.

Nothing in the entire series appears so contemptible and cowardly as the following:

"Resolved, That justice and sound policy forbid the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of any other, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country; that every citizen and every section of the country has a right

to demand and insist upon an equality of rights and privileges, and to complete and ample protection of persons and property from domestic violence or foreign aggression."

We suppose this resolution is aimed at a protective tariff, and we are confirmed in this supposition by the absence of any other allusions to the subject of a tariff in the entire body of the resolutions.

No one will refuse to subscribe to the words of this resolution, and there is therefore a peculiar malignity in its composition. It is simply a very cunning and despicable trick, by which the tariff Democracy are to be deceived as they were deceived in 1844, and the anti-tariff Democracy are to propagate their mongrel and destructive half-way theory of free trade. Its ambiguous wording, its studied non-committalism, and its power of indefinite and manifold construction, fix us more firmly in the belief of what we have so often avowed, and with increasing definiteness of late years, that the doctrine of protection is every day growing more popular in the United States; and that the Locofoco party, while professing to believe in the utility of free trade, dare not recommend it, dare not embody it in their written creed, and are even ready to disavow it wherever such duplicity will secure votes. We have proved this in the case of the campaign of 1844, in which Pennsylvania was carried for "Polk and the tariff of 1842," and the covert spirit of the resolution just quoted amply substantiates it.

It is evident then, that in this campaign, as the friends of protection to home industry, and as adherents to the doctrine that

"Revenue, sufficient for the expenses of an economical administration of the Government, should, in time of peace, be derived from a duty on imports, and not from direct taxation; and in laying such duties, sound policy requires a just discrimination, whereby suitable encouragement may be afforded to American industry, equally to all classes and to all parts of the country;"

as adherents to this doctrine, we say, we shall be forced to contend with a duplicity and a meanness almost too great to be comprehended. In Pennsylvania, the Locofoco press and orators will assure the people in the most solemn terms, precisely as they assured their deluded hearers in 1844, that a protective tariff is a measure dear to the heart of Democratic legislators, and one that will not be overlooked in the event of tri-

umph. This falsehood will be repeated wherever found necessary, and we must expect that it will make many dupes. In quarters where the "Democracy" have romantic ideas touching free trade, and ominous notions about "manufacturing monopolies," their ears will be tickled and their apprehensions allayed by a skilful reading of that sentence in which the Convention tell us that

"Justice and sound policy forbid the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of any other, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country."

We warn the Whigs and that portion of the Democratic party who esteem the protective policy as most suitable to the development of our industrial resources, to beware of this cheat in time. We have been tricked and imposed on once; let us not be deluded a second time. The artifice is as cunning as it can be made, but it is a shallow artifice after all, and a few plain facts are only required to expose it. Let all protectionist Democrats be assured that, in event of the election of Franklin Pierce, no rise will be made in present tariff duties—least of all, on the commodity of iron. We care not if every Locofoco newspaper in Pennsylvania shall assert that one fruit of a Democratic victory will be a return to the tariff of 1842; it would make no difference if stump orators should canvass the mineral districts with pledges to such a measure, signed by the nominees themselves; the Locofoco party dare not and will not sustain efficient tariff measures, and any local promises of such support will prove a sham and a delusion, fruitful of cheated and repentant victims.

Nor will they dare to advocate in its length and breadth the doctrine of free trade. It is the policy of their leaders to conciliate the free-trade and protectionist wings of the party by promises of a contrary nature made severally to each. Therefore neither doctrine will be adopted, but each will be made available in time and place. The free-trader will be flattered, the protectionist will be tickled, and each will continue to see his favorite measure postponed. It remains to be seen whether this subterfuge will long continue to flourish, and whether, in the present campaign, it will make as many victims as it created in the contest of 1844.

We warn Whigs and honest Democrats to beware of it in time.

We come now to another issue of the present campaign still more direct and tangible; and one which, while it affects the entire territory of the United States, is full of peculiar interest to the inhabitants of the Western and Southwestern States, where "Democracy" is counting on its largest triumphs. We refer to the issue between the Whig and Locofoco parties on the subject of Internal Improvements, as embodied in the following resolutions, the first adopted at Baltimore by the Whig party, the latter by our opponents:

"*Resolved*, That the Constitution vests in Congress the power to open and repair harbors, and remove obstructions from navigable rivers. It is expedient that Congress should exercise such power whenever such improvements are necessary for the common defense, and for the protection and facility of commerce with foreign nations, or among the States—said improvements being, in every instance, national and general in their character."

The other resolution reads as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the Constitution does not confer upon the General Government the power to commence and carry on a general system of internal improvements."

Now, granting that there is doubt about the power of Congress to appropriate money for the improvements of rivers and harbors, allowing, for the sake of the argument, a restriction which we repudiate as narrow and unnatural to the last degree, what other motive can a party have for turning doubt into denial other than a confirmed hatred of all beneficent general legislation? Alike in law and equity, where there is doubt as to a measure, its decision is influenced by its utility. By this rule we are willing that that clause of the Constitution relative to internal improvements should be interpreted. Statesmen have differed about its interpretation as a technicality, but with reference to its spirit no doubt can be entertained. If, as we say, Congress is entitled by the Constitution to appropriate money for general internal improvements, and if, as the Locofoco party say, Congress is not so entitled, not affirming that the Constitution *forbids* such a disposition of the public funds, what arbiter should be allowed to intervene other than a wise regard for national interests, such a regard as can only be manifested by actual and tangible operations?

To this arbiter the Whigs are willing to appeal. The improvement of our rivers and harbors is desirable. We may go farther and say that it is absolutely necessary, unless we are satisfied to endure those losses of life and property which are brought about every day by the neglected condition of our water communication. National prudence, practical philanthropy, and common sense tell us that there is no economy displayed in withholding appropriations for the improvement of our national water communications. It is like a scant and sparing distribution of seed: the crop is proportionally slender. There is a principle of reciprocity and compensation in all things, and where false economy prevails, there you will find a proportionate prevalence of poverty. The farmer who defrauds his land, and the merchant who neglects his stock, do not commit a greater mistake than the nation that neglects its own internal resources and capabilities, by following the "cheap" system of "Let alone."

Yes, say the Locofoco party, our rivers and harbors are really in a very deplorable condition, and no one understands what should be done for them better than we; but it would be interfering with "State sovereignties," if Congress should legislate for their improvement. If the Western States want their lake shores rendered safer for shipping, and their rivers cleared of snags and made safe and navigable, let them do the work for themselves, and pay for it themselves. This philosophy is hard and blunt, and very natural withal to men who are not much given to reflection; but there are two reasons why a long time must elapse before it can be carried into practical realization.

The first is, because the States that stand most in need of such improvements are not in a condition to pay for them. The finances of the Western States, never wholly free from the suspicion of those who love regular returns of 7 per cents, will not now allow them to devote those sums to the improvement of their internal resources which are necessary to their successful development. And yet, were these resources once developed, the wealth of these States would be suddenly and largely increased. In connection with this may perhaps be named the natural feeling of dislike toward incurring the total expense for benefits which other States will share in common with themselves. Internal

improvements would benefit the Eastern as well as the Western States, not to as great an amount proportionally, but very much and very noticeably; and the poorer States are not inclined to enrich their already wealthy neighbors entirely at their own expense.

Then, too, in the second place, almost insuperable difficulties arise in the way of making just appraisements between the obligations of different States between which the water communication lies. A river flows between two States, and its clearance of all obstacles, to navigation is an object of advantage to each, but not in an equal degree. One State is larger than the other, has more inhabitants, possesses more or less tributary streams, has a greater or less extent of river shore. In the midst of these and similar difficulties, how can exact, or even fair estimates be made? And unless the estimates are agreeable to both parties, how can the work ever be commenced or carried through? When "State sovereignties" shall lose all selfishness, we may expect that these difficulties shall vanish, but not before.

Should the General Government, however, assume the superintendence and expense of a judicious system of internal improvements, both these reasons would be at once nullified. The poorer States would indeed be forced to contribute, but they would feel that others were also aiding to establish the general welfare. With the richer States it would assume the aspect simply of a profitable investment, whose returns would never diminish in value or fail in regularity. And there would be the certainty that the work would be done, whereas we have no reason to hope that if we leave it entirely to the action of individual States, it will be achieved in the present century.

We ask the most inveterate stickler for State sovereignties, to point us to a single instance of the accomplishment of any measure of internal improvement affecting several States immediately and locally, by separate State action.*

* We have sometimes heard it asserted by "Democratic" orators that the construction of the Erie Canal affords an instance of general internal improvement carried out by a single State, and made to result to the benefit of all. Granting the correctness of the assumption, it would amount to very little after all; for if a hundred other demands for improvement have been neglected, and but a

We take leave here of what we conceive to be the two vital and practical issues of the campaign, not, however, without the intention of doing them full justice by as many expositions as shall be hereafter necessary. We intend to set forth elaborately and completely the demands of our Western lakes and rivers upon the beneficent care of the General Government, by displaying their present condition, and by suggesting that state of improvement to which in the future they can be made to attain; we intend to explain, as in past time, the phi-

losophy and the effects of a Protective Tariff; and to display from time to time the minor questions of our politics in the clear light of Whig doctrine. We cannot expect that all voters shall examine these questions, but that they will be studied by very many intelligent men of both parties in the ensuing months, we have full faith. Were we also assured that a prompt renunciation would follow conviction of error, and that the magnitude of the interest would be equalled by the diligence and candor of the research, we should have no fear as to the result of the coming election.

single one brought to a successful consummation, the "let alone" policy would not prove to have been particularly useful.

But the Erie Canal is a work of *construction*, not of improvement. It differs only in a slight degree from the laying of a railway, or the building of a turnpike; and the General Government had nothing to do with it. We do not ask Congress to vote money for our railways, or canals, or turnpikes. When we begin to petition for such appropriations, it will be time to introduce the Erie Canal as a counter argument to the demand.

What we ask is that the General Government shall take cognizance of water communications which exist by nature; that it shall increase the navigability of those vast rivers which drain the broad plains of the Western States; and afford safer harborage on the shores of our great lakes. Intelligent men need hardly be told of the difference between such measures, and a measure like that of constructing a canal lying entirely within the borders of a single State. From the continual misstatement of the issue, however, we have thought proper to add this note.

Nor in any case do we allow ourselves to doubt of the success of the Whig party in the present campaign. We say this not presumptuously, nor as a party comment upon political texts, but as the result of a profound conviction of the strength of our cause and the popularity of our candidate. In the separate materials of creed and representative, we are thoroughly furnished. The elements of success are with us, and it only remains to use them wisely, in order to the achievement of a complete and signal victory. And while we believe that no shocks can turn the course of this Republic from its high and noble destiny, we also believe that in no way could its industrial progress be more retarded, and its elements of internal wealth kept more widely apart from harmonious union, than by the triumph of what we are required to call "Democracy."

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PILLS.

In all communities we find the Doctor, or his substitute and predecessor, the Quack: sooner even than the magistrate or the priest; as it is necessary to live, before we think of living justly or piously. Such, at least, is the common instinct of human nature: but it is a curious anomaly of this same human nature, that although the art of health, or of the preservation of the body, is the first which we esteem it needful to practise, it is the last which we think it necessary to perfect; the most civilized communities entertaining among them nearly as gross superstitions in regard to medicine as the most barbarous.

The Italians have a proverb, that "every man after forty is either a fool or a physician." If at that age we have not acquired a sufficient experience to meet the ordinary exigencies of health and disease, it must be through a deficiency of common sense. Sensible men past forty, who have acquired the common knowledge of dietetics, and are careful to avoid the causes of disease, very illiberally laugh at the Doctor, while they are daily practising his art.

The Priest and his promises, the Lawyer and his guiles of law, the Doctor and his pills, time out of mind the jest of skepticism and the scorn of sensual prosperity, maintain, nevertheless, their impregnable position in the fears, the vices, and the follies of humanity; thriving by that which they deplore and strive to amend. The scorn and ridicule fall upon the priest's indulgence, the lawyer's dishonesty, the doctor's deception, when they tolerate and prolong what it is their function to cure; and the ridicule passes over from the false professors to the profession. It is required of the Priest that he shall have a competent knowledge of the principles of morals, of the spiritual nature of man, and of the pathology of his moral and intellectual nature. The Lawyer, on his part, must be familiar with justice in its theory and principles, and must have a thorough appreciation of all the duties of neighbor, citizen, partner, executor, subject and

sovereign, servant and master. The Physician is no less responsible for a true science of the body, in every condition of health and disease; its members, and their functions; its appetites, and their laws. Here then we find the first great and perpetual cause of the ridicule that follows the three learned professions: namely, in the ignorance of professors, who are often men of a low order of intellect, and extremely ill informed. In a society ideally arranged, only the noblest intelligences, and the most judicious and liberal spirits, would exercise the legal, medical, and sacred functions: but we cannot refrain from adding, that in the same ideal society there would be no occasion for the Priest to exhort, the Lawyer to plead, or the Physician to cure. Great and beneficial discoveries are not made by imagining an ideal or hypothetical society, but by a thorough appreciation of that in which we live and play our part.

My friend Paracelsus, the preserver of my life, and the director of my studies, after achieving the most brilliant discoveries in medicine, and placing himself by the side of Hippocrates in the order of genius; after thirty years of the minutest and most patient study of the human body, in health and in disease; after acquiring an unequalled knowledge of the properties of plants and minerals, in their effects upon the living organization; after separating from the enormous literature of medicine in all languages every consistent theory and well established fact, and reducing this mountain of matter within the compass of a five years' course: Paracelsus, after these wonderful achievements of a life given to his art; Paracelsus, I say, the most learned, the most daring, and the most successful of practitioners, who has repeatedly verified the miracle of resuscitation; who gave to me, and to thousands of others, a sound and happy frame of body in exchange for a racked and broken constitution; the learned, the skilful, the all-knowing, the almost inspired Paracelsus wastes the remnant of his days in a coun-

try village, obscure and almost unknown; while hundreds of inferior minds, catching, some one and some another idea from the inexhaustible treasure of his knowledge, have raised themselves to competence, and even to fame. Yet is there nothing silly, sentimental, or inefficient about my venerable friend. In all respects, Paracelsus is a *man*; of a large frame, and a commanding presence; the best of fathers and of husbands; a kind neighbor and a good citizen; of liberal feelings and true integrity; incapable of falsehood or dissimulation; true to his friends. It is, nevertheless, impossible for such a man to become either popular or powerful; for the Art of Medicine, like the sister Arts of religious instruction and of legal suasion, has two sides, two faces, two minds; is an art spiritual as well as practical, and must be pursued with the cunning of a diplomatist as well as with the art and science of an accomplished savan. The Doctor will of necessity adopt a school or party, as well in medicine as in politics and religion. Not that a genuine savan can by any possibility be a sectarian, but only because one side appears to him to approach nearer the truth, or at least to give larger freedom of reform and advancement, than another. To be of a certain party and to have friends and followers, it is necessary to give in to a certain routine, adopt an established phraseology, and even to prescribe certain medicines, as often as it may be necessary to soothe the prejudices of the ignorant; that is to say, of all the world except the truly learned. The practitioner from Paris must not fail occasionally to let blood, but he will be careful to select those only who are quite able to bear it. The prejudice in favor of letting blood may possibly draw him a good practice, and it frequently happens that the injury he inflicts is but slight. In the country it is good to tie a bundle of herbs about a cut finger or a broken head: it insures the good-will of the old women, and does very little harm to the patient; sometimes none whatever. To the German practitioner, on the other hand, minute grains of sugar are indispensable. These require also to be carried in a peculiar kind of medicine case, provided with small glass vials, delicately labelled. A beautiful case, skilfully labelled with the names of powerful poisons, and stocked with small grains of very white sugar, has

been known to secure a business to its owner of not less than ten thousand a year. The ignorant multitude, that is to say the entire community, attribute the great popularity and success of Dr. Sugartongue to his little pills; while the Doctor himself very justly assigns it to an agreeable and flattering manner, which is native to him. Of medicine as an art he is profoundly ignorant. When called to make a first visit—and it is a part of his secret that he sees only the rich—this master of medical diplomacy, under cover of a minute examination of symptoms, makes himself acquainted with every trait of his patient's character, and includes under the general head of medical information, a complete knowledge of the domestic troubles and weaknesses of the patient and the family. Dr. Sugartongue becomes the confidant of his patient: he is indispensable to his or her—especially “her”—physical as well as mental comfort. His practice lies chiefly among wealthy females, who are seldom dangerously ill, but always ailing. Hence he soon acquires wealth at a very moderate sacrifice of human life. Sugartongue, though an arrant knave, is a comparatively harmless impostor.

Very different is the art and manner of the illustrious and destructive Slasher, whose reputation turns upon the speed and neatness of his celebrated and frequent hip-joint amputations. The jolly surgeon is brusque and hardy, with a half civic, half military air. Gay in his dress and equipage, he takes the town openly by storm, by *coup de main*, while Sugartongue enters by slow approaches. The two are equally ignorant of the art they are called to practise, the art of healing and preserving; both are successful, on the other hand, in medical diplomacy; and both are consequently rich, fashionable, and famous. The cases of Slasher conclude invariably in the guillotining of a member; those of Sugartongue in a brisk operation of henbane or aconite. Poisons have their antidotes; members removed cannot be restored; and the career of Sugartongue is consequently far less fatal than that of the illustrious Slasher. We prefer the quack to the butcher, the beautiful cases of sugar pills to the equally beautiful and more radiant cases of Chevalier's leg, arm, and breast-guillotining knives. It is more agreeable, though less brilliant and fashion-

able, to die gradually of henbane and flattery, than to spout away one's existence in two minutes by a fountain of bright arterial blood. Sugartongue is careful of his patients, and sets as high a value upon their lives as if he were a stockholder in a company of life insurance. If they must die,—and it is necessary that he should lose a few, in order to give a serious turn to his reputation,—he wishes them to die very slowly, in order that the number of his visits may enlarge the volume of his income. Slasher, on the contrary, values only their limbs, which he carries away in triumph to his museum. The fees of the daring butcher come to him at once, are quickly earned, and usually larger as the probability of death is stronger. By a great deal of minute observation and experience, there is a chance that Sugartongue may at length become a physician; but for Slasher there is not the shadow of a chance; his ignorance is profound and hopeless. Admirable anatomist, there is not a fibre of the human body with which Slasher is not familiar. To Sugartongue, on the other hand, nature has laid open all the forms of human weakness, and it is almost impossible for him not to acquire a certain amount of valuable knowledge, and a certain skill in meeting and palliating the symptoms of disease. These advantages he converts habitually to his own and not to the benefit of his patients, while the anatomical knowledge of Slasher only enables him to cut with certainty and speed, or to exhibit before the ignorant.

The feelings of disgust and sorrow excited by the contemplation of such a character, and the folly of those who respect him, are quickly forgotten when we remember the excellent and judicious Celsus, our friend and our physician, in whose hands we confidently place a life dearer to us even than our own. In the mind of Celsus are united the two characters of man of sense and learned practitioner. Always in advance of his day, he is nevertheless prudent enough to hide his new and unpopular acquisitions, and while he seems to humor, gradually undermines and sets aside the vulgar and mischievous prejudices of his patients. His grave and quiet, but cheerful address, is equally acceptable to men and women; his compassionate soul has acquired no hardness or brutality from incessant contact with mis-

ery and pain. Yet Celsus is no sentimentalist. He maintains always the even balance of his mind, and exhibits keen observation and humor in disturbing situations. By the exercise of discretion, shrewdness, and tact, in his intercourse with the world, Celsus has attained all the popularity and success that others gain by delusion and fashionable quackery. Professedly of the established school, he seizes all the solid and valuable improvements of the new. The partial successes and reputed wonderful cures of a new sect, or a new nostrum, provoke his inquiries. If any thing of importance has been discovered, he appropriates and employs it in its proper place and time; if nothing appears but a deception, he extinguishes the new-born folly with a gentle but irresistible ridicule.

The conversation of my friend is profound and enlightening. He is one of those physicians who consider that the intention of their art is to prevent and cure disease, not to deceive or rob the patient; that the life of every person who comes to him for advice is, to a certain extent, in his power; and that he is as truly responsible for that life as if the penalty of death were suspended over him, should he ignorantly or negligently destroy it. He is therefore thoughtful and collected, when called to advise, or to attend the bedside, as if fully conscious of the importance of his function.

Approaching now the middle term of life, his powers of observation perfected by many years of study and experience, a savan among the scientific, but with his patients a physician only, or a friend, Celsus realizes to our view, though a living man, almost the ideal of a Doctor. He is not less ready to communicate the riches of his knowledge than the benefit of his skill; nor do I know a more enlightening conversation than his, on the general topic or the special departments of medicine. Speak to him of a sect, or of a nostrum, and ask whether he believes in it, he will perhaps tell you that the art of medicine is not acquired by belief, but by experience. "When I was a student at the University," said he, one evening, to me, "I fancied I should become an excellent practitioner by knowing anatomy and physiology, and the characteristics of diseases. The nature and properties of mineral and vegetable substances, in their effects upon the human body, seemed to me a very uninteresting

and inferior study; but when I began to practise upon living bodies, I discovered that the effects of medicines were as regular and certain as the effects of fire or of food, and that all my anatomy and study of disease was a mere preparation for that of the effects of medicines. I have the reputation of giving but little medicine, following what is called a 'safe practice;' and the reason is, I waste nothing upon experiment. The stomach of my patients is not crowded with a farrago of contradictory substances, each nullifying the other, as the custom now is. You will never have faith in the art of medicine until you witness the certainty and regularity with which medicines do their work."

"That," said I, "is precisely what we are told by the Homœopathists, as they style themselves. By your language I have often suspected you entertained many of their opinions."

I observed a smile upon the countenance of Celsus when I made this remark, but he replied with great seriousness. "I would not have you think," said he, "that I adhere to the sect of Homœopathists; not that they are totally devoid of sense, as a sect, but that they have based the entire practice of medicine, the art of palliating and curing disease, upon hypothesis."

You mean, I suppose, their ridiculous *similia similibus*, which has been in every body's mouth these ten years.

"Yes; that, and the triturations and infinitesimal doses, besides the vast number of minute symptoms which are laid down in their books, to follow the action of particular medicines. I have good reason to remember them, as by means of them I was deprived for several years of a profitable practice, and compelled finally to grapple with the humbug and use it."

You a Homœopathist?

"Even so. I procured one of the magic pill cases, filled the little vials, some with sugar pills, and others with potent remedies, prepared also in sugar; and I am ready to admit that powerful poisons done up in sugar pills are much easier and more agreeable to exhibit than the vast and nauseous draughts and boluses of the old school."

And did you talk about *similia similibus*, and the triturations, and the infinitesimal doses?

"Oh no; but I listened while my patients did; which you know is the same thing.

They were satisfied with that, and I got along charmingly; giving them meanwhile just what medicines might be necessary, under various names, and producing all the nervous symptoms by directing my patients to watch for them. Tell a nervous young woman that certain sensations will occur to her, at a certain hour, after taking certain pills of the fourth trituration, with a hard name, and she will experience those symptoms. But this will happen only for a few times, and to a certain class of patients, the same in all probability that are subject to the mesmeric influence. People who are 'seriously ill,' as we say, require to have their attention directed upon other matters, and to think as little as possible about their disease."

Do you mean then to say, that the homœopathic doctrine of symptoms, and the effects of medicine, is purely a deception?

"No, I mean to say nothing of the kind. Every substance that acts upon the nervous system when placed in contact with the body, and there are few which do not, produces certain symptoms. The nervous sensations which follow doses of *opium* are different from those occasioned by *conium* or *brucea*; but if the body is in health, the symptoms and sensations will follow each other in the same order and at very nearly the same intervals of time; differing in duration, in some measure, with the strength or weakness of the patient."

What, for example, are the symptoms of *brucea*?

"Ah! do you ask for a dissertation on the narcotics? I forewarn you it is a vast subject, and the physician who understands it has mastered one third of the art of medicine."

Of the "science," you mean to say.

"No, indeed; there is no science, only an art of medicine. I am speaking of the effects of the narcotics, not of chemical theories. When you are able to form a theory you have a science; but in studying the effects of medicines we have nothing but facts, and no available theory. We know that morphine, for example, in certain doses, produces certain regular effects, rising one above another, if I may so speak, and ending in paralysis of the nerves of respiration, necessarily followed by death: but we have no scientific theory of the causes of these effects; we can only trace them and describe

them, as the naturalists describe the actions and habits of an animal, or the regular eruptions of a volcano."

Well, that is what *I* mean by "*scientific*."

"Very good; we shall not quarrel then about words, as men commonly do when they are ignorant of things."

Return with me to the point we started from: What is meant by *similia similibus*?

"I cannot tell you," replied Celsus, "what others may mean by it, but I will try to give you the only idea I have been able to attain of its meaning. You, who are at this moment seated in my library, with six thousand volumes of medical works in all languages about you, might think it an agreeable recreation from now until midnight, that is, three hours, to search up opinions on the meaning of *similia similibus*. Let us not leave our arm-chairs or lay down our cigars. No; you need not ring for the boy, unless it be for that sherry you are so much enamored with, which is very much at your service.

"You will find the *rule*," said Celsus, rising and touching the bell, "of *similia similibus* recognized by the alchemical physicians of the sixteenth century. There is nothing new, you know, in medicine, except the modern chemical preparation of remedies, and the introduction of a few drugs and poisons from South America. The knowledge of the great remedies, as we may call them, the principal narcotics, sedatives, purgatives, styptics, laxatives, irritants, emollients, &c., is doubtless coeval with the pyramids. Antimony is said to be a discovery of a monk in the middle ages. Arsenic is a very ancient medicine in Asia. We hear of calomel first in Italy, three or four centuries since, but it does not differ in its effects from the black oxide of mercury, which must have been known as a medicine to the early alchemists."

At this moment a servant entered, and Celsus called for several kinds of wine which he insisted I should taste, giving a half-humorous, half-scientific history of each; for in these matters, though no bibber himself, he was not only profound as to tastes and qualities, but learned and communicative in the art and history of wine-making. In fact, we had very nearly forgotten *similia similibus*, when I recalled it by asking, in

jest, whether a man dying of a surfeit of wine should be saved by being made to drink again, as if that were a singular comment on *similia similibus*; but Celsus assured me it was by no means an unnatural remedy.

"The first effect," said he, "of a dose of any vinous or alcoholic stimulant, is to excite a powerful action of the heart and arteries, and to heighten the general activity of the respiratory system. One of its last and fatal effects is to paralyze that system, as we say, by narcosis, or poisoning by narcotics. If you have a patient dying of the last effects of laudanum or alcohol, you may revive him and gain time for a natural reaction by another dose, which will counteract the *narcosis* by exhilaration."

And this, said I, is one example of their mysterious *similia similibus*?

"Yes," he replied, "and I could give you many others. Quinine, for example, the chemical extract of Jesuit's bark, the established remedy for marsh fevers, when given to a man in health, in great doses, produces at first a slight paleness and a chill, and this is followed by a powerful action of the heart and arteries, mistaken by the ignorant for fever. Now during the cold stage of a marsh fever, the smaller blood-vessels of the skin are contracted and bloodless, while during the hot or febrile stage they are *feebly* relaxed and full of blood, but without the requisite vital energy. Give your patient an adequate dose of quinine, both these conditions will be obviated by a sudden and powerful excitement of the arterial system, and ten to one, the symptoms will not return."

Can you think of any other examples of our rule?

"I can give you an hundred. By the rule of *similia similibus* we mean that when we know the symptoms of our patient, we must give him a medicine that produces the same symptoms given to a person in health. Is not that it?"

I assented.

"Well, then," he continued, "that is a refinement upon the old and vicious notion, that medicine by one disease drives out another; the disease of iodine driving out the disease of scrofula; the disease of quinine expelling the marsh ague; in a word, that in medication we exclude a worse evil by introducing a less. Nothing, however, can

be more erroneous than such an opinion, unless it be the idea that medicines produce the symptoms of disease, when they produce medicinal and not poisonous effects. All substances of whatever name, on passing through the body, are either converted into food, or they produce effects which we call medicinal. Those only become food which are already organized, such as the flesh of animals and the parenchyma of plants. If the vital powers are able to subdue and change the nature of substances, they are nutritious; if not, they are medicinal, though in various degrees. Instead of being acted upon, they react, and, suffering no sensible changes themselves, produce remarkable effects by simple contact with the interior or even the exterior of the body. These changes do not resemble those induced by chemical corrosion. If a hot iron is applied to the skin, or a dose of strong acid to the stomach, changes of a chemical nature are effected. The skin itself, or the surface of the stomach, is destroyed. But this is corrosion, cautery, chemical poisoning, any thing you will, but not *medication*."

But what do you mean by saying that *all* substances introduced into the body are medicinal?

"They are so, not only when applied to the interior, but, in a less degree, to the exterior of the body: in a word, to any portion of the skin or mucous membrane. Calomel, tobacco, sulphur, and various other substances, undergoing no change themselves, produce extraordinary effects when applied over the surface of the body."

Enormous then must be the labor of the physician to acquire a correct knowledge of the effects of all known substances upon the interior and exterior of the human body, in every condition of disease.

"Indeed, an impossible labor," replied Celsus, "were it not for the accumulation of knowledge in books. The study of a single narcotic or sedative would be the work of a lifetime. In fact, the majority of practitioners have only a limited knowledge of the effects of three or four medicines, and some, like Surgeon Slasher, of only two, which they administer on alternate days."

But if the properties of remedies are of so great importance to be known—and by your account one would think almost the entire art of medicine consists in this knowledge—why have not treatises been composed

which present, in a condensed form, all that is known upon the subject?

"You have asked an unwise question. You might as well have asked me why there is not a complete and perfect art of medicine in which all agree, instead of a number of schools denouncing and ridiculing each the practice of the other. It is precisely because we *have no* treatise in which facts alone are given and properly arranged, that we have no school of medical art, but only a number of contending factions. If the properties of medicines were thoroughly known, that knowledge alone, aided by a moderate acquaintance with anatomy and physiology, would suffice for the practitioner. At present we have men who can describe to us the condition of our lungs; who can locate an abscess, diagnose an inflammation of the remotest interior organ of the body, but hardly any who can prescribe the medicine that will meet the symptoms. When it comes to a prescription, the most intelligent diagnostician is no better than an empiric. You ask why this is so? I can only say, as before, that the properties of remedies are as little known among ourselves, for the most part, as were the properties of acids and alkalies thirty years ago. You will hear now and then of a physician who rarely loses a patient, although in the enjoyment of an extensive practice. This physician will be by no means remarkable for his pedantic attainments; or rather, I should have said, he will make but a very moderate display of them in public. Follow and observe him. You will find that even when he cannot give a name to the disease, he will not fail to subdue its manifestations. Familiar with every power of medicine, there is no kind of diseased action, whether affecting a particular organ or the entire system, to which he will not apply an immediate counteraction, not by weakening, exhausting and irritating—in other words, not by poisoning his patient, but by heightening the activity of natural functions, of the nerves, brain, arteries, the secretory and muscular systems, and, in general, whatever power it may be necessary to excite against the general or local weakness of disease. We hear a great deal said, in this age of long words, of the 'recuperative energy of nature.' This practitioner understands that the secret of medication is to excite the so-called 'recuperative energy;' in other words, to draw

upon the *reserved forces* of the system, and compel them to enlist at once, and in great force, in favor of the succumbing organ. Let me give you an example: A fit of anger will subdue an ague or dissipate a catarrh. Anger excites the brain, which, in its turn, produces a violent action of the heart and arteries, more violent even than the excitement of alcohol or quinine. This reserved power we call the recuperative energy, stored up in the brain and in the nervous system. The hot arterial blood, rushing through the diseased tissues, restores them quickly to a healthy condition. And now we are at leisure to theorize. But first let us cure the patient. We may theorize when we have accomplished the cure, and no one will quarrel with us for doing so."

What then shall we do with *similia similibus*?

"Let it go," said Celsus, "with the triturations and other alchemical trash of the dark ages, whence it came down to us."

The triturations and the infinitesimal doses are nevertheless well supported by some very excellent reasonings. How, for example, do you account for the fact that the odor of certain flowers will excite a catarrh? The quantity of the odor is infinitesimally small, yet the effect is violent enough. The odor of camphor relieves a fainting person. The smell of cheese throws some into convulsions.

"Here," said my friend, "I find you confusing together what nature has separated. The causes of disease are two-fold: those which *predispose*, and those which *excite* or call into action. *Predisposing* causes are all the influences which disturb the natural and healthy balance of the system; irregularities of diet, exercise, mental disturbances long continued, epidemic or endemic influences in the air, and still more in the soil and water; the injurious effluvia of cities, inherited weaknesses, such as are nearly all organic diseases.

"When, on the other hand, the system is predisposed to *recover*, the slightest circumstance will produce a wonderful change of symptoms. A rose, a ray of sunlight, an agreeable odor, the conversation of a person much loved, a piece of good news, a fit of anger or of impatience, will suddenly raise the sick man from his bed and send him abroad, forgetful of his illness. Let us be careful then not to confound the internal and

powerful causes of disease or of health with those nervous accidents which set the heavy machinery of the system in motion, as by the casual lifting of a bolt, or the detachment of a spring."

A powerful internal cause, affecting the entire system with disease, requires powerful remedies, and in large quantities and for a considerable time, to bring out the powers of the system to contend against it. I have known the mere odor of opium produce violent nausea and eructations, attended with extreme depression, when in another condition the same person required a grain of opium every hour to subdue a diseased action that would have instantly extinguished life, and no other effects from the poison but a quiet sleep, and an apparently placid, quiet condition of mind and body. Do you call that disease which kills disease?

"Were I a Greek, I would entreat you by the beard of Esculapius and the eyes of Apollo to remember that a few extraordinary facts do not lay the foundation of a theory; and would add, moreover, that facts full as extraordinary as those you quote are daily happening, and attract none of your regard. You, for example, in passing along the streets of a city, the afternoon of a hot day in summer, receive into your system a variety of poisonous effluvia. The sulphuretted hydrogen of putrid sewers, which corrodes the silver in your pocket, enters into your lungs; and if it happens that your system is prepared to have its equilibrium disturbed by such a cause, it will engender trachitis, or perhaps a fatal chronic inflammation of the pulmonary cellules—I mean the mucous tissue of your lungs. If, on the other hand, you are not so disposed by the internal condition of your body, no such effects will follow.

"Now, do not let us forget that the predisposition to health is as frequent as the internal causes of disease. You are ill in the city; in the country, by 'change of air,' you recover; fatal symptoms disappear. The odor of the grass and flowers, it may be, has given a turn to your sensations, and the result is a rapid recovery. Such things are of daily occurrence. The reserved power of the system, which we will suppose has its lodgment in the brain and nervous system, is suddenly brought into play, the diseased organs are renovated, and form good flesh, which performs its duties healthily."

Well, said I, I understand now the

minute doses and the infinitesimal humbug; but what do you make of the triturations and dilutions?

"By the incessant and myriad times repeated triturations of chariot-wheels and the feet of horses and men," replied Celsus, "the dust of cities, of which we breathe and swallow a considerable quantity every hour, should acquire a prodigious medicinal virtue. It is composed of feldspar, silice, iron, zinc, and various minerals, all of a medicinal character. The water, on the other hand, of springs, rivers, cisterns, and even the professedly pure distilled water of the apothecary, contains minute dilutions of poisons, such as ammonia and carbonic acid. The basis of all the vegetable poisons—I mean nitrogen—enters momentarily into our lungs for it is a constituent of the air we breathe. Now the human body is by no means the feeble and tremulous organism you take it to be; on the contrary, it is rarely in a condition to be affected by infinitesimal causes. These causes tend indifferently to disturb the balance either way, when that balance is undetermined. But with all our ailings, we are usually able to resist a whole army of minute influences, either for good or for ill. The forces of the body are vast and various; the reservoir of strength and life, enormous and profound.

"The art of medication is the art of drawing forth, or rather of directing upon diseased organs, a flood of vital power, treasured up, if you will, in the brain and its dependencies; at other times of diverting and suspending the diseased action by exciting the latent vitality of a particular part or organ, as when we remove the pain in a limb by a cold shower, or by friction. I must beg of you, in such an argument as this, to start no hypothetical questions, for they end in mere talk. Let us adhere to the facts."

I am nevertheless witness to many surprising cures effected by doses invisibly minute.

"You say you were surprised by these cures?"

I confess they astonished me and all who witnessed them.

"Would you be surprised if you saw an apparently healthy person thrown into convulsions by holding a poker under his nostrils?"

Certainly. But you are jesting.

"By no means; I was never more serious.

The ridiculous phenomenon I speak of is in the order of nature, if the poker is a magnet and the patient a cataleptic. Now, a common parlor poker is always more or less magnetic, as it stands pointing more or less nearly toward the north star. A cataleptic will often fall into a trance when a magnet is brought near. Other patients, on the contrary, instead of falling into a trance, would find comfort in the poker; but that is no reason why parlor pokers should be counted among the *materia medica*. We might, indeed, establish a school upon the virtue of pokers, and that school would very soon split into the two grand factions of the tongs and the andirons, with Greek names; and there is no doubt the novelty and neatness of the remedies would procure a good practice for many learned doctors. The number of persons who would at times receive comfort, and recover from diarrhoeas, nervous headaches, surfeits, night-sweats, and a thousand disagreeable symptoms, under the benign influence of the poker and tongs, is much larger than you would imagine: out of all nervous patients, one perhaps in ten, or even more. For the one actually relieved, five or six would be *amused*. Symptoms and remedies are the principal amusement of your nervous patient; especially of your *malade imaginaire*, who dies daily and recovers by miracle. A vast number of idle people, especially women, send for the doctor when they are low-spirited: this class of patients require a harmless and amusing practice; the poker for example, or the triturated silice in sugar pills of the tenth dilution. A shrewd practitioner, who gives in to the humbugs of the day, in order to retain the confidence of idle and wealthy women, will humor the nervous symptoms of his patients, and if he find them becoming seriously ill, will administer in his sugar pills a smart dose of some very active remedy, and predict the symptoms, which he may do with certainty. To the wealthy and luxurious invalids of cities, the doctor is an expensive luxury.

"Every substance known in chemistry is doubtless in some degree medicinal, but a few hundreds only are convenient and serviceable."

It seems to me impossible to acquire a competent knowledge even of those few, so as safely to employ them at the proper time.

"It is certainly difficult, and the more so

as we have no adequate classification. And yet, a great deal may be learned from study and observation. We must acquire from books all the knowledge of our predecessors. But even that knowledge cannot be acquired unless we proceed systematically."

I am at a loss to know what system or order could be applied in such a study.

"That is easily explained. Certain substances, the narcotics, for example, resemble each other in their effects, either closely or remotely. There you have a class by themselves. In the best treatises of *materia medica* you will find descriptions of their effects upon the human system. So also of the purgatives, the emollients, the tonics, &c., &c. When you have studied the disease and the organs affected, then, knowing the general effects of your classes, you will select the particular remedies. It is easy to talk about this, but it requires talent, study, and experience to practise the art of medicine with success."

Is it not against the order of nature, that an art of so great importance to life should require so great knowledge and experience, and be at length mastered by so few? For, if what you tell me is the truth, nine out of ten physicians are mere children in the art, and only one in a thousand is an absolute master of it.

"Against nature? I think not. Everything admirable is rare; great geniuses, great saints, orators, legislators, millionaires, men of first-rate talent in finance, war, letters, art, science, are few in number. For one Hippocrates you have ten Galens and a thousand Dr. Sangrados. A great physician is not merely a practitioner, he is also an instructor. Thousands learn from him, some only a little, some a great mass of knowledge: his pupils are often more successful than he, because they devote themselves to the application of principles and facts which he is satisfied with having discovered. He knows that his knowledge will not perish, and that contents him. Every thing in nature tends to the destruction of the organized body. The heat of the sun, the cold of winter, the dews of night, winds, waves, and fires are at war with us. To continue the war against the elements, we are incessantly toiling and inventing. In the mind of the physician all that knowledge is collected which protects and guides us against the causes of physical decay."

[The Doctor here goes into a disquisition of the power and influence of a true physician, concluding thus:]

"Those who achieve such a conquest, I am ready to admit, are no ordinary men, but they are not mere savans. They owe their power and position to force of character, punctilious and dignified manners, strong wills, proud souls, and shrewd understandings."

It seems to me, your remarks are not democratic.

"Faugh! I am no politician. I only know that, of all things in this life, that which men of fine and powerful organization seek for most is power: power absolute, which is moral and therefore perpetual, and not subject, like arbitrary and physical power, to the accidents of time. We live in a democracy, where there are no legally established powers in social life; and that is as it should be, among a civilized people, who do not require the constant pressure of the bayonet; but you will please observe, that the freedom of democracy is precisely that which is most desired by naturally powerful men—the aristocracy of nature; and the sway of opinion in these communities is absolute. Nothing can exceed the uniformity and similarity of men in a true republic, unless it be the alacrity with which they obey the influence and example of their natural superiors. It is of course impossible for the weak to resist the strong; and where the weak are no longer protected by an artificial strength, where they are no longer entrenched behind the barriers of an artificial aristocracy, natural and educated talent takes its place and has its influence.

"The physician is compelled to exercise great liberality and charity in his profession; as are also the clergyman and the lawyer. There are indeed vulture physicians, as there are vulture lawyers, who prey upon the necessities of the poor. These savages and thieves in the disguise of an honorable profession deserve not only execration, but the prison and the scourge; and it is only the miserable imperfection of our laws and the loose and timid selfishness of our moral education that saves them from the fate they merit, the fate of outlaws, to whom food and fire are denied. Woe be to the surgeon who touches the poor man's flesh with a murderous experimental knife, as though he were a beast! He is no less a felon and assassin that he

lives unhung. Under the disguise of a daring operator, who seems to risk every thing for the love of science and devotion to his art, the good sense of men soon teaches them to detect the murderer born, in whom there is an inherent taste for blood."

How does it happen, said I, changing somewhat the turn of conversation, that almost every person of a moderate degree of intelligence imagines that he is himself a very excellent physician, and professes an open contempt for the regular practitioner? No sooner does one of these, your very knowing and sensible people, fall ill, he commences practice by swallowing a dose of mercury or antimony, or of some quack remedy in which he places a religious faith. If he recovers, as it will commonly happen with a slight indisposition, he ascribes the merit to his favorite remedy, and his confidence in himself is increased to a ridiculous degree. He is no longer satisfied with a single patient, but extends the benefit to his family, and as many complaisant or foolish neighbors as are too weak to resist his arguments or entreaties. Such an one, a hale, hearty man, will tell you how, being once taken with undoubted symptoms of small-pox, he staved off that dreadful malady, which had hitherto resisted all the efforts of the faculty to arrest it, when once begun, by clapping the bowels of a chicken to the soles of his feet, tying a plantain leaf under his chin, and swallowing a bottle of horse physic. He will describe to you minutely the prodigious and horrible consequences of this horse physic, and with such a scientific gusto, it needs two hours until dinner, and a glass of something strong, to recover your appetite.

"Medicine," replied Celsus, with a smile, "before it becomes an art, is a superstition; as truly indeed as religion before it becomes a faith. Now, as all irreligious persons are conceited and superstitious, occupying a considerable portion of their lives in decrying the Church and its ministers, while they secretly or openly cherish some heathenish notion of the Deity; so is it with skeptics in medicine. Their conceit is harmless while they and their families are in good health; but no sooner do illnesses attack them, they begin to provide occupation for the regular physician. Have you not observed that in these days, notwithstanding the increase in all kinds of quackery, and the multiplication of nostrums, we hear of no want of occu-

pation among physicians? On the contrary, those wretches who poison the community with their patent pills, dragging out the bowels of feeble women and emaciated children, only serve to increase the number of hopeless and confirmed invalids, whose lives are with difficulty prolonged by the most skilful practitioners. If the Doctor makes war upon the quack, he does so as a good citizen merely, and not especially as an interested party."

It seems to me, said I, after a pause, that great benefits have been conferred upon the world by the invention of new compounds in medicine, and that their inventors ought to have the protection of the law. At first people will of course abuse them, but after a time the physician himself must be compelled to adopt a good remedy.

"With every allowance for the benefit of genuine inventors, I can assure you," replied Celsus, "the entire system works harm. An experienced physician, thoroughly acquainted with the properties of medicines and their various combinations, compounds them for himself to meet the exigencies of the case which he has to treat. He varies the proportions according to the stages of disease, increasing or diminishing particular remedial agents, as it advances or declines. To him, the compositions of the quack are of no value; he could not use them, had he never so great an inclination, unless they happen, once in a thousand times, to favor a particular crisis of the malady. I except, of course, those valuable chemical discoveries which deserve reward and the protection of the law. These discoveries have separated the essences and principles of medicine from the coarse roots, earth, and barks, the leaves and dried rubbish of plants, and have enabled the physician to medicate his patient without ruining his digestion, overloading his system with nauseous compounds, depressing his spirits, and lessening the chances of his cure, by those frightful tastes of the old-fashioned physic which have been injudiciously omitted by Dante in his description of the torments of hell. By these chemical discoveries, more than by any other cause, the medical art has made progress during the past twenty years; but we cannot be too careful to distinguish from these the quack nostrum, patented for the sake of advertisement. An ingenious physician will furnish you a hundred inventions

out of his own receipt-book, each one of which entitles him to a patent much more than the ill-composed mixture of a quack. I would as soon think of obtaining a patent for the particular disposition of an army on the eve of an engagement, as for an artistic recipe of medicines.

"The clergyman would think it idle and unnecessary to patent his exhortations, or the lawyer his plea; but the medical artist would commit no less an absurdity, were he to imitate the patentees of pills and cordials. It should be understood that the patent of a compound medicine is for the sake of notoriety, and applies only to the name of the nostrum, and not to its ingredients. No law can forbid the physician from compounding and employing whatsoever remedial agent he may choose, provided that he does not advertise and sell it under a name already appropriated by a patent. I cannot make or sell Smith's infallible cure for the vapors, but I can make and sell my own infallible cure, which shall have the same ingredients, and as many more as I may please. There is no composition of drugs that has not been used by physicians in various cases of disease; there is consequently none that can be lawfully patented. I do not now speak of chemical discoveries or improved processes of extracting and purifying the essential principles of herbs and minerals. Let the discoverers of these enjoy the full benefit of their ingenuity.

"Not one patient in a thousand, laboring under the same disease, would have endured without serious injury to his constitution the treatment required for one I once had. I prepared, with extraordinary care and consideration, a series of prescriptions, providing a certain dose for every second hour of the day. These were adjusted to the age, temperament, state of mind, and general condition of the patient. The prescriptions were made up by a skilful apothecary, and given with great regularity by the attendant, who, it afterwards appeared, made copies of the written recipes and retained them. They were calculated only for the immediate symptoms of the malady in its malignant stage. The subsequent treatment was in all respects less active, as the symptoms were less urgent and the malady gradually subdued. For the later treatment I gave no written directions, and the medicines employed were known only to myself.

"A year after the convalescence of my patient," continued Celsus, "a woman of the lowest class, dying apparently of poison, but with complicated symptoms, was placed under my care at the hospital. The case seeming to be of criminal interest, I made every inquiry into its history, and discovered that my patient had nearly destroyed herself by the use of a certain nostrum privately given to her by a vendor of patent medicines. I procured a bottle of the mixture, and recognized my own preparation, of which the stolen recipe had been patented, and a name given, by the attendant of my former patient. That ingenious person was already realizing a very pretty income by the sale of a medicine calculated to undermine and debilitate the systems of all who made use of it; unless one in a thousand might be for two or three days in the perilous situation of the one I have described. You may imagine it occasioned bitter reflections to me, to know that the best I had accomplished by my art had been converted by selfish wretches to the ruin of so many poor creatures, who were gradually poisoning themselves under the hope of a speedy cure."

The instance you relate is an extreme case. The majority of patent medicines are, I believe, quite harmless—mere purgatives.

"Could any thing be more injurious than such a notion? You are not perhaps aware that our so-called 'popular' prejudices in favor of a particular practice, or of the safety of certain remedies, take their rise entirely in the schools of medicine?"

"The physicians in their schools, quarrelling among themselves, divide into sects, instead of agreeing in accurate and laborious inquiries. Each of these sects adopts its favorite scheme of physical, as sects of the Church their spiritual, salvation. They propagate each their opinion with great industry, and the strongest is pretty sure to swallow up the others for a time. Thus, at one time the community is having itself and household let blood. There follows a general debility. At another time, a popular theorist, lecturing, writing and talking, creates a furor in behalf of purgatives, and the world is put to its purgation. Then follows a rage for water, and men and women go about with wet cloths tied about their waists, and the cold bath is put in requisition to extinguish the lives of invalids by a slow but effective process. There was a time when it was

supposed that vinous and alcoholic liquids were indispensable to the preservation of health and to the cure of every species of disease. I have described to you the epoch of antimony. I suppose we shall soon have an arsenical epoch; then an age of *brucine* and *aconite*, an age indeed which already threatens its approach. The people are as yet quite ignorant of these intoxicating poisons, as they once were of opium, but with the gradual diffusion of knowledge, a large variety will come into common use. The fault of these successive calamities, visiting the entire nation with disease, and decimating the population with successive poisonings, must be divided between the physicians and their patients; between the rash and groundless theorizing of professors and the silly conceit and superstition of the people themselves, who, immediately they hear of a new remedy, fancy they have discovered the panacea of the alchemists, which cures all diseases. The abysmal ignorance of even educated men, who have the dangerous addition of a smattering of false physiology to their original darkness of mind, to make the dark darker, compels physicians sometimes to tolerate every kind of delusion to secure themselves a business."

You present a gloomy view, both of the present and the future.

"Not so gloomy as I might have done, within the limits of the truth. Were I to unfold to you the secret abuses of charlatantry, the cruelties used by infamous practitioners and low medicine-mongers to extort money from the poor; were I finally to add that the divine art of curing—Therapeutics, as it is named, the heart of medical knowledge, toward which all our studies of anatomy, physiology, and their attendant branches are mere accessories—is the least regarded and the worst taught, often wholly neglected, at the great schools of medicine, where the surgeon is for the most part, and justly, king; because he who should be the sovereign, the man of remedies, the Doctor, is dethroned by his confessed ignorance, and his sceptre given to another——"

You would then have told me, said I, interrupting him, that which I perhaps already knew, that the difficulties in the path of true art and knowledge are still great, though by no means, as they once were, insurmountable. Ah! my friend, I exclaimed, you are of too melancholy a temperament:

you depress yourself by the sorrowful spectacle of human folly. Confess that, notwithstanding the truth of all you have advanced to-night, and as much more that is doleful and lamentable, the modern physician is much happier than his predecessors; that he has less popular prejudice, less learned ignorance, less of all difficulties to contend with. Have not you yourself pointed out the high position he occupies in modern society; a position never accorded to him, but which he has taken and won for himself by the force of superior genius?

"True, my friend," replied Celsus; "I am indeed too apt to lose sight of the good in contemplation of the evil: to do which often, is to acquire an idle and unfruitful habit of despondency and pride."

Rather, cried I, with enthusiasm, seek by what new institutions and reforms we may advance knowledge.

"By no new institutions," replied Celsus, impatiently, "would I attempt reform, but only by using the freedom of the age and country to work the old to a better purpose. A new institution is an unbroke steed; you know nothing of its temper till you have tried it. Let us rather seize upon the natural means of diffusing knowledge, the press. And here we must begin by laying the pedant aside, and speaking all we have to say in simple language. Hitherto the ambition of the savan has been to invent some hideous scientific name; all discoveries have ended in that: a better ambition would be to express a new idea, a new discovery in the old language, better moulded and *defined*. Savans will tell you that the language of the people is inexact. So also is their own. But the popular language has the advantage of simplicity, and of being known and pronounced. That of the savans, for the most part, is nearly inaccessible, and hence the difficulty of disseminating valuable knowledge. Few are willing to sacrifice a lifetime to the acquisition of an hundred thousand uncouth names, of which they alone, an hundred in number, shall be masters.

"These elaborate nomenclatures must finally perish. The system is too cumbersome for use. Knowledge, to endure, must be digested into a small compass. The great physicians and naturalists are not those who multiply names, but who condense and simplify knowledge, and by a

clear expression convey it to feeble intellects. A powerful mind is required to reduce medicine to a science, and compel the body of its truths within the compass of a year's study. He who would do this, would render as great a service to humanity as the discovery of the solar system or the steam-engine; but the intelligence of an Aristotle is required to perform this labor; nor am I sure that it will be accomplished by one man, but rather by the joint labor of many."

When that is accomplished, I replied, there will be no need for physicians. A knowledge of medicine will be a part of common education.

"Wrong," he replied; "you are certainly wrong. Geometry has become a part of common education, and yet professional geometers, engineers, astronomers, &c., are more numerous than ever. Religion is a part of common education, and yet the clergy not only hold their rank, but are certainly superior in intelligence and influence to the priesthood of an unenlightened people. I believe that the diffusion of a correct knowledge of the principles of medicine among the people will not only increase the average duration of human life by several years, but that it will utterly extinguish the order of quacks and medical charlatans, leaving a clear field, with great power and personal importance, to the learned and skilful physician. Let the knowledge we now have—and we have much—be no longer a monopoly; let it be given to the people, stripped of all its disguises. Immediately you will find additions made to it by the researches of the savans and doctors, who will find it necessary to raise themselves, in this way, above the common level. It would then cease to be possible for a physician to be ignorant and fashionable at the same time. The antique prejudices and superstitions would disappear. Fathers of families would readily intrust the health of their wives and children to the physician, and would demand in him a knowledge which it would be impossible to approach or criticise. Quacks and vendors of patent medicine would be ranked among incendiaries and poisoners, and driven off to the frontier. Diet and exercise would become a part of the education of youth, as it should be amongst the enlightened. Dissipation would be despised as a cause of disease. Drunkenness might become rarer than in-

sanity, and the life of men extended in duration and increased in its enjoyments."

It seems to me, however, that the generality of men are not intellectually capable to comprehend the rules and principles of medical physiology.

"Again, permit me to say, you are wrong. A very large proportion of the young men who become physicians are not intelligent; they are simply industrious and attentive. The same is certainly true of other professions. Among the clergy, for one man of talent I find numbers of assiduous block-heads. The same is true of the law. The practical part of medicine, reduced to its principles, would be as soon acquired as a good knowledge of trade, or of the science of agriculture. At medical colleges in the country, the average of intelligence is not at all superior to that of any other profession. The ingenious mechanic of the better kind, such as we have in America, makes an admirable surgeon when he is taught by a good master; and there is no reason why he should not as readily master the principles of medicine as the elements of engineering or of gardening. Now, I would have the more important parts of medical knowledge simplified by the powerful intellects of first-rate men, the great heads of the profession, and by them placed in the hands of the people; as Liebig has done with his Agricultural Chemistry. The chemistry of agriculture is recondite and difficult, and yet it is not too profound for popular understanding. To make art and science accessible, however, you must tear away the Greek and Latin names, and reduce it all into plain English.

"Knowledge is a possession which rusts in the keeping of its owners. They must sell and give it away, if they wish to profit by it. Let us give, then, all we possess: the multitude will then revere us; they will respect their teachers; our own power and occupation will be increased, while that of the cheats and ignorants will be diminished. When we begin to separate the true from the false knowledge, in order to communicate the true, we shall find that we have begun, for the first time, to distinguish in *our own minds* the false from the true. By teaching others, we ourselves are taught. Every pedantic incumbrance, every useless or unfounded distinction, every idle theory and silly hypothesis, will have to be discarded. When, at length, we have sepa-

rated and distinguished all that we know—and that will be a great labor, for we are not aware of the extent of our available and accurate knowledge until we begin to separate it—then will follow new researches, to fill up chasms of the general ignorance, and the art of medicine will advance as it never has done. None but important problems will be attended to, such as affect the general practice of the art. Medical literature and the doctrines of schools will be examined, and the great body condemned and thrust into oblivion. One of the principal causes, at the present time, of the gross irregularities and disagreements of the profession, is the floating mass of worthless medical literature.

“Every young practitioner who wishes to obtain notoriety in his profession, thinks it necessary to publish a book. With considerable literary talent, and an air of great liberality and breadth of opinion, these tyros quote promiscuously a mass of remedies and opinions, between which, as they have no guiding principles, they have no power to choose. Wondering and laughing to themselves at the discrepancies of their predecessors, they end in skepticism what they began in conceit; as the justice of God requires. But this punishment is not visited only on the *authors* of these medical annals; it falls upon those who read them. Contradictions in practice, the most ridiculous and mischievous, prevail, by reason of such wretched works as Armstrong on Fevers, and a hundred worthless books of its class, which one finds in all medical

bookstores, read by successive classes of a college, and finally sent into the country to misguide the diligent and sensible, but unfortunate country doctor. Of all the arts, medicine is the only one cursed in this manner by a corrupt and ignorant literature. Theology has its standard works, written by the most powerful minds, from which the inferior clergy dare not depart. In the law, the great principles are contained in books that are the glory and boast of human intelligence. Chemistry, botany, geometry, mechanism, agriculture, navigation—these have their literature. There are perfect treatises of breeding cattle, but none of healing the diseases of men. Medical literature is a chaos of false information and false theory, in which the grains of truth require a magnetical intellect to separate and arrange them.”

Surely, said I, it is your melancholy humor which makes this dreary picture. From your own admissions, I find it possible to gather excellent and available knowledge out of the literature of medicine; especially from the journals, which are in general of great value, and contain almost every thing that is worth knowing. The great eyes of Celsus opened wide and grew bright, when I mentioned the journals, which, in his peevish humor, he had forgotten; and immediately he would have made their eulogy, had not a midnight call to a patient interrupted our conversation.

“Come to-morrow,” said he, “and I will show you the inestimable good these monthly journals have done us.”

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.

SOME subjects are like crabs, the difficulty is how to lay hold of them comfortably. When we undertake to write a professedly philosophical article, we enter into an obligation to be profound, logical, and metaphysical. Now if this paper had been headed, as it might have been under other circumstances, "A few Words on Advertising," or "The Humors of Advertisement," or even simply, vaguely, and unconstrainedly, "Advertisements," we, not having the fear of "Slating" before our eyes, might have begun a remarkably lively and altogether much more amusing article, somewhat in this style :

"What is an advertisement?"

And be it noted, this is the sort of commencement which is denominated "slapdash." Before Latin quotations became vulgar, it would have been termed the *in medias res* system. Praised be the fair Gusta, goddess of taste, that fellows with long memories and squab intellects are no longer allowed to tyrannize over us! Men who have gone ahead in the race are not expected to remember what sort of a place they started from. Genii that have been imprisoned in lexicons and cruelly bound by awfully long spells to unmitigated grammar, sifted through Plutarch and Cicero, tortured up and down Horace and Aristophanes, lashed by the furies out of Euripides into Seneca and back again into Sophocles, are at length released by the Hercules Common-sense from the rock of torment, and allowed to choose their own spiritual habitation; whether in the mountains of reason, or in the vales of fancy, or in the palaces of friendly moderns, or in some castle of the air, built strictly according to their own lawless whim and pleasure, where the goddess Gusta, who even now sprang alive from our brains, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, has the only altar at which sacrifices—burnt sacrifices of condemned MSS.—are sedulously offered.

The Don Juans of letters, they trifle with the affections of all the fairest Muses, with-

out even taking the trouble to make a single in vocation to their master.

But to return from our Will-o'-the-wisp digression to our possible commencement of a possible article.

"What is an advertisement?"

"An advertisement is any sign exhibited by one individual to attract the attention of others to the fact that they may greatly benefit themselves, and slightly benefit the advertiser, by one and the same process. Thus a splendid ball dress, setting off advantageously white shoulders and rounded arms, may be regarded as a most decided advertisement. 'Wanted, a husband,' is written as intelligibly on the ivory forehead of the would-be enchantress, as if the words were embroidered on her bosom like the scarlet letter in Hawthorne's powerful romance."

And so we might proceed, did not our inflexible resolution to be philosophical demand a widely different and more severe treatment of the subject. Let us now begin in earnest, exchange the seven-leagued boots of fancy for the impenetrable goloshes of analytic reason, wash our crucibles, light our furnace, and bear in mind that the Reviews of this world are fearfully and wonderfully made.

The art of lying, which it will be shown is closely allied to that of advertising, was invented in Paradise, and has since made considerable progress. In the earliest times this art was brought to greater perfection than any other, eating, drinking, hearing, seeing and loving *not* excepted. For assuredly it is a much easier thing to invent a lie than to get a dinner, an admission to a theatre, or a wife. The poets and historians having popularized lying and established it as a system, it was taken up with avidity by the politicians. But its scientific application to trade was reserved for a more advanced stage of civilization.

What mythological fables are to the philosophical principles of religion, advertisements are to the simple facts of mercantile

speculation. An excited imagination is the grand secret of all enchantment. The daubed canvas splendors of theatrical scenery mainly owe their attraction to this delight in self-delusion, by which man alone, of all animals, is enabled to glorify the external fact by the prismatic rays of his inward being. A dog or cat is not to be taken in by advertisement. A bone served on a silver dish has no charms for their unsophisticated fancies, superior to those of a bone upon the bare boards. Nor would it be easy to persuade a sane monkey that one cocoa-nut was any better than another, because it grew upon a particular tree. Man has superstition all to himself, and the faith that moves mountains is the most fertile motive of his actions.

The human brain is of a most impressionable substance. As the continual dropping of water, to adopt a time-honored simile, wears away the solid rocks, so the continued repetition of an assertion, false or true, produces an ever deepening imprint on the sensorium of mortals. The natural inborn idea of the relation between words and facts compels a belief, even if qualified by doubt, in what is gravely and repeatedly asserted. The reasoning few may resist the insinuating action upon their brains, and ward off the thought-petrifying droppings of the fluid falsehood, by a protecting *testudo* or penthouse of critical science. But those whose life is mainly sensuous, and who have not made human nature itself a subject of study, are utterly without shield or ward against an engine of war that pours forth its missiles with a certainty of aim, a rapidity and a continuity, compared to which all catapults, balistas, floating batteries and Perkins' steam-guns are mere trivial inventions of a coarse and material order. There is no resisting a slander, or an advertisement. Napoleon and his armies will hereafter be eclipsed by, and for ever buried in, the glory of that great *pauilo post futuro* hero, who, utterly and vastly grasping the gigantic lever of advertisement, shall send forth his battalions of words to conquer and subdue a world that shall render up its gold and its liberty, even as the fallen kings of Europe surrendered after vain resistance their empires and their honors.

In commerce—and all modern life is at bottom mere buying and selling—he makes the greatest profits who combines in the com-

modity in which he deals the largest amount of mind with the smallest amount of matter; in other words, if the imagination of the consumer can be brought to add ninety-nine per cent. of imagination to one per cent. of actual value, the vendor is evidently a gainer of ninety-nine per cent. on his goods sold. This ninety-nine per cent. represents his return for his own labor and ingenuity. The only difficulty is to find consumers of the above-mentioned character. This is easily effected by advertisement, and it is evident that, even though the speculator expend ninety per cent. in catching his dupe, he still remains a gainer of nine per cent. on his original outlay.

Hence the rapid fortunes accumulated by the sale of quack medicines and cosmetics.

The cost of such wares is ridiculously small, in comparison to their price to the public. It is, in fact, literally the purchaser's imagination that gilds the pill or converts into a precious elixir the infusion of the chemist. We do not deny that some quack medicines may be harmless, or even salubrious—nay, even excellent in their way; nor do we assert that the virtues of the oils and cosmetics are altogether non-existent. On the contrary, we believe that in most cases, as common sense would dictate, some pains are taken to produce an article well adapted for its intended use. Again, similar things made in small quantities would be sold equally dear, in all probability, by obscure fabricators, who would be compelled to exact at least a sufficient profit to live upon themselves. Indeed, in many cases, after all the outlay for advertisement, the enormous sale of some advertised goods will cause them to be sold even cheaper than could be done by silent enterprise. Therefore we would not have it understood that we are at all inimical to the advertising system. All manufactures on a large scale are economies of the general mass of human labor, and therefore, in the long run, advantageous to the community.

Notwithstanding its abuses, advertisement is the greatest engine of modern progress, because it is based on the principle of numbers uniting for a given object. If this object be the production of a good thing, who can refuse his approbation? And every thing has its bright side, if we can only look at it. Even quack medicines have this advantage: they inspire *faith*, and faith is in

itself the most sovereign remedy for pain! Strip life of illusions, and what remains? as the novel-writers sagaciously observe in the end of their second volumes, when the hero begins to regard his existence as a humbug, and his lady-love as lost to him for ever. Is not the bald man happy in his wild hopes of a Macassar miracle? Does not the dandy, in a hat from Genin's, feel himself altogether a nobler and a prouder creature than if he had bought a cover for his limited store of brains at half the price in the Bowery? Even were the two hats made by the same hands, of the same substance, would not his mind be haunted by perpetual misgivings? would he not read in the looks of every brother dandy a secret scorn; detect on his lips a muttered exclamation of "What a hat! *that* never came from Genin's!" It may be well for the philosopher to save his money, and laugh at humbug. Some time must elapse before we have a world inhabited by philosophers. When fools are scarcer, and philosophers multiplied, the world will reap the real, as they now do the visionary, advantages of the advertising system. A speculator will no longer be allowed to tax the public according to his fancy. His profits will be calculated and regulated by public opinion, and a general protest made against allowing him to reap an income of fifty or a hundred thousand dollars a year for doing that which requires little talent and labor, and which others would willingly undertake for one fourth of such a revenue. These will be the times when the common interest of mankind will be more commonly understood; when ideas which at present float about as exaggerated communist theories, and formally impracticable social systems, with fanatic prophets and purblind disciples, will become living thought and substance, instead of abstract and disputed formula.

Thus far we have investigated the principle and rationale of advertising. Let us now quit the abstract, and seek in the real, illustrations of this wonderful system, in which we may admire at once the ingenuity and the credulity of our race, the audacity of invention, and the inherent love of poetry, which is the symbol of that creative intelligence that mainly exalts the man above the monkey in zoology.

It is not in America that advertising genius has developed its most startling splen-

dors. In a country where the facilities for getting an honest living are so great, it cannot be expected that trickery can be brought to the same perfection as in old countries where competition renders existence a struggle, and fortune a lottery. It is in England that hitherto the most glaring examples of advertising success are to be found, though it needs no ghost to tell us that America is prepared to go far ahead of the old country in this particular. Already the happy talent for exaggeration peculiar to cis-Atlantic humor gives an earnest of the vast coming poetry with which the American mind is destined to overflow. And, as before observed, advertisements are the poetry of commerce.

Meanwhile let us pluck a few flowers from the speculative fancies of our fatherland, reserving for the future that instruction in the art of sucking the golden eggs which our grandmothers may possibly stand in need of.

And first, let the immortal Holloway be honored as he deserves. It was a small thing to have invented a pill to cure all diseases, and an ointment of similar virtue (for those who preferred outward to internal applications); but to engage a real live lord, at a regular salary, a peer of England, under contract to be cured (in advertisements) of a never-ending series of the most varied diseases; this—*this* was indeed a flight above the ordinary level, a sublime inspiration, which must have taken at least three men and nine glasses of brandy to conceive and realize! What can America show or hope to show in comparison? Yet who can tell? Presidents are but men. Why should not some fearless speculator plunge boldly into the waves of enterprise? Every man has his price. Surely a hundred thousand, certainly half a million dollars would buy *some* President's imaginary martyrdom. Who knows? Even twenty thousand might secure a Vice-President or a Secretary of State. Or stay, would not it be a striking novelty to secure the testimony of some great literary celebrity? Washington Irving might, perhaps, enter into the humor of the joke; Dickens is extravagant, and Lamartine is said to be embarrassed. Why should not one or other of these illustrious men go through a course of awful but painless sufferings, to make at once their own and some Yankee quack's fortune? As a *pis*

aller, Horace Greeley, or Barnum the great, might surely be arranged with.

There is one inconvenience about this sort of advertisement, and Professor Holloway found it out. All men are mortal, as popular journals have frequently remarked: Lord Aldborough died—died, after living for years in such a state of complicated disease, pulmonary, cutaneous, chronic, nervous, cerebral, and otherwise, that though supposed to have swallowed as many pills as, set in a line, would have encircled the globe, and rubbed in as much ointment as would have sufficed for all the cart-wheels in New-York during a whole year, he finally gave in, smashed, broke down, and went under, the very day after drawing his last quarter's salary from the sagacious Professor!

What a catastrophe! How the wits and comic writers chuckled! They raised Lord Aldborough to life again by means of Holloway's ointment and pills. Unfortunately for the noble Lord, this resurrection was like his former cures, confined to the paragraph which announced it. And Holloway, what did *he* do? did *he* lose courage at the accident? Not a whit; he immediately engaged a bishop, on still more liberal terms, and his pills and ointment were more popular than ever. If you pass by his house of business, you may see the cart-loads of gamboge and hog's lard blocking up the courtyard. His placards are posted on the pyramids and the Parthenon, and the sun never sets upon his customers!

In France, the advertising speculator has a favorite system which he pursues with a disregard for expense, only equalled by that of the philosopher who invites you to a champagne dinner, and borrows your money to pay for it. His plan is to announce, in the most titanic numerals, 20,000 francs, or 20,000,000, (an additional "0" goes for nothing in his calculations, on so large a scale are they,) reward to the individual who can produce a dye, an oil, or a pill, equal to that which he, the undersigned patentee of the undermentioned marvellous invention, "is now selling wholesale and retail, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. *Beware of counterfeits!*" As, however, the offerer of the reward is supposed to decide upon the merits of his rivals, I do not remember hearing a single instance of the reward being obtained.

In Germany, advertising is, as yet, com-

paratively in its infancy. The *Deutsche Zeitung* is a heavy and matter-of-fact affair. Nevertheless, we call to mind a curious exception to this rule. There was, some ten years ago, a keeper of a wine house at Berlin, who, amongst other droll and eccentric expedients to attract customers, hit upon the unheard-of idea of putting his waiters on horseback. We perfectly remember reading one of his advertisements, which wound up with these words:

"Wanted, a few horse-waiters. N.B.—*The preference will be given to those who are acquainted with the dead languages.*"

The following is an example of the matrimonial advertisement, which is much less often a joke than persons of refined taste and superior minds are apt to imagine. It is extracted verbatim from a recent American paper:

"A WIFE WANTED.—A young lady of not more than 35 years of age, intelligent, amiable, affectionate, and respectable-looking, American, English, French, German or Italian. The subscriber is a man of 27 years, intelligent, enterprising, ambitious, good-looking, amiable, genteel, affectionate, temperate, virtuous and proud. Was never married. He has been in the jewelry business eight years. Lost most of his money by a fire. He is very desirous to become a husband and father; and would marry a lady if there was mutual attachment, and be every thing a kind husband could be—provided the lady could loan him \$5,000 or \$10,000 to start in business again."

For cool impudence we have rarely seen, the above surpassed.

Infinite are the objects and devices of advertisers. Genin the hatter gives away an elaborate treatise on the hat from its earliest origin, of which he is the author—at least on the title-page, whatever poor hack may have been the real compiler of the work. Not content with instructing you in the origin and early history of hats, Genin gives you a fan, to fan yourself with in the hot weather; and were his fancy as fertile as his system appears liberal, we should prophesy for Genin a career as glorious as his neighbor Barnum's, the self-asserted emperor of humbugs! Others drag the "arts" into their service, and exhibit at their doors two fearful paintings, in one of which a man on crutches is seen sorrowfully limping, whilst in the other he has thrown away his crutches and is cutting a laughing caper of delight at his recovery—recovery marvellously brought about by the patient having acci-

dentally swallowed half a yard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, the most wonderful discovery of the age!—unless, perhaps, we except Lyon's Magnetic Powders and Pills, the recipe for which was, we believe, communicated through the medium of spiritual rappings to Mr. Lyon, by no less a personage than the ghost of Paracelsus in person. It is probable that Homer or Virgil communicates in somnambulist trances to Mr. L. the exquisite poems which he occasionally (say four or five times a day) publishes in the newspapers. The poetical advertisement is, however, cultivated to the highest degree by the great Moses, the Jew tailor of London, who actually keeps a poet on the premises, and issues miniature epics in celebration of his goods. It is said that some people live by collecting them for waste paper. He was the man (though by the way he is only the agent of Rothschild, the real capitalist) who provided omnibuses solely for the purpose of conveying customers to his shop.

Books might be filled with descriptions of the curious contrivances of advertisers: the pretended philanthropy, the offer of money returned in the event of non-success, the imaginary employment of unheard-of materials, the simulated success, crowded houses and enormous sales, calculated to provoke realization; the startling allusion to current events, for the purpose of arresting attention; the assumed dread of forged signatures and imitated packages; the awful sacrifice, the grand speculation in bankrupt stock, &c., &c. But it is idle to dwell upon all the minutæ of so monstrous a system. It is enough to have formed a bold outline, and given the general reader some insight into the simple principles that lie at the bottom of a phenomenon apparently so complicated. We will conclude by a short account of one of the most extraordinary impositions ever effected by advertisement, by which a large fortune was realized almost at a blow, and which started up, bloomed and faded in so brief a space, that possibly the majority of our readers never even heard of the circumstances.

A few literary adventurers were one day discussing their own embarrassed finances in a café at Paris. One of them grievously lamented, in particular, that men of talent

should be so ill paid, whilst, by the mere advertisement of his "Polynesian Pulp," one Jacques Robinet had become so enormously wealthy.

"Bah!" exclaimed a young man named Cardan, who afterwards in the prime of his intellect destroyed himself by excesses in dissipation, "Bah! if you want fortunes like Jacques Polynesian Pulp Robinet, why not follow his example? What say you, gentlemen, shall we start a company for the sale of the most wonderful medicine in the world? Every thing, now-a-days, is done by advertisement, and all we want is the capital to advertise. For my part I have no money, but I devote my gold watch to the demon of speculation."

"And I my new coat!" said a second.

"I have twenty francs to spare," said a third.

"I have nothing to offer," said the fourth, "but myself. I will give up my dignity as a gentleman, and roll the bread pills or cork the colored water in the vials!"

With such slender means was commenced the establishment of the sale of the "Immortal Wine," the most wonderful quack medicine ever advertised. Cardan drew up the prospectus and got a hundred thousand copies struck off on credit. In an obscure room in the Marais, the friends themselves manufactured the precious elixir. They found an agent for its sale in a poor druggist with a large family in the *Rue Montmartre*. All their money was spent in one burst of advertisements in the papers. They boldly announced the elixir as the discovery of years of study and experiment, and referred to a host of imaginary experimentalists in different departments of France, and in foreign countries, who according to their own accounts had in many cases reached the age of one hundred or one hundred and fifty years, without feeling any symptoms of decay. Cardan himself, who was a stranger at Paris, impudently boasted of his own two hundred years, and, like Cagliostro, related with deliberate audacity his adventures with people of a by-gone age. In the full tide of its success the imposture was stopped by the interference of the police, but Cardan and his friends realized an immense sum of money by the speculation.

M A D N E S S.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE TWENTY-FIFTH NUMBER OF AN UNPUBLISHED MAGAZINE.

It came by slow degrees across my brain;
 A shadow stealing on a summer sea;
 A little cloud, but pregnant with a storm,
 And deepening, deepening, deepening as it came.
 Lo! then my soul most suddenly grew large:
 It seemed a gloomy palace where a court
 Was held of wandering and troubled thoughts,
 That came and went, and came and went again;
 And yet they never seemed one half to fill
 Its sick and dreary vastness. None had shape,
 But yet possessed a certain clouded form—
 An indistinct identity which puzzled
 My nerveless brain. Faint memories of childhood
 Came trooping in with noise and bustling joy;
 And having traversed every winding stair,
 And ransacked every well-remembered nook,
 They took a tearless farewell and departed.
 Then came a dream of strong though stripling love
 With deep low murmurs on its lips it came,
 Sighing fond names, and talking rich, ripe words,
 That fell like melting peaches from its tongue.
 Throughout the vastness of my soul it wandered,
 Seeking in vain for some sweet company.
 It peeped into my brain; then, with a shudder
 At something that it saw there, turned and fled.
 Then rushed a throng of Manhood's fiery pleasures;
 Lofty desires and great ambitious hopes;
 Cares that, once born, seemed ever breeding more;
 Griefs that, like snails, left slimy tracks behind,
 And went as slowly; bad deeds that, for shame,
 Carried red blushes blazoned on their shields.
 On came they, trooping through the portals wide,
 A motley army; mingling songs and sighs
 With shouts that echoed through the lofty vault
 Of what was once a soul. On, on they came,
 Making my spirit tremble with their tread.
 Then suddenly each noisy tongue grew hushed;
 They seemed to veil their heads as smit with fear,
 And, flinging on the air a wild farewell,
 They fled, and left me gazing on. The Terror!
 Oh! seemed it then as if a mighty fosse
 Gaped 'twixt my spirit and the world without.
 I felt like some lone house, (if such could feel,)
 Deserted, naked, and for ever void;
 While in the charnel chambers of my soul
 Distorted fantasies, like dungeon rats,
 Grew bold in solitude, and peeping out,
 Thrilled every nerve with loathsome rioting.
 Thought, healthy Thought, had fled away, and I
 Was face to face with Madness!

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

A NAME almost unknown to the people of the United States has been presented to them by the Democratic Convention, for election to the Presidency. If they accept this name, they will find but one example in history to be their parallel. A certain Roman Emperor, on the eve of a consular election, recommended his horse to the suffrage of the people, who very promptly elected him; and the parallel is made complete when we read, that the Roman Consul of those days was a kind of political beast of burden, who carried the Emperor, very much as this person, if elected, will carry his *backers* of the Convention.

The nominee of the Convention may, for aught is known, be a very suitable person to represent and execute the sovereign will of "the most intelligent and powerful people in the world;" but the chances are a million to one against it. For ourselves, we are compelled to plead ignorance. Our information is not sufficiently extensive, minute, and accurate; we regret that we cannot give our readers an account of the "public life and services" of this imperial candidate. It is a fault to be amended, that we have hitherto contented ourselves with the ordinary range of our natural vision in contemplating the political eminences of the day. Until now it has not seemed necessary to use the glasses or the diligence of an antiquary, or to have the extended personal acquaintance of a census agent, to be familiar with the imperial candidates of Democracy.

Would it not be a better policy in future, to make the Democratic nomination the prize of an *Union* lottery? Such a plan would offer unspeakable advantages. Seriously, we recommend the measure to our Democratic friends. Let the duty of a Convention be understood only the settlement of a creed or platform, and the appointment of a lottery committee: let the funds of subscription, which would amount to several millions, be applied to the election of the fortunate drawer of the prize. It would not be necessary to expend these ambitious millions upon the

votes of the regular rank and file. These are already secure. The "party" vote blind; they rarely perplex themselves with the "merits" of a nominee; and if they wish to know something of the *opinions* of the man whom they are placing at the head of the Union, they can read them the platform of the Convention.

Upon the whole, it is difficult to say which of the two are most worthy of our pity, (and pity is akin to contempt,) the Democratic candidates or their constituents at home. Messrs. Buchanan, Cass, and Douglas were men of known political opinions; they represented each a great section of the party. They were men of ability, and had each of them rendered certain services to the party; but it was for the very reason that they were eminent and influential, they could not obtain the nomination. Let Democratic Senators labor never so earnestly in the public service, let them equal Calhoun in counsel and Taylor in the field, their greatness is a fatal impediment to their nomination. The Machiavels of Democracy do not wish to be controlled, but only to control; they desire not to have a master, but an assiduous servant. The true masters are the political jobbers and convention mongers, who stand midway between the people and the government. These are the men who construct the platform and select the candidate. Which of the two passions, pity or contempt, is fittest to be exercised toward the candidates of the Democratic party, and their constituents among the people? Pity for the fate of genius and ability, wasted in a fruitless and disgraceful contest, or contempt for the dog-like fidelity with which they maintain the political prejudices of a managing constituency who cannot distinguish an idiot from a statesman? Is it pity we are called upon to exercise towards that blind and silly constituency who take the bread out of their own mouths and give it to the foreign artisan, not from an impulse of charity, but of mistaken selfishness, and who with equal enthusiasm appoint to the Presi-

dency an eminent statesman or the "horse" of a Convention?

The wire pullers of the Convention are shrewd calculators. The stake for which they played is the expenditure by themselves of the fifty millions of revenue, and fifty more of influence, of the central Government. They would not have *risqué* any thing to the danger of such a prize. They knew their constituency, and acted upon that knowledge. It is they, and not we, who have fixed the character of the Democratic party. The proceedings of the Convention have disclosed a fact of singular importance to be known, not only by the people of this country, but by all the world: namely, *that a Democratic President of the United States is not in any case elected by the people.*

The Democratic suffrage is for the "horse" of the Convention, and not for the candidate and favorite of the people. It is not necessary that this "horse" should be a "blood:" he is not expected to *run*: it is the Convention which runs; the Presidential canvass of the United States is a trial of strength between the Whig Candidate and the Democratic Convention: surely, the Democratic constituency do not vote for a "horse;" it is more creditable to them to suppose they vote for a Convention. A Democratic nomination and election to the Presidency has ceased to be a matter of self-gratulation to any man. The managers of the party find no difficulty in forcing their candidate upon the voters. He is accepted without inquiry, with acclamation. Franklin Pierce, the nominee of the Convention, will be voted for by myriads who will not have known his name till they read it on the ticket. Republicanism, like other forms of government, has its farcical side; and that farcical side is precisely the Democratic party. Even were the suppression of the national industry an article of our creed, we should still be loath to find ourselves in the ranks of such a long-eared constituency; but, as it is, we cease to be astonished at their doctrines, when we consider that they have no original opinions of their own. A constituency who exercise no knowledge of *men*, will be as little likely to vex themselves with the merits of *things*: if they cannot tell a Douglas or Buchanan from a "horse," they must find it equally nice to "tell a hawk from a handsaw." If they receive with equal enthusiasm the war *hawk* of Illinois

or the *handsaw* of the Baltimore Cabinet makers, we may easily believe they are quite as philosophical in regard to opinions as in regard to men, and will receive the very antiquated politics of a Virginian delegation as readily as they accepted their very new and modern candidate.

Northern politicians with a Southern policy have received the name of "dough-faces," from the facility, we suppose, with which they receive impressions. They have had this appropriate name applied to them because they accepted a Southern Presidential candidate, himself a Southern man. Now since the Virginian delegation were the nominators of the "horse" of the Convention, we shall have to call the Northern men of that Convention, not *dough-faces*, but *no-faces*. The face is the characteristic of the man, the mirror and the orator of reason; and where there is neither manliness nor reason, there is *no face at all*. We were by no means angry or vexed with the Northern men when they accepted a Southern candidate, put forward by Southern men: there was reason and justice in that; there was, if not courage and power, at least discretion and running. But when a Virginian delegation offers a "horse," and that horse not a Virginian blood of the ancient pedigree, but absolutely a "pony" from the Canada line, a horse like the consular horse of Commodus, to be voted for because the Emperor willed, we are compelled for *dough-face* to substitute "no-face," and set down the "unterrified" as a constituency of a very low facial angle.

The Democratic party are a very grave and serious body of citizens, and of all places in the Union we find the centre of their gravity in Virginia. Virginia nominates a consular "horse," and the North does not laugh. In fact, the gift is taken as a favor, and the North will not look it in the mouth.

Three years ago it was a problem among politicians "to find a principle of union for the Democratic party." The different sections of the party were supposed to be irreconcilably at variance. In the North, abolitionism; in the South, nullification. In Pennsylvania, a protection for coal and iron, opposed by all other sections. In the West, appropriations for rivers and harbors, opposed by the Eastern and Southern sections. In one part, agrarian Jacobinism; in another, old-fashioned aristocracy. In

the North, Van Burenism; in the South, Calhounism. It was a situation which no genius could resolve, no authority overcome. In the midst of this hopeless confusion started up "Young America," brandishing the sword and firebrand of foreign war, demanding the annexation of Cuba and of Mexico, and swearing to eject all gray hairs from office, though they were a father's. The ingredients of this hell-broth of opinions were thrown together into the caldron at Baltimore on the first of June. The demand of the Macbeths of the Convention for a satisfactory apparition was urgent and severe.

"Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces do slope*
Even till destructionicken,
Answer us what we ask."

The question asked was, "Who shall be the candidate?"

Four days and nights the inferior wizards danced about the caldron, and chanted their lying incantations in vain. The *candidate* would not appear. On the fifth day, the Hecate of Democracy, the witch of the Old Dominion, came forward, and with a motion of her wand called out of the fire and smoke, not the apparition of "Young America," "a bloody child," torn prematurely from the womb of the future; nor yet a show of gray-haired Democratic Presidents, "eight kings, the last" (like the first) "with a glass," not of water we presume, "in his hand." The apparition that arose before the Macbeths of the Convention was a less imposing apparition, the figure of "a consular horse."

There are two orders of men eligible and available for an office which has become a prize of contending factions. The first of these orders we find represented by those powerful and exalted characters, in whose capacious intellect and consistent conduct appears always the middle term of wisdom, the greatest good of all. In these men, extremes are reconciled by the overruling ideas of national unity and brotherhood. The second of these orders is the mocking image of the

first. Like death, it offers the reconciliation of silence in action, and neutrality. The application of one of these neutral conductors to the opposing electricities of a Convention, produces a flash of surprise and a thunder of approbation, and the result is, a *caput mortuum*, or dead head, instead of that universal solvent so much desired and sought, but found only in the greatness and originality of one man.

The futility of a Convention without dignity, either in its members or its ideas, is finely illustrated, and its remedy suggested, by an authentic narrative of ancient history.

The magnates of Media having to elect a chief, and no person of sufficient eminence appearing among them, it was agreed that the horses of the nobility should be brought together at sunrise, and the master of the beast that neighed first be made king.

It would have been an incredible saving of words, toil, and vexation of spirit, had it been agreed by the delegates of the Baltimore Convention to adopt a similar expedient. Each candidate should have been requested to send an ass to the Convention, and the animal that soonest gave forth a bray, in presence of the assembled Democracy, should have been declared the candidate: we mean, of course, by proxy. The moment of expectation intervening between the leading up of the animals and the decisive bray would be one of great oratorical effect, and the native eloquence of the speaker would call down, as on other occasions, that hearty thunder, the true *Vox Populi Vox Dei*, which expands and fires the souls of all true Democrats.

As affairs now stand, the principal difficulty of a Convention is to keep the candidates, or their proxies, from braying too soon: now, by the Median method, it might be agreed that no bray should be esteemed of any account, unless given in full convention.

The argument for a representative government has hitherto rested mainly upon a popular choice of rulers. It was supposed that a national party holding certain opinions, and composed of several millions of independent persons, would make an infallible choice of men for the great offices of state. Had the "diffusion of knowledge" been less perfect than it is at present, this would probably have been the case; but such are the facilities and completeness of the great steam liar

* If the kings would slope, Young America would not perhaps be very strenuous about the palaces.

of modern times, it is next to impossible for the most heroic virtue or the most transcendent wisdom to be known out of a small immediate circle, where its influence is directly felt. No sooner is a truly great name presented to the people for their suffrages, a tide of calumny, kept full by the liars of the press, is poured out, to soil and blacken his reputation over the entire continent. The most infamous anecdotes are invented and put in circulation. Every action of his life is turned into ridicule and shame. No reputation can endure such treatment. Friends grow weary of defending, enemies are never weary of abusing. The commendation of great actions soon fatigues the hearers: it is the same old tale; while calumny is ever new, fresh, and inventive. Hence it is, that in the Democratic party, which consists of that part of the population who are most easily imposed upon, especially by their own press, it has at length become impossible for either great merit or great public services to elevate a man to high offices of state. The Democracy elects, not selects. The choice is made for them by a Convention, and the press put in motion to convince them that it is a good choice. They vote, however, with but little regard to the merits of the candidate; with as little, doubtless, as the Convention itself. In fact, as there is no means of arriving at a decision, it may appear, in one aspect, a proof of sense in them, that when they have no means of judging, they leave the judgment to others.

It is certain, the founders of the Republic did not anticipate the system of election matured by the Anti-American, or Jacobinical party. All the provisions of the Constitution rest upon the supposition of a high degree of popular intelligence and judgment, such as existed when it was framed. They did not anticipate the formation of a retrogressive party, that should draw its strength from popular ignorance, and lie with nightmare weight upon the industry and intelligence of the Republic. What they did not anticipate, they could not provide against: namely, the operations of such a party in the management of Presidential elections. They would not have believed the political prophet who should then have told them that the Presidency would by and by be filled with as little regard to the character of its incumbent as if it were a

throne; that an entire third of the people would come in time to think as little of the character and personal force of their President, as if they were the subjects of a German Elector or of a King of England.

Indeed, it might be well agitated by the Democratic party, what need of a living man in the office of President? Why not a President of brass or *Lignum Vitæ*? Could not the press be put in operation to eulogize President Pinchbeck, as well as President Jones or Brown? Would not his Excellency *Lignum Vitæ* make as good a figure in the White House as his Excellency the great Ass? Millions of men in heathen countries worship idols of wood and stone, believing they are gods; but it is a less distant stretch of imagination to fancy a brazen Excellency to be a man.

It has become a very current and popular maxim with the managers of the Democratic party, that there are thousands of men quite equal to the Presidential office; and that the only condition about which we should perplex ourselves, is the *docility* of the incumbent. Doubtless the managers are right. There are a great number of persons, able and willing, for a fair consideration, to sign their names to public documents, to sit silent at a council table, to veto the bills of a hostile majority, to install in office, and eject from office, the friends and enemies of the government. All these duties, and the message, are exceeding easy, and would be readily performed by almost any person who should be elected to perform them. In case of difficulty or failure of judgment, there are always enough helpers and advisers near a President of the United States to relieve him of his cares. He needs but one virtue, *docility*. Now, docility being the sole requisite for a Presidential candidate, we are not at all surprised at the opinion of Democratic managers, that "a thousand men" may be found fully equal to the Presidential office; for, if there is a striking trait of their party, it is this same excellent virtue of docility, to that degree that we find them accepting their opinions and their candidates entirely from a Convention.

The political ignorance of the Democratic constituency, in all parts of the Union, is in nothing more astutely illustrated than in the facility with which they break into factions under the influence of local demagogues and fanatics. In fact, they are but a larger illus-

tration of a woman's convention, into which each member carries her private affairs, as if it were a thing of public utility and interest. To this confusion comes in aid the very docility so much admired; which is of local as well as of general value, and though it ends in the union of votes upon the *horse* of the Convention, begins by splitting the party into an hundred local docilities: that is to say, fanatical and blackguard factions.

It is a fatal necessity we suffer under in a representative form of laws, of judging the people by the manner of men whom they select for office. If they select powerful men, of great experience and intelligence, tried in public business, and staunch supporters and originators of a national policy, we judge that people to be intelligent and observing, and we are sure each one has given in his vote with a distinct knowledge of its merit and importance.

If, on the other hand, we see them electing a convention *horse*, a creature of which they know little and care less, we are struck with surprise; but when we hear the same constituency directing their representatives "to collect the revenue in order merely to spend it, and to let national matters alone," our problem of wonder is solved; for, that the dull should elect the dull, is the natural order of things.

It is equally natural that they should become the prey of jobbers and faction mongers, a class of men who especially abound in the Democratic party. These men, finding that the only political knowledge required of them is to know the measures of the Whigs, and the only political action, for the most part, to oppose them, have leisure enough left for that more important and difficult department of demagoguism, the management of jobs and elections. We are compelled to say that, however dear to us the republican form of government, the condition into which it would quickly be reduced by the rapacity and falsehood of these schemers, were they left for any great length of time to their own counsels and machinations, would lead us to prefer a free life in a wilderness, with no government at all.

For the jobber, considered strictly as a man of business, an agent employed in negotiations, we are obliged to entertain a certain respect; he is a useful, indeed an indispensable man in his function. He is the

connecting link between the government and all citizens who have business with the government. He is the manager of contracts, and saves the time and labor of Congress committees, by performing himself the entire duty of a committee, and enabling the representatives of the people to give their undivided attention to the composition of speeches and the forwarding of their private interests. We would not therefore advocate the suppression of these middlemen, but we would have them restricted to their duty as above stated, and not allowed to assume the responsibility of several millions of Presidential votes. This is jobbing on too large a scale. We remark upon it, as the regular Democratic platforms remark upon the doctrine of internal improvement: as a system excellent in the detail and in moderation, but bad when it swallows up all the revenue, half the franchise, and two or three neighboring countries. A jobber of this stamp is the Robin of jobbers, as we have it in Mother Goose:

"Robin thinks robbin' is nothing but jobbin';
He's with a Senator always hob-nobbin';
He gives more dinners than twenty rich sinners,
But those who dine with him are never the winners:
He'll swallow a steamer or I am a dreamer,
Dine off of Cuba and Mexico too,
And sup up the Capitol whole in a stew."*

To the unreflecting of our own party it may seem a reason for exultation, that our Democratic opponents have reduced their constituencies to such a level of baseness, and betrayed their disrespect for them so grossly in the Convention. Let these unreflective persons remember that the Democratic constituencies, by suffering this disgrace to fall upon themselves, have betrayed their incapacity to become Whigs, and have thus very sadly diminished our expectations for the enlargement of our own party. Had the constituencies themselves committed an error, we could have hoped for their future conversion and reform; since, where there is the strength to do ill, there is the possibility of doing right. But the proceedings of the Baltimore Democratic Convention have betrayed the odious and shocking fact, that the Democratic constituencies have *no will at all*, either for evil or for good; and that,

* Mother Goose's Melodies, Political Edition, page 1.

in regard to men and measures, it has ceased to be necessary to consult them. It is only necessary for the jobbers and President makers to agree upon a man and a platform, and the constituencies are satisfied to accept both. Let Whigs henceforth rely upon themselves, and waste as little labor as may be in trying to convince their opponents. A party who range under their masters like branded sheep, and who, when argued with, merely bid you look at their brand, are not to be overcome by argument, but solely by numbers. The invention of the party machinery by which the entire Democratic constituency are brought together upon one candidate, may be traced, say some, to the elder Van Buren. On the contrary, say we, it cannot be traced to any person in particular, but like all effective organizations is maintained and kept in working order, and daily improved upon, by those who profit by it. With an intelligent and jealous constituency, such an organization could not have been invented by Mr. Van Buren, nor by his successors or predecessors. Indeed, we think we have been able, with the assistance of a very learned antiquary, to trace the original invention of the system back to a remote and obscure epoch of history called "the age of human nature." This was the time when ignorance was led by the nose, and the knaves had the advantage over the fools. There is no good history of that time: we commend it to the attention of our own Bancroft, who, of all the historians we have read, is best able to handle it with the requisite earnestness and simplicity.

It has been a subject of gratulation among Whigs, that they have not adopted that Democratic "principle of the inverted pyramid," in the selection of a Presidential candidate, which puts the least significant politician at the summit, making that the base. But why should they attribute any particular merit to themselves, merely because they are not fools? As it requires a high grade of talent in the people to develop the resources and augment the riches of their country, as they have done, it is to be expected, as a matter of course, that they will respect their own intelligence, and elect only the highest order of their own genius to the great offices of state. Only the first order of civil, military, or diplomatic talent, can be put forward for the candidacy of the

Whig party, ~~w~~^h~~e~~ⁿ the people themselves are the electors.

The method of the Democratic Convention, on the contrary, illustrates a new principle of legitimacy. The legitimacy of a king is the reason of his sovereignty; more correctly, the opinion of the nation that he is legitimate; for, as to the matter of fact, history establishes a multitude of doubts and exceptions. The people and the aristocracy being agreed upon the legitimacy of the eldest born, he becomes the legal head of state, church, and people, in his own right; that is to say, a sovereign. By his birth alone, without regard to his natural capacity, he is invested with the veto power, and the other attributes of representative sovereignty, for the term of his natural life. We speak now of representative or limited, and not of absolute sovereignty. The moment the people are satisfied of his legitimacy, they are ready to take the oath of allegiance: their sovereign is therefore chosen for them, in most cases, by the doctors and midwives. Between this system and the Democratic method in America, the difference is not very strongly marked. The formality of a popular vote, to confirm the pronouncement of Democratic legitimacy, issued by the Baltimore obstetricians, makes nothing against the analogy. The people accept the royal baby, or the Democratic numbskull, with equal acclamations, and the confidence of the doctors in the simple and "honest" enthusiasm of the "yeomanry" is equal in both cases. In case a baby or a numbskull could not be produced, (an impossible accident in royal houses and Democratic Conventions,) there would ensue a war between the black and white roses; a calamity of dire event. The "kingdom" in arms, a "*Douglas*" foray from the north, a "*protectionist*" head, like a Henry VII., cutting down the "aristocracy of land," and raising the industrial order, are the evils which they dread, and against which they rely for protection upon the midwives.

The retainers of the political aristocracy of Democracy brought forward the names of their chiefs in the Convention. Three or four names of high civil or military reputation, the names of Cass, Butler, Buchanan, and others, were strongly urged in the Convention. It was necessary that of all the votes two thirds should be given to the successful candidate: all were found to have a

certain popularity; all were admitted to be men of capacity and talent: all were in their turn rejected, and a name till then unknown to the people of the United States, excepting as it has been read and forgotten in the senatorial list, was put forward and carried by acclaim. The principle of popular election thus abandoned, it is not at all surprising to read that the main duty of the Convention—agreement upon a creed—was immediately abandoned, the majority dispersing, and the rump voting a list of sentiments called a platform, made broad enough, it was supposed, to hold the entire delegation, but which the majority of them unluckily mistook for a pillory, and incontinently fled from, to the arms of their impatient constituencies.

The gentleman of the name of Pierce, who was selected by the Baltimore Convention to play the part of a *vacuum*, is said, by those who are personally acquainted with him, to be a person of much respectability. This is the more to be regretted, as the situation is not as happy in that particular as its incumbent. The learned antiquary who supplies us with the subject matter of his biography informs us, that the nominee is a native and citizen of New-Hampshire. That State is now happy in the nativity of the representatives of the two philosophical loci of all nature, the *plenum* and the *vacuum*, Mr. Webster representing the fullness, (*plenum*), and Mr. Pierce, the hollowness or emptiness, (*vacuum*.) Nature, it is figuratively said, abhors a *vacuum*; so does not a Baltimore Convention. On the contrary, they have offered it, by its representative, (for such, as our learned co-laborer informs us, is Mr. Pierce,) as a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Pierce, we learn, with great-research, served in the Mexican war, but of his martial deeds, no record. He afterwards occupied the "vacancy" of Democratic Senator from New-Hampshire, in Congress; and here the record shows him voting *against* the Cumberland Road bill, *against* the River and Harbor bill, *against* the Delaware break-water, *against* the great road through Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, *against* the widow of General Harrison, to whom it was proposed to grant relief. It is said his most labored speech was made against the widow. In these votes and speeches Mr. Pierce found himself generally at the extreme point of negation, in company with three or four

other representatives of *vacuum* or negation.

There is something uniform and remarkable in the political course of this gentleman. Signalized by nothing in Mexico, he attains a political station in New-Hampshire. Faithful to the same destiny in New-Hampshire, he is deputed to represent nothing in the Senate; where, by a line of consistent opposition to harbors, roads, and widows, he attains the extreme point of the negative. Returning to his native State, he finds himself at the summit of nothing. Could any respectable gentleman desire more? Hence the unanimity of the Convention! They had found the representative of nothing, who had not only done nothing himself, but would compel the whole world to imitate his discreet example.

Already the diligent antiquaries of the Convention have traced his genealogy to the great Percies, the Hotspurs of Northumberland. It is a trait of the Democratic learned that they delight in genealogies; it is pleasing to them to consider how far down their heroes have descended from those of the olden time; to follow the long and gradual decline from a Hotspur of Northumberland, who did every thing, to a Percy of New-Hampshire, who does nothing.

Fifty years of masterly inactivity in the service of Democracy have qualified the New-Hampshire Senator. For aught his countrymen know, he may be an extremely talented, as he is beyond joke, alas! or dispute, a worthy gentleman, and of "a good old family;" but the positions he has chosen have forbid the exercise of genius. The absence, not the excess of talent, is needed for a representative of Negation. If he be a second Webster or Clay, he must be assiduous to hide it.

Our political Buddhists, who adore the great Fo, or Nothing, might have selected an idiot for their candidate with equal propriety, if we regard their creed; but instead of that, they preferred one who for fifty years has suppressed himself in their service. Now, if *we* were Foites, instead of Whigs, we should be at liberty to say, "Mr. Pierce is only one of several thousands of people, who know something of the detail of public business, and are therefore qualified for the Presidency." But we are not of the Foite faith, and consequently require a certain superiority of character and talent in a Sen-

ator or a President; and as a certain feeling of shame for the honor of the nation compels us to seek out genius and ability in the leaders of the opposition, as well as in our own party, we are willing to be struck with admiration for the talents and high qualifications of the nominee. Thomas Carlyle, the Scottish satirist, has introduced to our notice a Swiss proverb, to the effect that, "though speech is silver, silence is golden." The Swiss soldier, serving, time out of mind, a mercenary mute at the palace gate of the kings of France, has found the metal of silence more precious than that of speech. To suppress first rate ability *does* certainly require enormous strength of character. We revere the power, but we revere it as a species of martyrdom, and we do not see the propriety of electing a martyr to the Presidency.

The political equality of Democratic Conventions, in regard to this one article of the Presidency, has its illustration in nature. There are certain animals so low in the scale of organization as to have no head; one part of the creature being as able as another to devour what is offered to it. A true analogue of the Convention, which though it were split into hundreds of sections, down to its elementary members, each would squirm away a living candidate.

Alternating our political studies with the observation of nature, we find another illustration of that mysterious analogy of things which pervades the created universe. In the hive of the common honey bee, the curious investigator finds a great multitude of grubs, which are fed by the working bees, the neuters of the hive, with honey. These grubs are on a perfect equality with each other, both as to natural genius and the right of consuming honey. Now if the great bee or royal head of the hive falls sick and dies, the working bees take any grub, at random, and feed him with a particular kind of food, which is kept apart in the royal treasury, whereby he develops rapidly into a great or royal bee, the successor of the dead one. It would be no compliment to the understanding of our readers to attempt a formal application of the fact.

Somewhat too much of natural history. Let us compare Democratic candidates with men; and of all men, with Belshazzar, king of Babylon; for it was said by the Convention to their candidate, "*Tekel*, thou art

weighed in the balances, and art found wanting;" therefore thou *shalt* be President of the United States."

The friends of republicanism, those who love freedom for their own personal enjoyment of its benefits, will be deeply mortified and shamed by the proceedings of the Democratic delegates, more especially if the acts of the Convention have a successful issue, and the negative candidate is elected. In theory, the *power* of the government should be entirely in the citizens, and the *selection* as well as *election* of a President be made by the voters, and not by their delegates. These delegates, it now appears, assumed the entire vote of the party, numbering several millions. Had it been agreed by them to nominate a man well known to the people, a Cass, a Butler, or a Buchanan, in voting unanimously for him, they would not then have violated the principle of their own organization, which was, to ascertain and unite upon the most powerful name. Had they fixed upon Mr. Cass, it would not have been an insult to the popular principle; it would still have been an election by the people, and not by the delegates. The voters who sustained Mr. Buchanan would, in that case, have yielded to the more numerous supporters of Mr. Cass. It would have been the work of a popular majority, and therefore constitutional and republican. Had Mr. Douglas even been nominated, the choice would still have fallen upon a man of the people; the voters of Rhode Island and Illinois would then have selected a man for the voters of other States of the Union. Here would have been no interference of delegates. As it was, not a single vote had been given for the person selected, nor had his name been mentioned, until it was brought forward on the last day, by certain delegates from Virginia. As it may be interesting to many of our readers, who live from the centre of political management, to learn something of the causes of this singular issue of the Baltimore Convention, we propose to give them a brief account of the movements which preceded and swayed its acts.

The purchase of our South-western and Pacific territories from Mexico, at the conclusion of the late war, effectually expunged from the foreign policy of the United States the doctrine and practice of *acquisition by conquest*; that doctrine being then for ever

condemned, as a fruit of the European or despotic theory of government, incompatible with the Constitution and the Republic. We were ourselves the first mouth-piece and herald of this admirable expurgation, and deem it a sufficient honor, had we in no other particular been so fortunate as to serve the cause of humanity and progress.* Soon after there was revived on the other side a faction calling itself republican, but which was in truth Jacobinical; since known as the "Red (or bloody) Republican." This faction, deriving its name from France, and its policy from the corrupted ambition of human nature, argued the extension of the Republican Empire, not by the legitimate and constitutional method of purchase or treaty, but by conquest and subjugation, under pretext either of the "manifest destiny" of the "Anglo-Saxon race" to absorb and subjugate all other races; or of the "sacred" duty of all republicans to subvert governments which failed to illustrate the principles of our own. The great movements of Republicanism in Europe had called forth a powerful sympathy in the United States. The hope was for some time entertained that the people of Europe would erect republics upon the ruins of their monarchies. This hope and sympathy showed itself so sincere and universal, the faction of Bloody Republicanism began somewhat hastily to opine it was in future to guide the policy of the United States, and convert the Union into a Franco-German propaganda, under a species of Directory, composed of the political exiles of Europe, who were to place the navies and armies of the United States at the service of the foreign Red Republican clubs, for the overthrow of the British and Continental Empires. Numbers of American Republicans, young men of talent, full of enthusiasm, and willing to enhance the authority and martial glory of the Republic, joined themselves with these foreign agitators, thoroughly ignorant of the spirit which actuated them, and the trifling numbers of those whom they represented in Europe.

The first step resolved upon by them was the conquest of Cuba, which, as it would be a splendid acquisition for the slave States, met with enthusiastic support in the South. Young men of the Democratic party, who

had distinguished themselves in many ways, and of whose honest intention there could be no question, ventured and lost their lives in attempting to revolutionize the island of Cuba. The failure of that attempt, and the downfall of Republicanism in France, by the deliberate action or acquiescence of the French people, who, instead of a Republic, erected an Empire by universal suffrage, threw a vast suspicion upon the whole theory of propagandism, and demonstrated to the people of the United States the existence of an immense and perhaps an insuperable difficulty in the extension of their institutions over European nations, in the servility of the lower orders. The doubt spread itself through all parties and conditions, that the Republic must be first established, at least in some degree, in the mind and heart of the people, before it can have a true exterior development. A cloud settled over the counsels of the Red or Bloody Clubbists. The citizens, finding them unsupported by their own countrymen in France, Germany, and Ireland, lost interest in their movements. Other obstacles, not anticipated, rose up before them. Those Americans who had advocated the forcible expulsion of the British from their buccaneer conquests upon American soil in Central America, began to conceive the possibility of their gradual and quiet ejection by the influx of Americans, gradually absorbing and colonizing the southern part of the continent. Calhoun's doctrine of "masterly inactivity," so congenial, as we have shown, to gentlemen of the Democratic South, began to be very much quoted and in vogue. A war with England, it was discovered, could not be undertaken by the partisans of "Free Trade and British Manufactures." Extreme unpopularity followed the European Red Clubbists in the South. The finishing blow was put to the living structure of their policy, by their union with a political faction composed of the young "rotators" of Democracy, who had grown weary of the hoary despotism of their fathers and uncles, and made a political distinction, not of principle, but of age alone. These juvenile agitators wished to put mud in the mouths of the old men, and occupy their offices themselves; a proceeding grossly at variance with the principle of Democratic equality, creating, indeed, a kind of *inverted* aristocracy of birth. In the midst of all these veering and tempestuous winds

* Whig Review, Nov., 1847. On the Mexican Treaty.

of factions, the squadron of candidates found themselves dashed to and fro, weltering on a cross and chopping sea, tumbled athwart and against each other, with alarming and dangerous violence. Democracy had forgotten its proper nature and function, and in attempting to become *positive* and to have something like a policy, fell into fury and dementation. While the tumult raged at the highest, and already dissolution threatened, the Genius of Negation touched the heart of her faithful Virginians, and coming forward, they offered a name dear to Nothing, and that spread over the agitated delegations a calm like sleep. They remembered the manifest destiny of Democracy. The gentle influence diffused itself like the yawn of Dulness.

"The vapor mild o'er each committee crept,
Unfinished bargains in the lobbies slept.
O Muse, relate, (for you can tell alone;
Wits have short memories, and dunces none.)
Relate who first, who last resigned to rest;
Whose heads were partly, whose completely
blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull,
Till drowned was sense and shame, and right
and wrong:
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song."
* * * * *

"Lo! Douglas' hopes like gilded clouds decay,
And all their golden splendors die away.
Cass shoots in vain his many-colored fires;
The meteor drops, and in a stench expires:
In vain on "noise" and on "confusion" calls;
They to the hero cling, but fly the halls.
Butler no more relies on mighty Mars;
E'en Marcy yields to Nothing, and his stars;
Buchanan drops a few regretful tears,
Then bows his *iron* neck, and ALL IS PIERCE."

Country politicians are advised that our satirical rhymester, by a strong figure, has put the friends and factions of the candidates for the candidates themselves. As in this particular he has followed their own great example, he cannot be accused of innovation.

The absurdities of that congeries of factions miscalled "the Democratic party" would move only pity and derision, were it not for the startling possibility of their success in the election of their candidates. The confidence and unanimity with which they have put forward a candidate without power or popularity, is a symptom worthy of the most serious attention. It reveals

the astounding fact, that there are, in the United States, an immense body of citizens who give themselves no thought as to the kind and character of men who are to fill the great offices of state; a body who take only a theoretic or a partisan view of political affairs, with an utter disregard of national honor. These people are easy to beguile, as a one-eyed horse is easier to lead and manage than the perfect animal.

In regard to those politicians who have undertaken to construct a free-trade, red-republican faction in the heart of the Democratic party, their defeat has been accomplished precisely in the manner predicted by ourselves in February. The inconsistency of a system of free trade with a hostile opposition to the foreign policy of Great Britain was immediately perceived by the Southern Democracy, whose dependence upon Great Britain is little short of colonial, and rejected by them with indignation. To the annexation of Cuba, if it could be accomplished without involving us with England, they had no objection; nor would the absorption of Mexico disturb their equanimity; but the establishment of a Red Republic in France, Ireland, and Germany, with ultra-abolition principles, and the doctrine of the guillotine, did not strike them favorably. It will consequently become necessary for our disappointed factionists to fix their attention in future upon domestic matters. Like hounds, forbidden to hunt game abroad, they will naturally take to sheep-biting at home, and fasten their teeth very hungrily upon the flanks of our native industry.

"Young America" gains nothing by alliance with those who, while they break up our commercial relations with the British and Continental powers, apply the torch to our manufactories, and convert us into a nation of marauders by depriving us of the means of honest livelihood. If the European powers perfect their newly agitated Continental tariffs, and of their own accord declare war upon the commerce of America, the beggarly doctrine of free trade must perish as it deserves, trampled to death under the heels of the people. We are gradually colonizing and civilizing the States of Mexico and Central America. England must withdraw in season, for she will find it necessary to do this. If her merchants and bankers invest their millions in the transit routes of the Isthmus, it is because they con-

vide in the skill and industry of our people to make them yield an interest, and not because they look that way for the extension of their own commerce. These foreign investments are of themselves a guaranty of the ultimate withdrawal of England from the territory which she has unjustly acquired. Either by formal treaty with the States of Central America, or by the natural movement of colonization, these pseudo British acquisitions must become American.

Taken as a whole, the Democratic party at this day presents an unparalleled spectacle of contradiction and absurdity. In the South alone, the native country of free trade, do we find it consistent with itself. The British policy of annexation by war and colonial dependence here rules supreme. In the West, on the other hand, a hostile rivalry with Great Britain upon the ocean would inadvertently compel the South to adopt Whig principles, and either manufacture its own cottons or purchase those exclusively of the North. In the Eastern States, Democracy industriously mortgages and beggars itself, by cutting off protection from the manufacturing. In Pennsylvania it attacks and buries alive the coal and iron of its own mountains. In New-York, it originates and maintains a furious anti-slavery faction, while it cherishes at the same time that "Democratic" policy of free trade that has its root in the excessive culture of cotton. In a word, the Democratic party, considered as a whole, has not a principle upon which it can unite, except the one principle of self-destruction. Its policy terminates all ways,

like the ethics of a Red Republican, in national suicide.

The election of 1852 will show whether the majority of voters in the United States have, or have not, resigned the right of choosing their rulers, and forming a policy for themselves. If their votes outnumber those of the Whigs, we shall have a President put in office by the jobbers of a Convention, and a national policy made for us by the *jobbers* of Birmingham and Manchester. We shall have millions expended in salaries upon the sworn enemies of American labor and industry. We shall have a Cabinet fostering border quarrels with Mexico, and covering by its neglect and connivance the aggressions of England upon the States of Central America, while it favors the covetous grasp of the South upon the slave territories of Spain. We shall have a government without dignity or genius; a territory extended but not enriched; an industrial population driven off to seek new homes in the wilderness. It will be a period of confusion and corruption without a parallel in the history of this Republic. The union of such a number of furious and unscrupulous factions, upon no other ground but that of opposition to all and every measure of the Whigs, though it is a topic of the severest satire, should nevertheless be a warning to the Whigs to lay all minor differences aside, and unite in defense of national policy and honor. Let them spare no endeavor to enlighten the misguided intelligence of the people. They have only to resolve upon a victory, and they will gain it.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART.

BETWEEN national greatness and the creation of a National School of Art there is an intimate, and even a vital, relation. Certain it is, that the one has never existed, or ceased to exist, without the birth or the death of the other. Greece and Rome, Florence, Venice, and Spain, alike witness the fact. And if the prosperity and power of a people precede its achievements in the sphere of Art, the latter have an immortality unknown to the triumphs of politics, of war, or of commerce. These are presently consigned to history as their sole guardian; but Art blooms in its own beauty through thousands of years, and sheds a majestic and lovely influence on generations remote and alien. Greece and Rome, Florence and Venice, have of their greatness little left save the touching record of the past; while the splendid monuments that Art has associated with their names are ever the shrines of a wider and more cosmopolite devotion. And as France, and England, and Germany have risen to power—not yet, thank God! dark as may be their sins, to decline from that proud pinnacle—each has developed its National School of Art, never so strongly marked, nor so fertile, nor so great, as in our time. America too, though struggling against the disadvantage of an ocean separating her a thousand leagues from all the influences of Art, has, we fear not to say it, her National School, no matter how inadequate and feeble, yet distinct, peculiar, and in one department at least, that of portraiture, not inferior, if not superior, to any in Europe.

Many persons, who undertake to talk or write about American Art, are led to deplore what is called foreign influence as corrupting the purity of its nationality or retarding its development. This let us gently characterize as shallow cant and ignorant gossip. For they, who thus babble of a National School devoted primarily to the illustration of incidents in American history, overlook the truth that Art submits to no such limitations, but asserts the most magnificent

liberty as her birthright, and admits no other commands, as to the subjects she shall illustrate, than those of her own unfettered inspiration. What constitutes a National School is the collective genius of the nation's artists leaving the varied products of its activity within the nation. Where those artists studied their profession, or with what subjects their labors were occupied, is of no account whatever in the case. This is a point on which the history of Art is altogether conclusive.

In the first period of Roman art, under Adrian, the artists were all Greeks. In the second, known distinctively as the Roman School, the artists brought from Tuscany the erudition of its schools with which triumphantly to illuminate the walls of the Vatican and the churches, all the while combining their own names with that of Rome. The modern schools of Europe also rise in evidence to sustain our position. Cornelius and Overbeck are always quoted as leaders of the distinctively German school, though the latter lives in Rome and produces all his works there, and the former makes most of his cartoons under the direct influence of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Kaulbach also, as is well known, after several years' study in the same city, composed there his first great work, the *Battle of the Huns*. In fact, throughout the various German schools there is scarcely a leading artist who has not become so through the study of Catholic Italian Art, Lessing and one or two others of his rank forming the exceptions.

The same is true of the French school. Delaroche, Horace Vernet, Ingres, Leopold Robert, and a host more, whose works represent on the walls of the Louvre the school of France, acquired their mastery by study in the Italian schools. Rubens and Vanduyke were also pilgrims to this land of more than golden treasures, and bringing the rich booty of their studies to England, established there the necessity of resorting to the very works of the great masters for the know-

ledge of the principles which made them great. And so on, and from the time of Reynolds down to the present, the artists of England have studied in the best schools of the Continent, preserving their originality, and becoming distinguished just in proportion as they had genius for their art.

Thus we see what is really the fact. If this fact be not founded in a deep necessity of things, how is it that schools so powerful are the result? It is true that in these schools there are artists whose genius has been manifested, and who in some instances have produced works of great merit, before they have travelled; not however through ignorance of the great works, but through knowledge of them acquired either in the galleries at home, or from engravings, or from other sources. But in all our acquaintance with art and criticism, we do not recall a single instance in which an artist has been blamed for availing himself of opportunities to acquire knowledge, or praised for ignorance of the scientific department of his profession.

In France three of the younger and more promising artists, Messrs. Müller, Diaz, and Couture, have never been out of the country. It is not presumed, however, by the French connoisseur, that their works are the better for this; for it is known that they have been constant and untiring in the study of the great masters in the Louvre, and that for years during their proper student-life, they might have been seen daily before the works of Titian, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Rubens, and Rembrandt, not aiming to paint other such, or in any way to baldly imitate them, but to discover the great elements of harmony in form and color therein employed, whereby the sense and sentiment of the intelligent and refined observer are spell-bound with pleasure and admiration.

English artists have enjoyed the same advantages in the National Gallery; and Egg, Frith, Webster, Ellmore, and other artists, older and younger, of established or growing fame, have been diligent students of the Titians, Correggios, Del Piombos, Rubenses, Vandykes, Sir Joshuas, Hogarths, and Wilkies contained in that noble collection. Turner and Etty were pioneer students in this direction. The former, who was beyond question the most powerful and original painter of light and atmospheric effects since art began, to say nothing of his daring imagination in composition of light and shade,

was an earnest student of Titian's method of contrasting the red and blue pigments in the picture of Bacchus and Ariadne; and the great English reputation of the latter was almost entirely the fruit of his successful approximations in color to Titian and Sir Joshua. Similar advantages have been at the command of artists in other portions of Europe. The galleries of Dresden, Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid have fed the genius of great artists as from living fountains, just as truly as Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael found their study-room in the chapel decorated in fresco by Massaccio, in the church of the Carmelites at Florence.

This would seem to demonstrate the absurdity of which a class of American critics—pitiful their right to that title!—are constantly guilty when they lay down the law that American artists should not go to study in foreign lands. It is as if some Brother Jonathan should say to his boy, after he had mastered the grammar of his vernacular and the elements of arithmetic and geometry, "My son, I want you to be a great physician, an original great American physician. Accordingly, I desire you to turn your back upon the science of medicine as perfected in other countries, because we are a great and peculiar people, with institutions, manners, customs, collective and individual temperaments, different from those of any other country; and in order that we may be distinct from every other people, and preserve our nationality, it is necessary to have a distinct National School of Medicine. Here is work for you, my son! Eschew utterly all former medical knowledge and experience, and plant yourself firmly upon your patriotism. There is plenty of disease and deformity of native production; rely then upon your genius, and give us at least one great American Doctor in whom we may exult."

This is no more absurd than the same style of language addressed to a young artist. If you can form successful surgeons, astronomers, and chemists, by shutting them away from the science of preceding ages, then you may hope to have a school of American painters by keeping them in a country where there is no common standard of taste, but which possesses the very worst old pictures in the world, and can boast a universal ignorance respecting the laws of Art. But they who have really studied the history of Art, or more particularly, the pro-

gressive history of any one of its decided phases, will best appreciate the worth of such nonsense. Above all is it nonsense to one who, for instance, has given days and days to the examination of Christian Art; who has traced its slow but uniform advance, from the rude monograms carved by the early Christians in the Catacombs, up through the Umbrian and Byzantine mosaics, to Cimabue and his successors, to Orcagna, the Pisani, Ghiberti, Signorelli, Pinturicchio, and Perugino, and who sees how each studied his predecessors, and appropriated all he could of their excellence, adding the little or much of beauty, grace, force, and character, that was idiosyncratic in himself, until all culminated in the works with which the sublime and splendid genius of Michael Angelo and Raphael enriched the world.

No! there is no excellence without knowledge; none without the knowledge of those eternal truths and principles of art discovered and employed by the great masters. These the study of nature will not supply. Art, in its relation to nature, is representative. But when the artist, starting from the suggestion of light and shade, of texture, of color, and of atmosphere, which she offers him, essays to discover or employ the means by which she produces her effects, she shuts the secret close within her sacred heart, and meets his presumption with serene and imperturbable indifference. That secret for ever lies beyond the reach of the prying and scientific intellect, and he who seeks to penetrate and grasp it is doomed to waste his powers among mocking delusions. The means with which art represents nature are of a sort higher and more creative, resulting from the mechanical and poetical genius of the artist, religiously developed by himself. And as never yet was a consummate work of art produced from the dearth of excellence, but always as the very flower and apex of its abundance, it is plain that he who labors for such development lies under the necessity of studying the masters with devotion and persistence no less than he studies nature, the original source and standard of truth, but not the teacher of how truth is to be expressed.

In any nation or period recall the works of those artists whom universal consent proclaims as founders or chiefs in the schools of that period or nation, and you will in-

stantly feel how little the subjects they selected have to do with the position accorded them. The works must have one of two merits: they must bear an appropriate relation to the place of their destination, or they must be well executed with reference to their story or idea. If they excel in both these respects, so much the better; but as to any need that the subject treated should be national, it does not exist. Here, again, let the facts speak. It is said there is a Venetian school. Now, six of the greatest works of that school are in no way connected with the history of the Venetians. We mean the Assumption of the Virgin, the Virgin at the Temple, and the Peter Martyr, of Titian; and the Supper at the House of Levi, the Marriage of Cana, and the Magdalen Washing Christ's Feet, of Paul Veronese. We might cite many other works of these great artists, but these will suffice. It is true that these men did also produce works in some manner related to the nation's history, and so did Raphael and Buonarrotti; as, for example, the Medici Chapel, the competition Cartoon of Da Vinci, and the decoration of the stanzas in the Vatican. These things they did because they were appropriate, and to please the monarchs who were their friends and liberal patrons, but never *con amore*. But, take the Ascension, the six Cartoons, or the Madonnas of Raphael, and so much diviner and lovelier are they, that not the refined spirituality of his soul could more outshine the perishable materiality of his earthly body. So, too, the eye of ages turns from those works of Michael Angelo which have a local or incidental character, to gaze with wondering awe and exaltation upon his Night and Morning, his Moses, and the eternal sublimity of his Prophets and Sybils.

We might recall a multitude of other instances from all the Italian schools. In the Eclectic School of Bologna every kind of subject was treated. Of the Spanish school the same thing holds true as of the Venetian. One of Murillo's pictures, sold the other day in Paris for a hundred and seventeen thousand dollars, was of the Virgin. The artists of Europe, in those days of great things, cherished an inexhaustible idea remote from all nationality, from every local interest or tradition, but bathed in all the glories of religion, and radiant with the infinitude of beauty and of romance. But from every such warm and glowing sphere

of genius the artists of our country must hold themselves rigorously aloof, if they would follow the learned dictates of those who would have a national school made to order, upon their own petty and wooden model.

And in modern Germany, what does it amount to, for the purpose of this argument, if Lessing, Hübner, Camphausen, Hasenclever, Kohler, paint Huss, Germania, wounded poachers and drunken priests; while Overbeck paints the life of Christ, the history of the combined influence of the arts and religion, Cornelius the Apocalypse, and Kaulbach the Jerusalem and Babel? And in France, what if Versailles is hung with the splendid victories of the nation? Look at the works of Leopold Robert, at the Hemicycle, the Cromwell looking into the Coffin of Charles, the Lady Jane Grey, and other scenes from English history, by Paul Delaroche; at the Francesca da Rimini, Mignon, Faust and Margaret, and Christ the Consoler, by Scheffer; at Papety's Rêve du Bonheur, and Couture's Decadence; and you will feel not merely that these men are the chiefs of the French school, but that these are their leading works. Crossing over into England, the same fact is repeated. Three artists, just deceased there, were the acknowledged heads of their respective departments. But neither Haydon's nor Etty's best pictures were from English history. We are led to think that the finest production of the former was his Entry of Christ into Jerusalem; and English critics have decided that the chef d'œuvres of the latter were the Departure of Cleopatra and the series upon Joan of Arc. Of Turner's works, not one third are English by any characteristic. Leslie's most successful things are his representations of Don Quixote and Sancho, with some pieces from Shakespeare which are more romantic than historical. The picture that won Macnaye much of his fame was that of Hamlet in the Play Scene. Sir Charles Eastlake has painted all classes of subjects, from Brigands' Brides to Virgin Marys; and, perhaps in consequence, is President of the Royal Academy. Elmyer's first picture was the Guelphs and Ghibbelines, and his first cartoon was Rienzi addressing the Roman Conspirators. O'Neil's first picture was Jephtha's Daughter. Herbert paints saints and martyrs, or subjects of a religious character. And while there are a number who, like

Wilkie, have confined themselves to scenes of familiar English life, there is engrafted upon the school a body of artists whose works are so unnatural and so difficult to class, that, not daring to excommunicate them, they are retained and cherished under the name of Pre-Raphaelites.

Now, precisely upon the same grounds as other nations claim as their own artists of genius and power, cheering them by sympathy and appreciation, and enabling them, through commissions, to found and sustain their schools, do we claim that America already possesses a school of no mean or feeble character.

Our first man of any sort of strength was Copley; then Gilbert Stuart, his nephew, Stuart Newton, Col. Trumbull, John Vanderlyn, and Washington Allston. These men are all dead, except Vanderlyn, and his work is quite done. Copley was educated in painting through the styles of Lely and Kneller. His portraits often excel in solidity and compactness of paint, and some of the more hasty among them have a clean and vigorous color, with beauty of expression. Stuart learned his art in England, where he was for some time a pupil of Benjamin West. At the same time he was a student of Gainsborough's portraits, and retained a great deal both of their beauty and their incoherency of style. He was a very facile portrait painter. Stuart Newton and Col. Trumbull were both educated in England. The one adopted an historic style, after the manner of West; the other chose simple subjects of romance, and robbing Gainsborough and Sir Joshua of their color, and Hogarth of his piquancy, rendered them gems for ever. Trumbull's works are extensively known both in the Capitol at Washington and in the Trumbull Gallery at New-Haven. They are very well composed according to all the laws of composition, the subjects are decidedly national, and they are well painted; but yet they are not impressive, and are chiefly valuable as accurately preserving the costume of the time for the use of future artists.

Of Vanderlyn and Allston more is to be said. They have given us sentiment and beauty. Both studied on the Continent; the one forming his style in galleries of old pictures, the other in some grand ateliers of Paris. The three chief works of the latter are the Marius, the Ariadne, and the Land-

ing of Columbus, painted for the Government. The most that can be said of these is, that they are an attempt at natural color, are freshly and honestly painted, and do not in the least resemble old pictures. This is high praise, because it proves in the artist a stronger love for nature, the first source of excellence, than for the old masters, who, be they never so good, are but the second source; though in that capacity they need to be known and comprehended by every true artist. The *Ariadne* is full of the sense or sentiment of voluptuousness; and the *Marius* so deeply expresses the misery and resignation of the proud though fallen hero, that it arrested the attention of Napoleon in the Louvre, where it was first exhibited. The misfortune of Mr. Vanderlyn's pictures is, that while they assume to be subjective in their nature, they convey to the observer no idea of the artist's temperament and character. This is not merely a misfortune, it is a fault; for unless a work of art professes to be purely objective, the magnetism of its author's temperament should be apparent both in its thought and execution. And in Allston, to whom we now come, this was remarkably the case. So completely was he the tool of the soul and the imagination, that when the Government offered him a commission for the Capitol, with the condition that the pictures must be of subjects from American history, he refused the offer, and the works he declined to undertake were distributed among Messrs. Weir, Chapman, Vanderlyn, and Inman. It was this ruling element of his nature that made Allston an artist. He would have been conspicuous in the school of any country; and as Americans of the present day we should love and cherish his memory, as Americans of the future will do hereafter.

The great refinement of Allston's genius was accompanied by a weakness and irresolution that cannot but fill us with regret. Could he but have wrought out his ideas with a vigor corresponding to their grandeur and beauty, the world as well as we had paid just honor to his name. His chiefest sense was of the expression of form, and his best pictures are rendered in tones delicate and exquisite. But he was not a colorist in the sense that the Venetians were. Leaving aside the unfinished and abortive *Belshazzar*, his three memorable pictures, upon which his true fame must rest, are the *Dead*

Man Restored, the *Jeremiah*, and the *Vision of the Bloody Hand*. The first of these is finely dramatic in composition, and expresses in a manner fully appropriate the emotions of awe and wonder. The figure of the dead man, who has touched the bones of the prophet and is recovering his consciousness, as raised upon his left arm, with his right he pushes from his body the linen in which it was shrouded, is scarcely equalled in modern art. The *Jeremiah* is full of picturesque grandeur of form and character, but it belongs rather to the romantic order of composition than to the sublime. It is of little consequence to our estimate of Allston that not much can be said in favor of his literary efforts. It may be pleasant to see so much scholarship and literary ability combined with so great a degree of artistic power. But his poems are painter's poetry, cleverly worked up, without any spark of that genius which makes a great poet. So of his speculations upon art: without much pure literary talent, with little precision or directness, they wear a veil of dim Coleridgean metaphysics; and however serviceable they may be for the conversation of misty dilettante, they are of no manner of use to the practical artist. Yet for what he was, painter, poet, and gentleman, with his indolence and whimsical fondness for ghost stories, Allston is yet our model of a scholar-artist.

To come down to a far inferior range of art, let us say of Inman's portraits, and of some of his cabinet pictures, that they show a great deal of natural taste, and at the same time an almost perfect want of artistic education. Mr. Sully paints in a slap-dash manner that would strikingly contrast with the Düsseldorf works; and yet his full-length portrait of George Frederick Cooke is one of the finest extant.

If we have included some living names among the dead ones, it is because, considered with reference to their works, they belong to the past; for a younger and more numerous race have sprung up, who are rapidly bringing the school forward to honorable distinction, by who, let them carry it where they may will, we dare say, never ungratefully forget the genius, talent, and learning that broadly and firmly laid its foundations. In some directions these new men—Tage, Leutze, Rothermel, Hicks, Huntington, Gray, Rossiter, Weir, Chapman, Mount, Ranney, and others—have surpassed

their predecessors. By the same law of succession—and only fools find food for melancholy in the thought—they must give way for others, more vigorous in youth, more original, let us hope, in thought, with a wider range of experience and nobler stores of knowledge. But, for the present, we have to do strictly with the living artists of the American school, a body of no inconsiderable power, most of them trained in the schools of the Old World, widely diverging in their several walks of art, as in mental characteristics and genius, but all working industriously to augment or to establish reputations, and all more or less known to the public from characteristic productions.

William Page, after a rare promise, and, to a certain extent, an adequate fulfilment, has for several years added little to his fame. The reason is, that he has devoted his time to experimental processes of producing hue and texture, thus taxing if not exhausting his intellectual resources. Not such was the course of the honest old artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: their aim was always first to express and perpetuate an idea by means of the simplest mechanical use of the pigments, always, of course, under the control of their common sense and experience. But yet so large is the intellect employed by Mr. Page, that if the work be a simple head, devoid of good or even of respectable color, red or blue according to his notion, it will still possess so much truth of drawing that, to the eye corrected and refined by cultivation, the picture will wear an inestimable charm. One of his last works done in Florence, and now in the Art-Union gallery, is poor in almost every respect. In the first place, a Virgin and Child can only be painted by one who accepts the tradition of the Church, and represents the characters accordingly. This picture is not the least in that spirit. Joseph is abominable, and there is a thoughtful and mature expression in the eyes of the child that is not childlike. Probably, however, Mr. Page thought himself privileged to idealize a little, but one must rather regret that he forgot to exercise the same privilege in the case of Mary and Joseph. With Mr. Page the production of a picture is an intellectual operation, and it is an infinite pity that he has never a genuine artistic idea to express, for he has intellect enough

to paint works as great as Paul Veronese or Rubens.

No two artists could work from points of view more unlike than Page and Leutze: the one economizing the smallest quantity of a few pigments by process upon process, slower and slower, until tediousness becomes disgust, to produce a blue, red or yellow tone or hue in flesh, and wasting the finest powers to express what is really of little importance after it is done; and the other slashing and dashing away with brushes and paints to depict some thought or fancy, regardless whether his flesh tints are red or yellow, and, as it were, merely to sate the appetite for some sort of activity. Thus he runs the gauntlet from Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth to Washington crossing the Delaware, occasionally painting an exceedingly poor landscape, slurring and blurring his pictures, making them now good, now abominable, but always betraying a certain physical force and blustering nervous vigor, with an occasional dash of sentiment as exquisite and delicate in conception as it is defective and careless in execution. In his Capture of the Mexican Teocalli there is an example of this. Up the steps which lead to the immense altar on the summit, the contest rages in wildest confusion between the invading Spaniards and native Aztecs. There human figures of monstrous length are thrown into most inconceivable postures. You can hardly surmise which of those convulsed and struggling bodies claim the ownership of certain dispersed heads, legs and arms, nor do you care. You perceive there is a fight by which you are nowise endangered, and you go looking about the picture for objects of peculiar interest. Presently your eye rests on a group of two figures in the left, a monk shriving a dying soldier; it is a passage of genuine pathos. So in the Washington crossing the Delaware, the sick soldier wrapped in a blanket, with his pale, haggard cheek, and lack-lustre eye, bent and shivering in the cold wind, is so touchingly and genuinely true to the probabilities as almost to redeem the picture as a work of art.

That whole picture is too melodramatic in its character; too much of costume and accessories, as if it were a *tableau vivant*; too much dependence upon the background as an opposing force in the principle of effect; and too little reliance upon the ex-

pression of countenance which the manly souls and patriotic hearts of those brave men must have carried into that hour of mighty import. And yet the figures are composed with a clear perception of vigorous movement, and there is throughout a converging interest powerfully focalizing and centralizing the mind, so that the picture at the first blow upon the eye startles and thrills the spectator. This, taken together with the incident and its hero, so enshrined in the reverent affection of every American, is the secret of the picture's success. For, besides being untrue to the historical fact in several points, with anachronism upon anachronism, the faces are for the most part comparatively inexpressive, being simply picturesque or commonplace. Some of the figures are tolerably drawn, and the painting of the clothes is well enough. But while the characters are sufficiently varied, there is an unpardonable want of emotional expression. The face of Washington is evidently studied from Houdon's, and it has an inflexible unhuman quality, not exalted into the sublime and divine, but rigid, inelastic, wooden. On the other hand, the posture and bearing of the figure is that of a defying, self-reliant man, animated by faith in the justice of his cause, and confident in himself and the forces at his command. Had Mr. Leutze carried this expression into the lineaments of the face, taking the noble features of Washington as the material of which to mould it, bringing the eye and mouth into corresponding action and firmness, and harmonizing and unifying the whole, he would have given to the American school the complete idea of a hero. Certainly that idea would demand no exaggeration of Washington's real character, for there was throughout his life such dignity and force, so modulated by the mildness of modest self-control, as never to suggest the slightest taint of bravado or rebellion. But after all, we may gratefully thank Mr. Leutze for the picture he has given us. If he loves his country, let him give her more. For though he has studied twelve or fifteen years in a foreign school, and a poor one at that, we are glad to claim him as an American, and shall ever hail with satisfaction his contributions to the national art, as long as we can purchase and retain his works.

The worthy rival and combatant for fame with Mr. Leutze, in a similar walk of art, is

Mr. Rothermel, of Philadelphia. We know nothing of the invidious and most indistinct distinction made between talent and genius. The tribunals of true taste exact that after the subject and destination of a work are decided upon, the treatment shall be so appropriate and accordant as to render it harmonious and complete; and then the greater the degree of excellence in each department of its composition, the more superlative will be its artistic merits. If Leutze's mode of treating his subject be more epigrammatic in its character and results, the pictures of Mr. Rothermel are marked by a reflection and an accuracy of knowledge which constantly subside into mannerism not inappropriate in works of the highest order of imagination. Carelessness is never a quality of Rothermel's productions; they are always careful in composition, in form, color, and *chiaro-scuro*; seldom natural, that is, identical with common nature, as if studied from models, generally pleasing to the eye in tone, and always marked with the evidences of thought. This artist has given the same kind of chase to the history of Cortez as Mr. Leutze to that of Columbus. He has also painted a Washington, a Patrick Henry, knights and ladies fair, Shylock, and several pictures illustrating the progress of freedom of thought and opinion. He has painted one work of high allegory which, in point of execution, is equal to his best, while its idea is noble, sublime, humanitarian. The subject is the Elevation of Labor. In the foreground is a woman pale and worn with illness, surrounded by her children, all suffering for want of the care and appliances which secure health and comfort. A sick child nestles in her bosom, and her eye casts a gleam of anxious sorrow upon its little face. Near this group stands a man whose garb and implements of industry denote a common laborer. His head is turned upward; faith and hope animate the expression of his face, and his eye is lighted by a vision; a huge, vague, cloudy form representing Time, and floating through the air, is bearing a group which prefigures "the good time coming." Christ, the impartial Saviour of the world, stands by the cross with the needy and down-trodden around him. He gives the hand of fellowship to the toiler, and has entered into bonds with the poor in spirit. The element of evil, oppression, and social tyranny crouches van-

quished, and folds his bat-like wings about him, as if to hide his disappointed rage. The blue sky breaks in above the group, and, far below, the cloudy form fades, paler and paler, into distant mountains that terminate a sunny and beautiful landscape. There is a noble inspiration in the conception of this picture, worthy to rank the artist among the best thinkers of the day. He deservedly leads the school in Philadelphia, and a strong evidence of his originality and ability is, that he has followers who execrably imitate his manner.

Mr. Hicks has not yet so much developed the fulness of his powers as either of his three compeers above referred to. He is chiefly known to the public from portraits and cabinet pictures occasionally exhibited during the past ten years; and though we believe his portfolio is rich in studies for works of larger growth, he has not yet found the favorable opportunity for elaborating them on canvas. His most considerable picture is the full-length portrait of Gov. Fish in the late exhibition of the National Academy. That has justly raised him to a high rank both with severe critics and the public at large. We have never had the pleasure of meeting with the original of this picture, though, as a citizen of New-York, it has been our fortune to vote for him and to follow with satisfaction and respect the progress of his political career. But it is no impropriety to say that his upright and manly face and person do not altogether fill the ideal that an artist might desire for the hero of his pencil. We cannot say of our own knowledge how far Mr. Hicks meets the requirements of a faithful likeness, though in this respect the report of others who know Gov. Fish well is altogether satisfactory; but the far more difficult requirements of an artistic and powerful picture he has certainly met with originality, beauty, and character, that give the work a very high value independent of its merely personal interest. In all the treasures of art, ancient or modern, we do not recall a portrait that is equal to this for the boldness with which it meets and triumphs over every difficulty, for originality and virile strength of treatment, nor any picture that is superior to it for vigorous fidelity in the representation of natural objects, or in richness, power, and harmony of coloring. The Governor is represented standing erect in his

working-room, or study, which he seems but just to have entered; he is dressed in simple black with an olive overcoat which he has retained, as if some business that must be immediately transacted, or that is of an absorbing nature, had either not left him the time or caused him to forget to throw it off. The background is the simple, unadorned wall of the room. The relieving such a figure upon a mass of perfectly cold and neutral color, such as a bare plastered wall, is a novelty in art, and is one of those apparently simple but really most difficult things that only a man of daring genius, perfectly master of the resources of his art, could undertake without desperate failure. In the present case, so perfect is the success, that we do not remember one of the many critical notices of the picture during the exhibition that alluded to the matter at all. And yet this success unspeakably augments the excellence and harmony of the whole work. A mass of heavy red or brown drapery, such as is conventionally employed for the background of such pictures, would have been unsuited to this subject, and would have deranged and ruined every artistic feature of the whole.

The accessories in the lower part of the picture, the carpet, the arm-chair, the writing-desk and books, the basket of waste paper in the corner, are wrought out with an earnest truth to nature, a massive breadth of color, and a loveliness of tone which cause the eye to rest upon them with delight. And yet such is the skill of their arrangement, that they lead the gaze of the spectator directly away from themselves to the true focus of the whole, the head of the subject. That is painted with the same breadth and force of character which abounds throughout. The coloring of the face especially no just and disciplined eye can, we think, study without admiration. Seen close at hand, the absolute purity and cleanness of the separate hues is remarkable. They are the unadulterated pigments, and, once laid on, have evidently not been touched again. This, with the great freshness and elasticity of Mr. Hicks's *touch*, is one secret of the uncommon power of his coloring. He uses the purest pigments in their full force, and does not weaken them by repeated glazings, one wash over another, till no prophet could divine what they all are, and the result is as feeble and destitute

of character as buttermilk and water. Mr. Hicks may sometimes transgress by apparent carelessness and want of smoothness and delicacy of finish; but with such a method as his, this is a fault which time will soon soften away, while no time can ever detract from the power of color or the essential force of his pictures. That force is more intellectual and passionate than physical or nervous. It has little or none of the element of boisterous or rushing action, but delights rather in the regions of strong, intense and elevated feeling. A grand type of this character and temperament is Gericault's great picture of the Shipwreck in the Louvre.

Excellent as is the portrait of Gov. Fish, we have admired it chiefly for its promise of greater things hereafter, for its evidences of thought, originality, perception of the noble and elevated in character, and power of combination, that ought to expand into works of a truly great and permanent nature. We find in it, too, the results of a wide and very thorough acquaintance with the masters of every age. No artist in the American school evinces so much erudition, so thoroughly digested and subjected to his own use, not hanging about him like the incumbrance of borrowed baggage. What he seems as yet chiefly to lack is that exquisiteness of grace which is, after all, not inconsistent with the highest power, as witness the pure beauty which so irradiates some of the works of Michael Angelo, and always appears in those of Kaulbach. But we confidently rely on Mr. Hicks for the production of pictures which shall ever be counted among the noblest monuments of American art. We have heard that with all his varied resources, he has not the ambition and spontaneous energy that urge a man to great achievements, but are unwilling to believe this to be the case.

For several years Mr. Huntington has enjoyed the popularity of a master. He has painted all kinds of subjects with peculiar color and manner, so that his pictures have become widely known, and have filled his school with pupils. He is essentially one of the leaders of American art, and his finest work is *Mercy's Dream*. This is also one of his earliest, done with care, and has a sentiment of beauty and sweetness about it which not merely make it his best production, but have made the artist his reputation.

Mr. Gray was a pupil of Mr. Huntington's,

but early went from the school of the modern, to discover the great charm of some of the old masters. He is a diligent votary of the tones proper to the old pictures, and has also a quiet delicacy of expression that renders his pictures agreeable and soothing. The effect of his works upon the younger student is good, and forms an essential element of the American school.

None of the American artists is so widely known as Mr. Rossiter. His large pictures have been exhibited throughout the Canadas and the United States. They are mostly of religious subjects, and in this fact we have a great reason for their popularity. In every thing of Mr. Rossiter's there is a tendency to luxuriance of fancy, but utter disregard for the proprieties of nature leaves his works strikingly peculiar without excellence. The *Three Ideals*, seen at the Academy last year, and now belonging to the Art-Union, is one of his most admired productions, but it is liable to many objections. It evinces no thought, and the faces have no nature in them, and are also bad types of beauty, while the arrangement of the draperies suggests a *tableau vivant*, but is hardly good enough for that purpose. His full-length portrait of a lady in the last exhibition of the Academy has more direct tendency to simplicity of effect than his other works, and in that respect approximates to excellence; but want of knowledge as to some of the laws of art which every thorough artist should have the power to use, and the consequent failure to obey them, constantly neutralize this quality. But Mr. Rossiter is one of the most industrious of our artists, and works with wonderful facility and quickness.

Mr. Weir, and Mr. Chapman have also contributed to the national art. Their contributions are in the Capitol. That of the latter, we are constrained to say, is disgraceful to an artist holding the position of its author, and that of the former creditable. From his professional position, Mr. Weir might exert a powerful and beneficial influence upon the art of his country, but both of these gentlemen seem to have sold their artistic birthright, a fact worthy of all reprehension. It is conscientious and earnest labor that advances and dignifies art. This is exemplified by Messrs. Baker and Peele: their course has been onward, seriously and studiously, until now they enjoy an honor-

able distinction in their respective departments. The influence of Mr. Ranney's works is also good, in that they have simplicity of idea and treatment.

No two artists of our school have shown more actual strength than Mr. Mount and Mr. Darley. They are both artists by nature, and though employing different means of expression, they appeal to the same sense of humor and the same appreciation of common nature in their audience. Mount has produced some fine things which, for simple nature, have hardly been surpassed. But it is painful to see how at almost every step he falters for want of knowledge in some of the very elemental principles of art. He seems never sure in perspective, and light, shade, and color appear to be of small account in his eyes. But he tells his story with the simplest means, and in the shortest way, as it were with a bee-line. There is never the slightest caricature in the expression, never any exaggeration in the character of his figures; they are as true and natural as if you had seen the persons in the same places as he represents them. This *naïveté* in art is interesting. It is what one admires in the early Italian painters, like Lórenzo de Credi, men of real genius, but with few precedents to guide them. Such would appear to be the case with Mount. Notwithstanding the opportunities he may have had to study pictures and engravings, the strong bias of his love being toward nature, the first source of excellence, he seems to have disdained any thing like learning. Faithful as are his representations of those objects for which he cherishes an affection so genuine, and much as his productions excel those of other men in their strictly American character, we cannot suppress a regret that his genius has never been developed and refined by a thoroughly practical artistic education. Mr. Woodville's pictures, let us say in passing, want the element of *naïveté*, by which Mount's are so eminently characterized, but they exhibit a genuine perception of character.

Mr. Darley works with the simplest means of expression; his productions are all drawn in outline, and as there is no such thing in nature, or out of the artist's mind, as mere boundary lines for the termination of form, they must be more or less unnatural. Some of Darley's compositions are dramatic and simple, manifesting a judicious appreciation of the means to be used in illustrating

an idea or story. But his drawings are never free from exaggeration, and often border on broad caricature. Some of his humorous sketches should be as beneficial to a dyspeptic as a ride on a hard-trotting horse. He has been a good student, and well understands the anatomy of both the human and the brute form. We learn that he is now engaged upon large cartoons illustrating scenes in the Revolution and the last war with England.

Elliott and Healy stand eminent as portrait painters. The latter acquired his reputation in Europe, the former has never been out of the country. It is in this branch of art that the American school now stands before all others. For, besides a few men who devote themselves exclusively to it, we constantly have portraits from those who combine works of imagination therewith. Thus, like the Italian and Flemish artists, Page, Huntington, Hicks, Gray, Baker, and others paint portraits of characteristic or historic interest. The excellence of the American school in this department consists in objectivity, which is rarely found in European portraiture. While the European schools, almost without exception, give you a purely conventional treatment, the American artist aims daringly and directly to produce a fac simile of the individual. Of course the idiosyncrasy of his thought and feeling stamps the work as his own, but so unobtrusively as not to interfere with its objectivity and truth.

Thus far, we have said nothing of the landscapists, and for the reason that we do not esteem that department of art as of equal worth with the representation of the human form and face. The function of art is twofold, to instruct and expand the mind. It should increase its store of true wisdom, and stimulate the soul to noble thought and action. A work of art should arouse and enkindle the intellectual and imaginative faculties even to the point of inspiration. To this end it must possess one of three elements, exalted beauty, emotion, or action, whereof the human face and form are alone capable. When landscape enters the mysterious confines of allegory, combining animate with inanimate nature, it rises to a higher sphere of power; but, restricted to its own dead letter, it is quite inefficient. For example, how are trees, rocks, clouds, and water, with sunlight and shadow, and all the

resources of merely natural loveliness, any way comparable to the lofty grace of the Milo, the emotion of the Laocoön, or the movement of the Discobolo? or in pictures, with the incomprehensible beauty of the Del Sisto, the superhuman sorrow of Christ's face while they pierce his brow with thorns, the surcharged and ponderous thought of Jeremiah, or the wild tumult of the battle of Constantine? The best power of landscape is to soothe the brain and lap the soul in a repose as quiet and gentle almost as sleep. It is the opiate, the anodyne of art. A storm may be represented; trees uprent, and driven clouds, and water tortured and foamy, may shadow forth the terrific power of the elements. In such a case we see the wind working in and upon these natural objects, like hate, fear, love, friendship, and the multiplex emotions of the soul upon the physical man. But the person and countenance furrowed and pale, depressed and overborne, bowed with suffering and grief, or exalted into benignity and beauty through the emotions of faith and love, are as much superior in art as man himself is above the trees and rocks and sunshine, and all the servile sweetness or rebellious terrors of nature. But this is not to say that the latter are by any means superfluous, or to deny that landscape painting is an interesting and necessary element in the broad continent of Art. Let us emphatically add also, that some of the works of Durand, Kensett, Cropsey, and Church have been and will be reckoned as valuable

gems in exhibitions and collections of pictures throughout the country.

Few of our native sculptors live or work in the United States; but in asserting and demonstrating the existence of an American School of Art, we should be quite as loth to exclude the names of Powers, Crawford, and Greenough as to resign all claim to Leutze, to Hunt, the painter-sculptor in Paris, a man overflowing with genius, or to the author or Jacob's Dream.

And now to the public, to the country, an earnest and a final word: Be not deluded in this matter; be not persuaded that the only subjects for American artists are revolutionary and warlike, their only education the groping of unguided ignorance. Let Art find its best masters where it will, and choose what it will, Gog or Magog, prophet, saint, or devil, ideal types or future presidents, the Father of his Country, or the hero of New-Orleans, cherish it, guard its welfare all the same! From the Federal or the State Governments much may be hoped in the way of commissions and encouragement to artists, but private individuals and associations must after all do the most in unfolding this fine flower of national greatness and honor. Let us press on then to the richer achievements of the future, but meanwhile let us not forget to thank our stars and stripes, that in the first century of the nation's existence, it can boast the possession of men of genius, devout lovers of nature, and religious devotees at the holiest shrines of art.

OBIIT JUNE 29, 1852.

STARS die unmarked amid the fields of space,
 New planets into being glide unseen;
 Change flickers silently along the face
 Of ripe existence, from the bursting green
 Of earth in springtime to the skies serene.
 All fading things mute forms for ever chase,
 And noiselessly fill up each void between;
 Nature in silence dies. But when the race
 Of *one* great soul is ended, when the prime
 Of giant thought has dwindled to decay,
 Loud voices echo through the vaults of time;
 Loud wailings tremble through each lonely place;
 Thunders lament; old hills with cycles gray
 Mourn that a soul like his should ever pass away!

THE OLD BOY.

EVERY man is double. He is what he knows himself to be, and what others think him. The two men—the outward and visible, and the inward and invisible man—are often very different sort of people.

Perhaps this thesis was never more forcibly illustrated than in my own case. I had the misfortune, when scarcely fifteen years of age, to dream a most rare and ominous dream. So distinct was the vision in all its details, that it rather resembled a visit to another world, or a *clairvoyant* projection of the soul into the future, than an ordinary dream. Its most astounding peculiarity was its apparent duration. Every body almost is familiar with the fact, that in a dream a few moments are often so prodigiously crowded with images and sensations that they appear as many hours. But I doubt whether there are many dreamers living who can boast of having condensed ten years of life into a single night. Such, however, was precisely my case. I awoke ten years older in mind than when I fell asleep the night before. I awoke with a distinct remembrance of ten years of active experience. I had the clearest recollection of thoughts and events during the whole period. During these ten years of dream-life, I had left school, studied at a university, travelled, loved, fought, and written works which had obtained for me a great literary reputation. In a word, I had become a great and distinguished man, accustomed to receive the consideration due to my position. I had possessed fortune, power, a host of admirers, and, above all, the consciousness of power and manhood. I awoke a mere child in the eyes of the world; a delusive phenomenon, an anachronism, a living paradox; a schoolboy ten years older than himself; an experienced man ten years younger than his ideas.

At first I could scarcely realize the absurd fact of my youth. I was inclined to take truth for vision, and vision for truth. But finding myself soon driven to fall back on metaphysics, and on such notions as that life is itself a dream, and that ideas and

events differ only in a trifling degree, I thought it wisest to avoid becoming insane by taking a more practical view of my position. I certainly had dreamed myself into a most unboyish state of intellect and feelings. I as certainly had awakened to a most un-manlike appearance of juvenility, and a most inconsistent state of boyish thralldom. I was at an English boarding-school—the Rev. Doctor Whopham's classical academy! What a ridiculous misfortune for the author of books, the politician, the man of the world, of my dream-memory!

I was just revolving these contradictions in my mind when the school-bell rang for the boys to get up. It was six o'clock in the morning. For the last five or six years of my life (in the infernal dream) I had been accustomed to lie in bed in the morning and muse on the composition of my works. On the present occasion I continued to ponder lazily over my mysterious vision, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by one of the boys in the room calling out in a shrill tone:

"Hollo! Darkman, do you mean to get up to-day, or wait till to-morrow?"

At the same moment another of the boys thought it a capital joke to throw a bolster at me, which, descending precisely on my face, for the moment half smothered me, and so irritated my temper in the anomalous condition of my mind, that forgetting my boyhood for the nonce, I sprang out of bed, seized the offender roughly by the shoulder, and administered a couple of boxes on the ear, with such lusty good-will, that the whole room rung with their vibration.

"Take that, you insolent young monkey!" I cried in a stern, contemptuous tone, which amazed the offender, who was as nearly of my own size and age as might be.

"I say," retorted the boy angrily, "none of that girl's play with me; if you please, come on and fight like a man, if you can!" and the boy doubled his fists and threw himself into a very orthodox pugilistic attitude.

This brought me to my senses, and recalled me to a consciousness of my absurd position. However, there was, of course, no retreat, and I prepared for the inevitable contest. He had told me to fight like a man. Little did he imagine how much of a man I was. Ten years of adventures had given me a self-possession and courage very different from the mere effervescence of boyish audacity. Confidence is strength. I looked upon my antagonist as a child. My manly pride almost disdained such an enemy. He had scarcely returned my blow when I assailed him with such decisive resolution, that in a few moments he was grovelling on the floor at my feet, bleeding and vanquished.

The other boys applauded me admiringly, as I strode scornfully back to my bed-side and began to dress in silence.

It was the first time they had witnessed any thing of the kind on my part. Though not by any means weak or small for my age, I was of an extremely effeminate appearance. My complexion was singularly fair and delicate; my hair soft, light, and wavy; whilst previous to the change wrought in my character by the dream, I had been remarkable for the gentleness of my manners, and though not timid, had always avoided quarrelling and fighting as much as possible. But now I had acquired all the stern combativeness which ten years of arduous struggles rarely fail to impart to the human disposition. Accordingly, when on descending to the school-room Dr. Whopham severely reprimanded me for my violence, I showed no manner of contrition for the offense, but looked coldly and indifferently at the Doctor, who in my eyes was now no more than a vulgar pedagogue, very much my inferior in acquirements and talents.

"Do you hear, sir?" said the Doctor; "I say that I will make an example of you."

"You had better not," said I sarcastically, thinking of a repartee I had made to Washington Irving a year or two before, (in the dream;) "I should make a bad example to a certainty."

"You shall be flogged, sir," said the Doctor, losing all patience. "By G——, I'll not be bearded by any boy in my school. I will flog you this very day."

"I think you will not, sir," said I with affected politeness.

"Why not," thundered Whopham, grow-

ing purple in the face with rage, "you poisonous young viper?"

"Because if you attempted such a thing, or effected it by force, I would infallibly kill you."

"Kill me!" cried the Doctor; "the young wretch, the unprincipled, immoral young monster—he threatens to murder me!"

"Yes; if you lay hands upon me, I do," was my deliberate answer.

"Why, what's the matter with the boy?" said the head usher, coming up; "is he mad? He used to be the most peaceable and gentle boy in the whole school, and look at him now; his face is like a Satan's."

"Wicked, but angelic," said I, laughing. "Mr. Polyglot, I thank you for the compliment."

"Does the devil possess the boy?" exclaimed Dr. Whopham, looking at my erect attitude of defiance with a mysterious feeling of dismay, and perhaps imagining that I relied upon the rank of my relatives, who were of wealth and distinction, to bear me out in my rebellious conduct.

"Hark you, you couple of old fools!" said I, with an indescribable pleasure in their utter confusion, "we have had enough of this. I meant to run away, but perhaps you may as well expel me. At all hazards, here we part; so good bye for ever. Boys, good bye!"

As I spoke, I made a dash at the nearest school-room window, which was open to admit the fresh air, vaulted over the window-sill, and manfully took to my heels. In a few hours I had distanced all my pursuers, for I was the best runner at the school, and I did not spare my legs. For several days after I could scarcely walk. Meanwhile I had taken the rail to London. I was safe. I was free. I was to all intents and purposes the man of my dream, without his position, his fortune, or his fame; at least, so I fondly fancied. And now what was to be my course? At all hazards, I was resolved not to return to my relations. How could I explain to them the change that had taken place in my being? They would have confined me as a lunatic, or sent me back to school as a culprit. My first resolution, then, was to preserve my personal liberty at all costs. Any thing was better than the slavery of a school-life—even starvation; but that I did not apprehend. I had a gold watch of which I could nearly

guess the value. I raised ten pounds (fifty dollars) upon it the next day. Half that sum, judiciously invested, supplied me with clothes suitable to the appearance of a man several years older than myself, which I had resolved to assume. A pair of spectacles fitted with green glasses, a stiff cravat and shirt collar, and a rather clerical suit of black, were my whole means of disguise. Being nearly as tall as the average run of men, I was thus enabled to conceal my extreme youth, and to enter upon the career which I had proposed to myself as the source of my future income. This career was literature. Nor need it be wondered at that I adopted the pursuit which, in my dream-life, I had already carried to such a successful issue.

In a few days, by assiduous labor, I had dashed off one of those strange, wild, improbable, plausible, and supernaturally interesting stories of which the literature of all nations scarcely furnishes a dozen examples. I knew, however, by my old dream experience, what a new aspirant for literary fame had to expect from publishers. I also knew how to deal with this despicable race of moral Jews, who discount thought and devour the mental wealth of genius precisely as their prototypes eat up the fortunes of the members of rich and noble families. Accordingly, I took excellent precautions against their ignorance on the one hand, and their impertinence on the other. I introduced myself to the firm of Grey, Brown, Yellowboy & Co. as the private secretary of a young gentleman of fortune, who indulged in literary ambition. I spoke with sincere admiration of my own genius, that is, of my imaginary master's; finally, I presented the MS. of my story as a work which had been produced under the most singular auspices. It was, in fact, I said, a translation and completion of a fragment never printed, which the illustrious *Theodore Amadeus Hoffman* had left behind him, and which, by incredible labor, my young employer had succeeded in deciphering and translating.

The publisher was extremely anxious to see the author, whom I did not forget to make the cousin of a Duke, and a man of noble name and family. But I told him that, until after the publication of the work, such an interview would be impossible, as Mr. Percy Egremont (my supposed master) had even then started for Rome on a secret mission from the home government. The

publisher, who could not penetrate my grave demeanor and green spectacles, treated me with distinguished politeness—not the less that I alluded to my own prospects of a diplomatic career under the patronage of Mr. Egremont. He purchased the copyright of the work; and had good cause to rejoice in his speculation, for it ran through five editions in the space of as many months, and I found myself both famous and, comparatively speaking, rich. The publisher happened to be one of the most honest of his tribe, and I had received for each edition of my little book—which, by the way, was expensively printed and illustrated—the sum of thirty guineas, in all one hundred and fifty, or about eight hundred dollars. Thus I had achieved at a bound what, in my dream, and too often in the real lives of authors of the highest merit, was the result only of years of toil and drudgery—a position. I had a name, and the command of a publisher. I could draw money in advance, if I required it, on my mere promise of an unwritten book. At fifteen years of age I was one of the happy few whom success stamps with the mark of the most exclusive of all nobilities, acknowledged superiority. But I had the memory of ten years of battle in my heart. In secret I felt all the sadness which poets are prone to who weep the miseries of humanity—all the weariness of life which a varied experience of its pleasures and its cares produces in the mind of the earnest thinker. Meanwhile other sensations natural to my age, and stimulated by my unnatural extension of experience, began to exercise an empire over my soul which neither reason nor prudence could contend against. The beauty of fair and gentle women haunted my dreams. The melody of angel voices, heard in poetic reveries, resolved themselves into the musical accents of silken-haired and blue-eyed girls. I had slid imperceptibly into society through the agency of my publisher and the literary men to whom he had introduced me, since, on the undeniable success of my book, I had laughingly thrown off my mask and declared myself to be Percy Egremont in person.

And, as Percy Egremont, I was every where welcome. My extreme youth—for, though none suspected my real age, I could not be supposed to be more than nineteen or twenty at the very farthest—my fame

echoed by every newspaper and review throughout the kingdom, my girlish face and gentle manners, all contributed to make me a sort of general pet lion. Even my brother authors loved and spoke well of me. How could they suspect, beneath my effeminate aspect, the iron will and hardened heart of a man practised in all the wiles and stratagems, inured to all the tempests and convulsions of a worldly and insatiable ambition!

If, with all this, I felt at times that my life was after all a sort of protracted imposture, a kind of sublimely methodical madness, what mattered? I was the last person in the world to underrate the value of a dream. So I dreamed on, and took no thought for the morrow.

I had made the acquaintance, amongst other young men of literary tastes, of Lord Arthur Carisbrook, and by him had been introduced to his mother, the dowager Lady Carisbrook, and his sister, Lady Rosina, a girl of eighteen, who had just been presented at Court, and was in all probability destined to be the recognized beauty of the season.

The moment her dark-blue, languishing eyes fell upon me, a flood of new-born vitality streamed through my frame. My chest seemed to expand, every fibre of my body to dilate with an ecstatic sensation of power. I felt myself a man indeed, and capable of contending with men. But, alas! I was still at least ten years older than I looked!

"What a pretty boy!" I overheard the Countess say to her son as I turned to speak to Rosina.

"Yes, mamma," replied the young Lord, "you would hardly imagine that he was the author of '*Nairad*.'"

"Why, dress him in Rosina's clothes," said the Countess, "and he would look more girlish than your sister."

I bit my lips with vexation. But the expression of Rosina's eyes, which, as she was tall, were precisely on a level with my own, soon distracted my thoughts from this mortifying remark. Rosina was, in truth, a girl worthy of a poet's love. She was full of animation, yet free from coquetry; she appreciated art, she enjoyed nature, she adored beauty. She had only one fault—an intense fear of ridicule. She had a soul brave and lofty enough to have defied menace, and dared persecution; but her courage faded before a sarcasm; a sneer descended

on her resolutions like a blight upon the nectarines. This peculiarity of her character I discovered at our first interview, thanks to my supernatural knowledge of the intricacies of human fancies and motives.

At the same time, I conceived for her one of those insane, unspeakable, delicious passions which can only come into existence under rare and extraordinary circumstances. Such passions know no middle path; they bring with them either supreme happiness or intolerable misery. In my case, it required the most careful policy and perfect self-restraint, to give even the hope of a happy result. I do not allude to social difficulties. The love of Rosina secured, an elopement was a cardinal remedy for all such obstacles. But to be loved, and loved as madly as I myself loved, by Rosina, it was absolutely necessary that I should avoid ridicule. My weak point was my youth. Feeling that any affectation of disguising it would only render me absurd, I resolved, with the policy of a true politician, to annihilate its weakness by making it a tower of strength. Accordingly I assumed the part of a gay, careless boy-poet. I made no pretense to the dignity of maturity. I took liberties with every body, and allowed every body to treat me as a precocious youth, who had no idea of appearing otherwise than he was. Lady Carisbrook took a great liking to me—she little thought what exquisite art I had employed to ingratiate myself—and I was invited to join a large party of fashionable people at her country mansion.

It was on this occasion, that I hoped to bring my schemings to a happy climax. By my boyish vivacity and unassuming manners, I acquired the affections of nearly all the guests assembled. My subtle jests passed for random flashes of humor. Sayings, which Talleyrand might have been proud of, were repeated as happy blunders of a prattling youth. My authorship of "*Nairad*," which might have opened the eyes of any one of ordinary perspicacity, was for the time forgotten. It was only when alone with Rosina, that my tone and manner underwent a total transformation. To her, I discoursed naturally and freely, with all the gravity of a philosopher, and enthusiasm of an ambitious genius. For her ear I reserved the stores of my mysteriously acquired knowledge, all the wonders of my daring projects and aspirations. I made her

my confidant and friend. I never said a word of love. I even forced myself to look at her without betraying my passion. I had but one object—to teach her to respect me. In the presence of third parties I avoided showing even the most shadowy indication of the love that consumed my soul. Thus I escaped the ridicule of rival suitors, the odious comparison with their robust forms and whiskered faces; thus, in short, I convinced Rosina of my superiority, before she had even dreamed of comparing me with others.

All went well. My policy was triumphant, and at length the crisis was brought on, which was either to establish my complete success, or utter failure.

"How is it," said Rosina, as we stood talking, before dinner, in a conservatory of exotic plants, to which we had retreated from an instinctive wish to enjoy one another's society undisturbed—"How is it, Percy, that you are so different when alone with me, from what you are in company?"

"It is because, my dear Lady Rosina, the mass of mankind are not worth talking sense to, as they are barely capable of understanding nonsense. Besides, I am a mere boy, comparatively speaking, and it would be bad taste to show myself wiser or cleverer than older people. I have also the misfortune to look much younger even than I am; my face is——"

"More like a pretty girl's than a man's," said Rosina, laughing, with a wickedly puzzling expression.

I did not blush, as I should probably have done, had any one else said the same thing. It was not the wounded vanity of a child, it was the baffled passion of a man, that caused me to turn pale, to feel my knees almost sink beneath me, and to contract my brows with an expression of pain that no self-command could conceal.

But my agony was of brief duration. Rosina took my hand in hers, and pressing it in a way that caused me the most delicious thrill of enjoyment, said, in a very different tone, and with a look that penetrated through all my artificial panoply: "Percy, I think Alcibiades, at your age, must have been what you are now, a combination of the beauty of a woman and the soul of a hero!"

Scarcely had Rosina uttered these perilously flattering words, than I had clasped

her lovely form to my heart in an embrace of frantic delight, and pressed upon her lips a kiss that caused me to turn faint with rapture. In another instant I was at her feet. I looked up. She was trembling from head to foot. Her eyes were swimming in tears. She said nothing, she raised me gently; one more passionate embrace, and at the sound of the dinner bell, we hastened to put on an indifferent aspect, and join the assembled guests in the drawing-room. Henceforward our eyes might have served us as telegraphs.

And now, laugh who will at what follows. Years of peril, vicissitude, and wild adventure lie between me and that hour. I yet shudder to recall its eventful moments. On entering the drawing-room I met face to face a newly arrived guest. Almost petrified with horror, I recognized—Doctor Whopham. I saw, too, with the same glance, that he, too, had recognized me. Exposure was inevitable. Nevertheless I did not lose my presence of mind. I tried the only chance I had.

"Doctor," said I, shaking him by the hand, and speaking in an under tone, "silence!—silence at any price—at any price!"

But the schoolmaster either would not or could not understand me; probably the latter, as he was a man of heavy and obtuse intellect. He stared at me for a moment in stupid amazement; then burst out in a tone that was audible from one end of the room to the other:

"What! you here? So I've caught you at last, Master Darkman, have I? Your relations have been half crazy about you. Don't frown at me, you young villain! Ha, ha! gentlemen and ladies, would you believe it? this is one of my boys who ran away, some six or seven months ago, from my school. Well! this is a *dies fortunata*! His relations have offered all sorts of rewards for his recovery. Excuse me, your lordship, but how, in the name of Scylla and Charybdis, did this boy come here?"

I did not regard the supercilious smiles and broad grins of the faces that surrounded me, all radiant with infernal curiosity and enjoyment of the ridiculous scene. I turned, crushed as I was in soul, with a proud and calm air, towards Rosina. She was laughing—yes, laughing aloud at my hideous discomfiture! As her eyes encountered my

look of eternal reproach, she burst into a yet more extravagant fit of laughter.

We were always a fierce and violent race, we of the Darkman family. A man darkened by a fearful crime was its legendary founder. And now all the blackness of Hell seemed concentrated in my heart.

"Dog!—idiot!" I cried savagely, "what is the meaning of this farce—this incomprehensible insolence? Apologize at once, and choose other subjects for your jests in future."

"Oh, indeed!" said the schoolmaster. "Oh, indeed! you call me dog and idiot, do you? Wait till I see your father, or till I get you back to school, and have you flogged as you deserve. Only let me——"

At this moment, the coarse speaker was interrupted in his diatribe by a blow on the head from the pedestal of a massive bronze lamp, which in my fury I had seized and wielded as if it had been a mere bamboo cane. Amid a general cry of horror, the Doctor fell senseless to the ground, and a stream of blood from his fractured skull began to form an ominous pool upon the carpet. I was only restrained from repeating the blow by the united efforts of the bystanders.

The next day I awoke in the county gaol.

Some weeks elapsed. The schoolmaster did not die. He only became a lunatic, which, to a man who was born a fool, was perhaps no great misfortune. I myself was liberated, on the ground of temporary insanity, which my incoherent ravings in the delirium of a fever that had supervened on the last-named events not a little encouraged. Pale, wasted, and broken-spirited, I, some months later, being on a visit to an aunt in London, ventured to knock at Lord Carisbrook's door. My former friend received me, to my amazement, with more than his usual cordiality.

"Are you prepared," said I, "to hear a

story which vulgar minds would call incredible?"

"I assure you that I am burning with curiosity to hear the explanation of your mystery."

I told him all—even to my interview with his sister, and her terrible laughter.

"And now," said he, "I will tell you something, since it appears after all that you are a man of an honorable family. Rosina did not join in the brutal laugh at your misfortune. She loved you too well, to take a pleasure in your ridicule."

"How, you would persuade me to disbelieve my senses?"

"Yes; but if you would save Rosina another *fit of hysterics*, you will leave me and join her in the next room."

In another instant my future bride was in my arms. To real love its object can never be ridiculous. Two years later the marriage of the only son of Sir Lionel Darkman to Lady Rosina Carisbrook was announced in the papers.

And strange to say, the memory of that dream never faded, but remained, as it were, an integral part of my life. When other subjects failed us, it was a constant resource for conversation; and Rosina, smoothing my hair with her white hand, would say, gently smiling, "Now tell me some of your adventures in dream-land."

And when ten years were elapsed, the two memories, of the visioned and the real life, remained strangely distinct; and I perceived that the latter was, indeed, but a continuation of the former. Indeed, Rosina often whispered—what my own vanity would have scarcely ventured to suggest—that I had become at last a greater man even than the man of my vision. Perhaps this flattering fancy was but a dream, like the other. At any rate, I doubt whether I shall ever dream again half so pleasantly!

Thus I owe my fame, my bride, and my happiness to a dream.

THE PASSIONS OF ANIMALS.*

THE curious and valuable work which afforded the anecdotal illustrations of the subject treated in the present article, has not, to our knowledge, been reprinted in this country. It is founded, says the author, upon a German work by Dr. Schmarda, little known, which attracted his attention during his travels on the Continent a few years since. It is a collection of authentic anecdotes, given with a brevity and good taste which does credit to the skill and judgment of the author. We say "author," not compiler, because of the philosophical bearing and arrangement of the work; which is, in fact, an excellent elementary treatise of animal psychology, as void of pedantry as it is rich in new and well selected anecdote.

The incompleteness and inferiority of animals, when compared with human creatures, is attributed by our author to the absence of an immortal or reasoning soul, and by no means to the deficiency of passions, affections, or intelligence.

Leaving untouched the application of the phrenological doctrine to man, our author, nevertheless, follows the authority of the greatest scientific teachers of the present day, in making the brain and nervous system of animals the seat and organ of sense, instinct, intelligence, affection and passion: and, we think, with reason; as it requires a very strong effort of imagination to locate these powers in the glands, the bones, the muscles, or the cellular tissue, which, together with the nerves and brain, compose the entire animal; and the nerves and brain themselves having no other function, as yet discovered.

"The essential distinction between the human and animal races consists in the property which the former has of feeling the influences of refinement, goodness, beauty, truth, morality, eternity."

"Reason is the exciting principle: by its agency we perceive our spiritual existence," which is not "a reflection," but "a heavenly

light," says our judicious author. Natural history leads no longer to skepticism, but to faith.

Let no reader imagine we can instantly discriminate between a man and an animal. It is a somewhat difficult problem, until once we have solved it; *after* which, we are amazed at our former dulness and ignorance. The intelligence of animals has sometimes an apparently *human* character. "An elephant being directed to force a very large vessel into the water, found the work superior to his strength; and his master having bid the keeper take the lazy beast away, and bring another, the elephant repeated the effort and died in the attempt." Here, as in many actions of domesticated animals, which we are accustomed to observe, but not to analyze, or wonder at, a variety of passions are exhibited, for which human beings habitually praise or condemn each other. The human nature seems to contain all the animal within itself, as the foundation of its strength.

First, there is *INSTINCT*, which our author sometimes calls *impulse*, because the actions of Instinct are in a certain sense impulsive, but not in the same manner or degree with the purely organic motions of the animal. The limbs of a dead animal quiver, and perform the motions of life, under the knife of the butcher; a lump of flesh warm from the carcass contracts when it is touched: but this is not what is meant by *instinct*.

Physiologists divide the powers of an animal into those of *organic* and of *animal* life. The abdomen of a wasp, separated from the thorax, emits the sting when irritated: an effect of the vital organization. The wasp itself, when touched, *directs* the action of the sting toward the insulted part of its own body, and so wounds the aggressor: this then is something more than "organic" irritability; it is the first and lowest grade of intelligence, and is commonly called *instinct*. The physician Galen placed oil, wine, and

* The Passions of Animals. By Edward P. Thompson. London: Chapman & Hall. 1851. One vol. small 8vo, pp. 413.

other liquids, before a calf new-born, taken directly from the mother. It smelled of all, and *selected* milk: an effect, not of organic irritability alone, nor yet of intellection, but of a directing power intermediate between these and connected with both, which we call *instinct*.

If the reader who has a genuine interest in the study of nature (or of art, for the one is necessary to the other) will avoid perplexing himself with logical distinctions, and be content to seize the leading characteristics of the several classes of intelligent powers, he will find himself highly entertained and enlightened by a study of the psychological peculiarities of animals. There is no accurate boundary to be fixed by definitions, between those actions that proceed from mere organic irritability, and the impulses of instinct. The difficulty of fixing this boundary is created by the mixed character of the actions both of animals and of men. In every action we see the various irritabilities and motions of the body, regulated and working in concert, under the intelligent force of Instinct. The various instincts, in the same manner, are compelled to assume an orderly agreement and to render mutual aid, by Intelligence itself. A monkey desiring to reach some nuts, from which it was withheld by the shortness of its chain, snatched a napkin from a servant who was passing, and drew the nuts toward itself by throwing the end of the napkin over them. In this complicated action we see, first, an *irritation* of the nerves by the odor of the nuts; then, an instinctive *appetite* awakened, controlling the entire activity of the animal; and finally, an *intelligence*, exerting ingenuity to obtain them: even the passions were brought in play. We recognize here a number of powers, but we cannot, by any subtlety of definition, point out the precise divisions of these powers.

ORGANIC LIFE, or, as it is sometimes called, organic irritability, has its most perfect development in the actions of the senses. Thus, if the body of a tortoise, deprived of the head, is pricked with a sharp instrument, the limbs move as if in walking or swimming, especially on the side wounded. If the eye of an animal is touched, the lid closes of itself; if the spinal marrow is irritated, when the head has been taken off, the animal moves convulsively, and will even rise upon its feet, as if to walk. A pungent

odor excites the entire system of the respiratory muscles to the act of sneezing. Tickling in the throat is followed by a cough. An hundred illustrations might be quoted from books, and from common experience, which show the existence of an organic life or irritability, which produces isolated undirected actions, and prove nothing but the intimate connection and agreement of all parts of the body through the nerves and spinal marrow. These actions of the organism follow *instantly* upon their causes, with a precision and simplicity quite mechanical.

Previous to any one of those complicated actions which we call instinctive, there is a complex of sensuous impression, which, in common language, is named a *perception*. Before attaining a correct idea of Instinct, we must have observed the combinations of the senses in Perception. The order of our knowledge is *from PERCEPTION to INSTINCT, and from this latter to INSTINCTIVE ACTIONS*.

The sense of *Touch*, diffused over the entire surface of the body, but most perfect in the tongue, hands and feet; the sense of *Light*, diffused in a very faint degree, in the lower animals, over the body, but perfected in the eyes; the sense of *Sound*, also diffused through the body, but concentrated by a delicate organism in the ears; the sense of *Odor*, and that of *Taste*, in the lining membrane of the nostrils, fauces and gullet, (and in some animals perhaps of the stomach;) these five senses are *external* to the body, and become its media of communication with the external world. Even man himself is restricted to these media, for all he knows of the superficial appearances and external qualities of all things.

These sensuous media would however be of no avail to the animal, were it not for another class of physical effects, which we call *SENSATIONS*.

Sense is indifferent; neither agreeable nor the contrary. The eagle, flying invisible to man in the higher regions of the air, sees all objects beneath him with perfect distinctness. But only those objects awaken particular sensations which indicate his prey. The stuffed skin of a deer, or a dead bird, entices the vulture at a distance of five or six miles, or perhaps twice as far. The *form* of the dead creature excites a certain *internal sensation*. Colors, to a susceptible eye, are either agreeable or disagreeable. They excite certain sensations. A great

number of distinct sensations are connected with, and follow, though not necessarily, the impressions of the five external senses. They have been called "internal senses," but it is better to call things by their right, that is to say, their common names. Philosophy makes no progress when it departs too far from the language of common life.

The actions of the body are characterized and stimulated by Sensation, and only *guided* by Sense.

The rope dancer, poising himself upon a cord, is kept in equilibrium by a finer use of the common sensation, or feeling, of the muscles; the same that keeps us upright when we walk. The external senses of sight, touch, odor, and taste, guide the actions suggested by the internal sensation of hunger. It is unnecessary to enumerate examples.

Perhaps the most wonderful combination of sensation with sense is seen in the migratory animals, who are impelled by a complex internal sensation impossible to conceive.

"The fish which climbs trees (*Perca scandens*, inhabiting the rivulets of Tranquebar) displays an equal exertion of peculiar will, though its exact intention is not known, beyond the general idea that it is seeking for food or something agreeable to its perception."

"Dr. Hancock, in the 'Zoological Journal,' gives an account of a species of fish, called by the Indians the 'Flat-head Hassar,' belonging to a genus (*Doras*) of the family of the Siluridæ, which are instructed by their Creator, when the pools in which they reside lose their water in very dry seasons, to take the resolution of marching by land in search of others in which the water is not evaporated. These fish grow to about the length of a foot, and travel in large droves with this view: they move by night, and their motion is said to be like that of the two-footed lizard. A strong serrated arm constitutes the first ray of its pectoral fin, and using this as a kind of foot, it should seem, they push themselves forward by means of their elastic tail, moving nearly as fast as a man can leisurely walk. The strong plates which envelope the body probably facilitate their progress, in the same manner as those under the bodies of serpents, which in some degree perform the office of feet. It is affirmed by the Indians that they are furnished with an internal supply of water sufficient for their journey, which seems confirmed by

the circumstance that their bodies when taken out of the water, even if wiped with a dry cloth, become instantly moist again. Another migrating fish abounding in the pools of Carolina, which are subject to be dry in summer, is furnished, by means of a membrane which closes its mouth, with the faculty of living out of water and of travelling by leaps to discover other pools."

The structure of animals is in harmony with the development of the external senses. In the human being, especially, beauty and strength in the body are attended with extreme delicacy of perception. In man alone are the ear and the eye capable of those exquisite perceptions of sound, form and color, which are necessary to the cultivation of liberal arts and sciences. The eye of microscopic observers acquires a power by use which is perfectly marvellous to the inexperienced. While the vulture distinguishes only his prey, the wider perception of man takes in the entire landscape, and receives from it an immense variety of impressions, each appealing to some powerful internal emotion. The senses of human beings, whether in touch, taste, odor, sight or sound, have an infinite breadth and variety, compared with which the more acute perceptions of animals are as narrow as their intelligence. As the extent and volume of perception diminishes, however, its intensity increases; though by no means in a due proportion.

"The North American Indians can not only detect the presence of man at a great distance, but can distinguish with certainty between white men and those of their own race. Camels passing through the desert can scent water at the distance of two or three miles, and rush to it in the straightest direction, and the cattle in Paraguay wind it even still farther. Humboldt says that travellers in South America, when in extremity for water, abandon their mules to their own guidance, which immediately go in a direction against the wind, stopping from time to time, and sniffing the air, till they have satisfied themselves of the point where water is to be found, towards which they hurry, snorting and neighing with impatience. Delicate indeed must be the organs which can distinguish the evaporation of water (for such is doubtless their guide) at so great a distance, and in so heated an atmosphere!"

The nerves of sense, together with those of sensation, terminate in the lower organs of the brain. In these organs we must consequently locate the functions of Instinct, because of its immediate dependence upon Sense. In these organs arise, therefore, those complicated (and, in a degree, intelligent) impulses, as they are styled by our author, which govern the actions of the inferior tribes of animals, and give them that regularity and precision which occasion so much astonishment when they are first observed.

The *first* and lowest perception in the instinct of an animal is seen in the microscopic infusoria, who feel the *contact* of a hard substance, and are *instantly* prompted by an internal sensation to move away from it.

The second degree of instinctive perception, with which also even the lowest animalculæ are provided, is that of the *size* of objects, assisting them to select their proper food.

They also distinguish objects by their *figure*; though this is a much higher degree of perception, hardly observable in the lowest orders.

Among insects again, we find a perfect perception of an *object* or individual thing, attended also with a certain *memory*, or duration of a particular impression, proper to all and each of the faculties.

Finally, insects, like the superior animals, and some like the sea nettle, inferior in organization, distinguish the directions and dimensions of *space*, moving through space with precision and seeming calculation in the water or the air.

"Bees revisit their old haunts, the trees and the flowers where they have been used to find honey; they recognize their own hive among many others, returning to it in their homeward flight in a direct line, and never hesitating between it and the surrounding ones. It is highly remarkable that they know their own hive more from its locality than from its appearance, for if it be removed during their absence, and a similar one be substituted, they enter the strange one. If the position of the hive be changed, the bees for the first day take no distant flight till they have thoroughly scrutinized every object in its neighborhood; and it is asserted by Kirby and Spence, that the queen bee does the same thing, making several probationary flights before the swarm-

ing of the hive, as if to select the proper spot. They also mention the circumstance of a number of bees having been attracted in the autumn to some honey which had been placed in a window, and of their visiting the same spot in the ensuing spring in search of it again. The mason-bee contrives holes as receptacles for its young, in which it lays up their food; and if a hole be closed up during its absence, it searches for some time along the wall after its return, without noticing other holes, and having found it, it removes the obstruction and continues its work: a clear proof that these bees distinguish between their own holes and those of others."

It is almost unnecessary to say that the instinctive perception of the *motion* of bodies is necessary to the existence of every animal. The internal sensations which arise under this perception are distinct and positive, as every one must have remarked. The sense of motion is often extremely pleasurable, or the reverse. In its most exquisite form, in dancing, and in the sportive gyrations and dartings of insects and birds upon the wing, the activity of this instinct is apparently a source of great delight. We are now noticing those perceptions which are enjoyed in regard to *time*; those which concern *space* having been already named. The second, then, (of this second order,) is the instinctive measuring of *degrees* (or *quanta*) of *time*, as when the bird accelerates or retards its flight, and regulates its motion by velocity and slowness.

"Predatory animals of the feline species, which lie in ambush, calculate the moment and the power of the spring they make on their prey, according to the speed of its movements. If meat be thrown to a dog, it measures its fall so accurately, inclining its head this way or that, according to its direction, that it seizes it before it can touch the ground. The falcon, catching its prey on the wing, pursues it with the velocity of an arrow, and striking it with its breast, clutches it simultaneously with its talons. The horse, in taking its leap when at its greatest speed, gathers itself for the effort at the due distance, neither blundering over it by being too near, nor falling short by rising too soon. The hare, when coursed, turns as on a pivot when it sees the dog prepare to make its fatal rush; or aware that its speed is equal to that of its pursuer, or that it has

the advantage of a start, it seeks the safety of the distant wood."

Changes in the general appearance of nature, as of day to night, of light penetrating the depths of the sea, of shadows moving over the earth, are noticed by the perceptive instinct, and regulate the daily and nocturnal habits of the entire animal kingdom.

Finally, EVENTS and the ORDER OF EVENTS are instinctively observed by all but the very sponges and animalculæ, and perhaps even by them in a very low degree.

M. Sonnini says :

"One day, as I was meditating in a garden, I stopped near a hedge. A jackal, hearing no noise, was coming through the hedge towards me; and when he had cleared himself, was just at my feet. On perceiving me, he was seized with such astonishment that he remained motionless for some seconds, without ever attempting to escape, his eyes fixed steadily on me. Perplexity was painted in his countenance, with a degree of expression of which I could not have supposed him susceptible, and which denoted great delicacy of instinct. On my part, I was afraid to move, lest I should put an end to this situation, which afforded me much pleasure. At length, after he had taken a few steps, first towards one side and then the other, as if so confused as not to know which way to get off, and keeping his eye still turned towards me, he retired; not running, but stretching himself out, or rather creeping with a slow step, setting down his feet one after another with singular precaution. He seemed so much afraid of making a noise in his flight, that he held up his large tail almost in a horizontal line, that it might neither drag on the ground nor brush against the plants. On the other side of the hedge I found the fragments of his meal; it had consisted of a bird of prey, a great part of which he had devoured."

The third order of instinctive powers, operating like all the others by the reciprocal action of Sense and Sensation, are those of self-preservation; which may be named Provisional Instincts, a term already well understood. These powers have three simple and two complex developments in the life of every animal.

Animals know instinctively—

The *feel*, or consistence of substances, good or bad, for food and use;

Their figure and general form;

Fitness for habitation, as the *quality* of a nest, or crevice for the deposit of eggs;

Their individuality in regard to all these qualities, as when the bird selects the tree, and the bee the nest;

The time suitable for all actions, as of

feeding, perching, and all that is suited to the nature of the species and individual.

"Of all animals, insects afford the most numerous instances of instinctive proceedings with this sole end in view: the pitfalls of the ant-lion, the webs and nets of the various sorts of spiders spread over the face of nature, furnish instances of stratagems to secure their daily food, while an infinity of others acquire it aided only by their senses and natural weapons. Let any one look at the prominent eyes, tremendous jaws, and legs and wings formed for rapid motion on the earth or in the air, of tiger-beetles, and he will readily see that they want no other aid to enable them to seize their less gifted prey; and numerous other tribes, both on the earth and in the water, emulate them in these respects. The pacific or herbivorous insects, also, are mostly fitted with an extraordinary acuteness of certain senses to direct them to their appropriate pabulum. The sight of the butterfly and the moth invariably leads them to flowers, to suck whose nectar their multivalve tubes are given them. The scent of the dung-beetles and the carrion flies allures them to their respective useful, though disgusting, repasts. A very numerous tribe of those that derive their nutriment from other animals, neither entrap them by stratagem, nor assail them by violence; but, as the butterfly and the moth deposit their eggs upon their appropriate vegetable, so do these upon their appropriate animal food. Every bird almost that darts through the air, every beast that walks the earth, every fish that swims in its waters, and almost all the lower animals, and even man himself, the lord of all, are infested in this way.

"Many spiders prepare a web for their protection, although the most employ it for predatory purposes; and some again envelope their eggs with such material; and hence Menge distinguishes it as residence, net, and nest. One of the most singular constructions belongs to the trap-door spider, a species of which is described by M. Audoin, under the name of *pioneer* or *fo-diens*. He says some spiders are gifted with a particular talent for building: they hollow out dens; they bore galleries; they elevate vaults; they build, as it were, subterranean bridges; they construct, also, entrances to their habitations, and adapt doors to them which want nothing but bolts, for, without

any exaggeration, they work upon a hinge, and are fitted to a frame. The habitations of the species in question are found in an argillaceous kind of red earth, in which they bore tubes about three inches in depth, and ten lines in width. The walls of these tubes are not left just as they are bored, but are covered with a kind of mortar, sufficiently solid to be easily separated from the mass that surrounds it, and as smooth and regular as if a trowel had been passed over it, and this is covered with some coarse web on which is glued a silken tapestry. If this passage were always left open, the spider would be subject to intrusion and attack; she has therefore been instructed to fabricate a very secure trap-door, which closes the mouth of it. To judge of this door by its outward appearance, we should think it was formed of a mass of earth, coarsely worked, and covered internally by a solid web; which would appear sufficiently wonderful for an animal that seems to have no special organ for constructing it: but if it be divided vertically, it will be found a much more complicated fabric than its outward appearance indicates, for it is formed of more than thirty layers of earth and web, emboxed, as it were, in each other, like a set of weights for scales.

"If these layers of web be examined, it will be seen that they all terminate in the hinge, so that the greater the volume of the door, the more powerful is the hinge. The frame in which the tube terminates above, and to which the door is adapted, is thick, and its thickness arises from the number of layers of which it consists, and which seem to correspond with those of the door; hence the formation of the door, the hinge, and the frame, seem to be a simultaneous operation, except that in fabricating the first, the animal has to knead the earth as well as to spin the layers of web. By this admirable arrangement these parts always correspond with each other, and the strength of the hinge and the thickness of the frame will always be proportioned to the weight of the door. If we examine the circular margin of the door, we shall find that it slopes inwards, so that it is not a transverse section of a cylinder, but of a cone; and, on the other side, that the frame slopes outwards, so that the door exactly applies to it. By this structure, when the door is closed, the tube is not distinguishable from the rest of

the soil, and this appears to be the reason that the door is formed with earth. Besides, by this structure also, the animal can more readily open and shut the door: by its conical shape it is much lighter than it would have been if cylindrical, and so more easily opened, and by its external inequalities and mixture of web, the spider can more easily lay hold of it with his claws. Whether she enters the tube or goes out, the door will shut of itself."

"The caddis worms, or larvæ of the four-winged flies, in the order Trichoptera, live under water, where they construct for themselves movable habitations of various materials, according to their habits or to the substances most conveniently procured, such as sand, stones, shells, wood, and leaves. One of these grubs forms a case of leaves glued together longitudinally, but leaving an aperture sufficiently large for the inhabitant to put out its head and shoulders when on the look-out for food; another employs pieces of reed, grass, straw, or wood, carefully joined and cemented together; another makes choice of the tiny shells of young fresh-water mussels and snails to form a movable grotto, and as these little shells are for the most part inhabited, he keeps the poor animals close prisoners, and drags them along with him. But one of the most surprising instances of their skill occurs in the structures of which small stones are the principal materials. The problem is to make a tube about the width of the hollow of a wheat-straw, and equally smooth and uniform; and as the materials are small stones, full of angles and irregularities, the difficulty of performing this problem will appear to be considerable, if not insurmountable: yet the little architects, by patiently examining their stones, and turning them round on every side, never fail to accomplish their plans. This, however, is only part of the problem, which is complicated with another condition, namely, that the under surface shall be flat and smooth, without any projecting angles which might impede its progress when dragged along the bottom of the rivulet where it resides. In some instances, where these little cases are found to possess too great a specific gravity, a bit of light wood or a hollow straw is added to buoy them up."

These instincts give the animal protection against all that would incommode, injure or

destroy it. From these arise subsistence, cleanliness, &c. By these the animal is led to regard its individual comfort, health, and cleanliness. On these instincts are founded the physical comforts of home in man, and safety and choice of habitat in animals.

"Bees are remarkable for the cleanliness of their dwellings: they are extremely solicitous to remove such insects or foreign bodies as happen to get admission in to their hive. When so light as not to exceed their powers, they first kill the insect with their stings, and then drag it out with their jaws. But it sometimes happens that an ill-fated snail creeps into the hive; this is no sooner perceived than it is attacked on all sides, and stung to death. But to attempt to carry out so heavy a burden would be labor in vain, and therefore, to prevent the noxious smell which would arise from its putrefaction, they immediately embalm it, by covering every part of its body with propolis, through which no effluvia can escape. When a snail with a shell gets entrance, the disposal of it gives much less trouble and expense to bees. As soon as it receives the first wound from a sting, it naturally retires into its shell. In this case, the bees, instead of pasting it all over with propolis, content themselves with gluing all round the margin of the shell, which is sufficient to render the animal for ever immovably fixed."

The highest form of these instincts is seen in those insects, like the spider, who hunt their prey, and lie in wait for it, using many remarkable and ingenious stratagems to capture it.

"The gymnotus, or electric eel, is a still more tremendous assailant, both of the inhabitants of its own element, and even of large quadrupeds, and of man himself, if he puts himself in its way. Its force is said to be ten times greater than that of the torpedo. This animal is a native of South America. In the immense plains of the Llanos, in the province of Caraccas, is a city called Calabozo, in the vicinity of which these eels abound in small streams, insomuch that a road formerly much frequented was abandoned on account of them, it being necessary to cross a rivulet in which many mules were annually lost in consequence of their attacks. They are also extremely common in every pond, from the equator to the ninth degree of north latitude.

"Humboldt gives a very spirited account

of the manner of taking this animal, which is done by compelling twenty or thirty wild horses and mules to take the water. The Indians surround the basin into which they are driven, armed with long canes or harpoons; some mount the trees whose branches hang over the water, all endeavoring by their cries and instruments to keep the horses from escaping. For a long time the victory seems doubtful, or to incline to the fishes. The mules, disabled by the frequency and force of the shocks, disappear under the water; and some horses, in spite of the active vigilance of the Indians, gain the banks, and, overcome by fatigue and benumbed by the shocks they have encountered, stretch themselves at their length on the ground.

"There could not, says Humboldt, be a finer subject for a painter: groups of Indians surrounding the basin; the horses with their hair on end, endeavoring to escape the tempest that has overtaken them; the eels, yellowish and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents, swimming on the surface of the water in pursuit of their enemy.

"In a few minutes two horses were already drowned: the eel, more than five feet long, gliding under the belly of the horse or mule, made a discharge of its electric battery on the whole extent, attacking at the same instant the heart and the viscera. The animals, stupefied by these repeated shocks, fall into a profound lethargy, and, deprived of all sense, sink under the water, when, the other horses and mules passing over their bodies, they are soon drowned. The gymnoti, having thus discharged their accumulation of the electric fluid, now become harmless, and are no longer dreaded. Swimming half out of the water, they flee from the horses instead of attacking them; and if they enter it the day after the battle, they are not molested, for these fishes require repose and plenty of food to enable them to accumulate a sufficient supply of their galvanic electricity."

A great number of surprising and instructive anecdotes are given by our author to illustrate those instinctive powers which place the animal in opposition to, or in connection with, other animals, and with man. These lie at the root of the passions and affections. The first in order which should be noticed after the Provisional or "Selfish" instincts, are the Antagonistical Instincts. Like all the others, they depend for

stimulus and guidance upon the reciprocity of Sense and Sensation. The spider observes the fly, and is impelled by an internal sensation to leap upon and destroy it. The pugilist is prompted to strike by the blow of his antagonist, or by observing in him certain motions of threat or of fear. Animals, even insects, spar and contend, with all the skill and agility of the superior animals. These instincts are excited only by motions of life, or by such as resemble life.

"In the lower classes of animals it exists in full force, and is not unusually attended with fear. The larva of the ant-lion, struck gently, and without injury, with a stick, flies for shelter to its hole; but driven from thence, it becomes enraged, and attempts to seize the stick with its forceps. In the same manner the anger of a snake is not unmixed with fear: if its passage be impeded, it elevates its body, hissing and projecting its forked tongue. If lizards be driven into a corner, from which there is no escape, they threaten with open jaws, and the large green variety will try to fasten on a dog.

"Many birds also become violently angry, on any attempt to touch them. The owl, on the appearance of any unusual object, ruffles its feathers, and hisses and snaps with its bill. Birds of prey, herons and bitterns, defend themselves fiercely in the same way; and even the defenseless goose runs hissing after intruders, when accompanied by its young. Robins and humming birds are particularly remarkable for their anger and pugnacity against their own species, if they cross their path."

"An American colonist says, that sitting one day in a secluded shady spot, he saw two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity through a hemp stubble-field. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long; the fugitive was a water-snake nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter, appeared in an instant firmly entwined together, and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. Thus opposed, they fought with their jaws, biting each other with the utmost rage; but notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage and fury, the water-snake still seemed desirous of retreating towards a ditch which happened to be near. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than twisting his tail

twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing his adversary by the throat, he pulled it back from the ditch. At one time the conflict seemed decided; the water-snake bent itself into great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched: the next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority; it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary, in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate; victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, until at last the stalk to which the black snake was fastened suddenly gave way, and in consequence of this accident, they both plunged into the ditch. The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, and they soon reappeared on the surface, twisted together as in their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water until it stifled and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than abandoning it to the current, it returned to the shore, and disappeared."

The impulse to return force with force, as in the sting of the wasp and the snap of the dog, may be considered the first of these impulses, in order, and is the natural, or instinctive, root of Retaliation. The hatred of restraint, and the disposition to destroy and overturn obstacles—the root of natural liberty—is also evident in all animals, though in various degrees.

A still higher impulse compels animals to contend and practise all the actions and motions of conflict, as in flying, swimming, wrestling and sparring. Even the herbivorous animals are instinctively inclined to combat, though they are devoid of cunning, and do not devour other animals.

"Crabs and lobsters have powerful weapons, both offensive and defensive, in their claws. The land-crabs of the Bahamas, when terrified, run back in a confused and disorderly manner, holding up and clattering their nippers with a threatening attitude; and if they are suffered to catch hold of the hand, they will sometimes tear off a piece of the skin. Sea-crabs are naturally quarrelsome, and have serious contests together, by means of their formidable claws,

with which they lay hold of their adversaries' legs; and wherever they seize, it is not easy to make them forego their hold. The animal seized has, therefore, no alternative but to leave part of the leg behind in token of victory. A crab when irritated, and made to seize one of its own small claws with a large one, does not distinguish that it is itself the aggressor, but exerts its strength, and cracks the shell of the small claw. Feeling itself wounded, it casts off the piece in the usual place, but continues to retain the hold with the great claw for a long time afterwards."

"Some insects are extremely pugnacious, and even display a spirit of cannibalism toward each other. To make two male crickets fight, the Chinese place them in an open bowl, about six or eight inches in diameter. The owner of each tickles his cricket with a feather, which makes them both run round the bowl different ways, frequently meeting and jostling one another as they pass. After several meetings in this way, they at length become exasperated, and fight with great fury, until they literally tear each other limb from limb. Sir J. Smith mentions that a male and female Mantis were put together in a glass vessel, and after a while, the female, which was the largest, devoured its companion. Resel hatched several from eggs in a large glass; and as they grew they began to attack and devour each other. Though divided into different parcels, the strongest in each community devoured the rest. He compares their battles to that of two hussars, for they guard and cut with the edge of their fore-claws, as the men with sabres; and sometimes at a stroke one cleaves the other through, or severs its head from its chest. It is not possible to read of the wars and duels of the ants or of the bees, to find them assemble in armies, make evolutions, and fight pitched battles, and to deny them a similarity of mind with those of their superiors, who have soldiers, tactics, and wars."

Last in order, and by far the most remarkable, we have the Associative Instincts, which not only bring all animals of every grade into a society according to their kind and habit, but serve to continue the species and protect them during their first period of growth and feebleness.

Our author notices the instinct of aggregation, more properly the gregarious instinct—founded also, like the others, on cer-

tain harmonies of Sense and Sensation, as first and fundamental in this category. He even detects for it a certain preparation in the organism.

"When, by means of benefits, we have succeeded in gaining the attachment of individuals of a social race, we have then converted and applied the impulse which connected them to each other to our own advantage. The habit of living and of associating with us becomes a necessary part of their existence, and an adaptation of the social impulse; the pet sheep brought up by the hand follows its protector as instinctively as it would the flock, had it been reared in the fold. The nature of an animal is in no respect annulled or changed; but man, on the contrary, makes their nature subservient to his own purposes: domestication is therefore nothing more than a simple adaptation and peculiar embodiment of the social impulse.

"We see in the actions of cows, goats, and sheep, when they are separated from their herds and flocks, how greatly they are distressed in being denied their impulse, which is a conclusive evidence that society is an actual want with them. The author saw a solitary sheep leap a high gate to join a flock which was being driven into an adjoining field. As long as an individual can satisfy this want, it is tractable and gentle, but it becomes fractious and obstinate when its gratification is denied. Domestic animals only yield that natural obedience which in a state of nature they rendered to the leader of their body, and we only obtain a greater power and control when we tempt their appetites and limit those inclinations which form their natural bias.

"Animals which have belonged successively to several owners, and whose natural inclinations have become consequently blunted or altogether defunct, obey every one indifferently; while those which have known but one master, recognize only him, and refuse obedience to every other individual, and even betray hostility. The elephant will only acknowledge the authority of the Mahout to whom he has been accustomed; many horses will only permit one particular individual to mount or even to approach them; dogs which have altogether attached themselves to one master, are often dangerous to other persons; and frequently it is not safe to go among a herd of cattle

without the protection of its own herdsman."

We prefer, however, in a strict classification, to put first the simple pleasure of contact, or of some other sense, as when the cat is pleased with the smoothing of her fur: the pleasure given to an animal by any external quality of another, through one or many sensuous avenues, is certainly the first excitant of the associative impulse.

Then follows the instinctive interest excited in an animal, by the kindly and agreeable motions of another; motions of companionship, as when birds fly together in company. In this instinct we have the root of that friendly harmony which makes the actions of animals consentaneous, whether they be of one or of different species.

Third in order, we place the discriminative gregarious instinct; which impels animals of one species, bees of one hive, sheep, horses, and cattle of one drove, and even worms and caterpillars, to seek out, associate with, and aid each other.

"Wild swine associate in herds, and defend themselves in common. Green relates that in the wilds of Vermont a person fell in with a large herd in a state of extraordinary restlessness; they had formed a circle with their heads outwards, and the young ones placed in the middle. A wolf was using every artifice to snap one, and on his return he found the herd scattered, but the wolf was dead and completely ripped up. Schmarda recounts an almost similar encounter between a herd of tame swine and a wolf, which he witnessed on the military frontiers of Croatia. He says that the swine, seeing two wolves, formed themselves into a wedge and approached the wolves slowly, grunting and erecting their bristles. One wolf fled, but the other leaped on the trunk of a tree. As soon as the swine reached it, they surrounded it with one accord, when, suddenly and instantaneously, as the wolf attempted to leap over them, they got him down and destroyed him in a moment. Cuvier quotes an instance of an attempt at mutual assistance in the field-mouse. One, being caught in a meadow, screamed loudly, when a number of its comrades hastened to the spot in great anxiety, and tried to liberate it.

"Wild dogs unite in packs to hunt, and attack buffaloes, and even tigers. Nature seems to have implanted an innate hostility

between the canine and feline genera. The hyena, the dhole, and other wild dogs, are reported to destroy all tiger cubs they can find; and the last mentioned in particular, enabled by their superior instinct to hunt in packs and combine their attacks, are even more than a match for the most powerful of the Felinæ. It is to this peculiar instinct, no doubt, that the desire of tigers to escape from the presence of sporting dogs, so often observed in India, is mainly to be ascribed. Jackals congregate in great numbers, sometimes as many as two hundred being found together, and they howl so incessantly, that the annoyance of their voices is the theme of numerous apologies and tales in the literature of Asia. They retire to woody jungles and rocky situations, skulk about solitary gardens, hide themselves in ruins, or burrow in large communities. If, by chance, one of the troop be attacked, all are on the watch, and, if practicable with self-preservation, issue forth to the rescue. The Kamtschadale dogs, whose services are unnecessary to their masters, on the cessation of winter are turned loose to shift for themselves, and, forming into packs, they hunt and pick up a precarious living together. The association of dogs together for the purpose of self-hunting is by no means an unusual occurrence, and many interesting and sagacious traits are recorded of them. At Palermo, among the idlers and unnecessary consumers of provisions, may be reckoned the extraordinary quantity of dogs wandering about without owners; among the number, two of the wolf breed were particularly distinguished for their deadly animosity to cats. One day they were in pursuit of a cat, which, seeing no other place of refuge near, made her escape into a long, earthen water-pipe which was lying on the ground. These two inseparable companions, who always supported each other, pursued the cat to the pipe, where they halted and consulted what was to be done to deceive and get possession of their enemy. After they had stood a short time, they divided, took post at each end of the pipe, and began to bark alternately, to give the cat reason to suppose they were both at one end and to induce her to come out. This really astonishing cunning soon had a successful result, and the cheated cat left her hiding place. Scarcely had she ventured out, when she was seized by one of the dogs; the other hastened to his assist-

ance, and in a few moments deprived her of life."

There remain *two* Associative Instincts to be named, the *CONNUBIAL*, which selects and pairs the male and female of each kind, for the continuance of the race, and the *PHILOPROGENITIVE*, which provides for, and protects, the young and the feeble.

These higher and more complicated developments of instinct, though in some orders of insects they appear with remarkable intensity, disappear in the lower orders, and in some are curiously modified and even distorted. We find them perfect and continuous only in the human species.

After a careful analysis, guided by such

principles of classification as have been established by the most eminent savans, we are enabled to present our readers with a tabular arrangement of the Instinctive Powers, to serve him as a guide in reading, and in psychological studies. If leisure and circumstance permit, this table will be followed by another, which will present at one view, under their common names, all the larger varieties of passion, affection and intelligence, as they are exhibited in animals. If the reader, after a careful study of these tables, and the facts from which they are derived, finds it necessary to identify the animal with the inferior *human* nature, he will then be ready to distinguish in his own species the characteristics of the Rational and Immortal Soul.

ANALYTICAL TABLE OF INSTINCTS.

1.	{	Instinct of (a) <i>solidity, Substance.</i>	
		" (b) <i>extension, Size.</i>	
PURE.		" (c) <i>limit, boundary, Outline, (edge.)</i>	
		" A, object, THING. (a and b.)	
		B, direction, POSITION, (distance.)	(b and c.)
2.	{	Instinct of (a) <i>Motion.</i>	
		" (b) <i>degrees of Motion, Swift and Slow.</i>	
ESTHETIC.		" (c) <i>Periodic change, nocturnal, diurnal, light to dark, rough to smooth, &c.</i>	
		" A, accident, moment, instant, EVENT. (a and b.)	
		B, rhythm of habit, SUCCESSION, (order.)	(b and c.)
3.	{	Instinct of (a) <i>Quality of substances, useful or hurtful.</i>	
		" (b) <i>Adaptation of objects, aiding or impeding, (cleanliness, &c.)</i>	
PROVISIONAL.		" (c) <i>Danger, or harm.</i>	
		" A, choice, selection, POSSESSION. (a and b.)	
		B, retreat, security, HABITAT. (b and c.)	
4.	{	Instinct of (a) <i>hatred, or Aversion.</i>	
		" (b) <i>opposition; violent motion.</i>	
ANTAGONISTIC.		" (c) <i>isolation, or Physical Liberty.</i>	
		" A, hostility; <i>Combative Instinct.</i> (b and c.)	
		B, ferocity; or of <i>Destruction</i> (of the weak.)	(a and b.)
4.	{	Instinct of (a) <i>attraction, or Pleasing.</i>	
		" (b) <i>Consentaneity, instinctive harmony of action.</i>	
ASSOCIATIVE.		" (c) <i>association: Gregarious Instinct.</i>	
		" A, sexual affinity; <i>CONNUBIAL INSTINCT.</i> (b and c.)	
		B, protection; <i>PHILOPROGENITIVE INSTINCT.</i> (a and b.)	

AUNT PETRONILLA.

WE were sitting around the fire. My sister Annie was copying music at a small table near, and etching the title of the waltz or polka, or whatever it was, in a most elaborate fashion, drawing large letters in outline and specking them all over with little dots of her pen, until they looked like sections of a Lilliputian currant pudding. Annie did not appear to regard the mere music as of any importance whatever: she hurried over the notes, and her crotchets looked like policemen's rattles; but she evidently concentrated all her energies upon the title. In this matter I think she showed her sense. Few people would be able to understand the music, but every body could read the title. My mother sat fronting the blaze and reading a letter earnestly by the light of a candle lamp which stood on a round table behind. I was comfortably ensconced in my own easy-chair, endeavoring with but indifferent success to promote a quarrel between Quip, my old setter, and Tizzie, my mother's cat. Vainly, however, did I pull Tizzie's tail, and make believe 'twas Quip; vainly did I take possession of Quip's large, soft, lazy paw, and personally insult Tizzie therewith. The pair appeared to understand one another perfectly, and I had the mortification at last of seeing Tizzie actually coil herself up on Quip's body and quietly blink herself off to sleep.

"A monstrously kind letter, on my word!" exclaimed my mother, suddenly looking up and nodding approvingly at me; "an exceedingly kind letter, considering she never saw you since you were a baby in arms, Philip."

"And who may the fearless lady be," I inquired, "who acknowledges to having witnessed an event so remote?"

"Why, Aunt Petronilla, of course. She's enormously rich, and being an old maid has no one to leave her money to, save you. Your poor father was her favorite brother, but she never spoke a word to him because he went and married what she called 'a little painted doll.' Not that I ever did paint, but that was her way of expressing

that I had a fresh color and no fortune;" and my mother smiled good-humoredly at the recollection of Aunt Petronilla's dreadful satire.

"Well! and what has she written about now?" I asked rather crossly, because I had entertained from childhood a deep dislike of this proud, rich Aunt Petronilla, who would never cross our threshold, but who was known to prow! about the road and stare at me as I passed by in the nurse's arms. "Has she written to you to know where you buy your paint? or does she want you to lend her some of your charity? If the latter, I hope you will accommodate her, dear mother; for I believe she needs it, and I know that you have plenty to spare."

"Hush, Philip," and she held up her finger reprovingly; "you mustn't speak so about Aunt Petronilla. We all have our failings, and should make allowances for hers. She has written a very kind letter indeed, expressing her deep grief that she had not been reconciled to your poor father before he died, and asking me to forgive the foolish enmity which she exhibited towards me, which I am sure I shall do very readily. She also is very desirous that you should pay her a visit, Philip."

"I visit Aunt Petronilla? You must be dreaming, mother. What in the name of Heaven should I do there? I would be turned out of doors by the second day for transgressing some time-honored custom of the establishment, such as leaving my boots out on the right side of the door instead of the left, or smoking a cigar in any of the shrubberies within a mile of the house. No, no, my dear mother, we had much better leave Aunt Petronilla and her fortune to vegetate together; they are good company, and I was not born to be a legacy-hunter."

"Really, Philip," cried my mother, half angrily, "you will never learn to have sense. Who wishes you to be a legacy-hunter? I'm sure, not I. But I cannot for the life of me call looking after one's own, legacy-hunting. Your aunt has no heir but yourself, and I think it would be highly criminal in you to

neglect the opportunity she offers to you of making her acquaintance. There's Annie, too; see what an advantage it would be to her if it was once known that Aunt Petronilla had taken her by the hand. I promise you she would then have no lack of suitors."

Annie's pretty face grew crimson at this speech, and with a half-murmured exclamation of "Mamma, how can you?" she bent over her music paper and commenced dotting an immense E with tremendous energy.

"What sort of person is this Aunt Petronilla?" I asked, maliciously rubbing Tizzie's fur against the grain with my slipped foot, for which act of torture she gave me a reproachful glance out of her half-shut eyes; "What sort of person is this Aunt Petronilla? because my childish recollections of her are not of the most flattering kind. If I remember rightly, she occupied in my juvenile Pantheon a similar position to the 'Boodie Man,' and the wolf in 'Red Riding Hood.'"

"Why," said my mother, clearing her throat with a preparatory "hem!" "Aunt Petronilla is in some respects rather a singular person. In early life, I heard it whispered, she met with some disappointment of the heart; I do not know exactly how it occurred, but ever since she has avoided society and led a life of perfect seclusion. Your father's marriage had also a great effect on her, because she entertains a singular and deeply-rooted aversion to any one of her family marrying."

"Lucky for me," I interrupted, "that I am neither engaged nor in love."

"On the whole," continued my mother, "Aunt Petronilla may be considered an oddity, but I have heard that she has many good qualities: she is charitable, and fond of intellectual pursuits, and her neighbors give her credit for——"

"Every thing, no doubt, no doubt. She is wealthy, and loans of flattery cost the lender little, and sometimes yield good profit. Believe me, mother, it is with every body as with Aunt Petronilla: the Three per Cents cover a multitude of sins."

It was settled. I was to visit Aunt Petronilla, parade my good qualities before her, as the points of a horse are exhibited at a fair; and if I chanced to please her dainty palate, why, then, perhaps, she would elect me to fill the responsible office of an heir. This, I confess, was a task little suited to my inclination. I could neither fawn nor flatter,

and the very fact of my occupying the position of an expectant would, in all probability, cause me to fall into the other extreme of rudeness and ill-humor, lest it should be for an instant imagined that I was hunting after a legacy.

But it was settled that I was to visit Aunt Petronilla, and manifold were the counsels, injunctions, and warnings which I received from my mother previous to my departure. I was on no account to do this, but by all means to do that; I was to make no allusion whatever to such and such subjects, and to avoid carefully any mention of Mr. So and So. In short, I verily believe that if I had attended to my worthy parent's instructions, I should not have opened my mouth once during the visit, lest I might blurt out something which would be disagreeable to Aunt Petronilla.

My worthy relative lived in Durham. Report said she had a very fine place, and the number of acres in her domain was quoted by large farmers, after their dinner, with an air of tremendous importance. At the county agricultural shows, her cattle and her vegetables were the pride of the neighborhood; and on one memorable occasion, she had beaten the entire county in "Short Horns," and immortalized herself with a gigantic turnip. Durham, as every body knows, possesses a species of mild, cultivated beauty. It is full of green slopes and quiet lanes, where the sunlight loves to play all day long, and at eve departs unwillingly, like a truant schoolboy turning homeward with a slow and saddened step. It rejoices too in lonely out-of-the-way copses, where the twisted hazels mat their boughs together, and happy boys and girls laugh and eat their fill in the joyous nutting time, and narrow, silvery streams thread their way through its sunny valleys, and glide silently away into some other far-off county.

I had pictured to myself some such landscape as this, as I rolled along on the top of the Darlington Beetle, with Quip safely ensconced in the basket at the back of the coach, and my gun with the rest of my luggage piled up on the roof behind me. I had the box seat, and was picturing forth, after my own fashion, the principal features of Aunt Petronilla's place, when the coachman suddenly pulled up opposite to a damp, mouldy-looking gateway, from the tall pillars of which streamed long dark weepers

of ivy, so that they seemed like a pair of perpetual mourners, waiting there for some funeral which was always coming but never came. The gate itself stood half open, and had not been painted for years. In the centre of the carriage sweep stood a gigantic elm tree, whose base, by some strange taste, had been hedged round with a sort of clumsy stone and mortar mound, carefully white-washed, which looked, with this great tree sticking out of its apex, somewhat like a wedding-cake with a centre ornament much too large for it. The avenue leading from this melancholy gateway was long and dreary, bordered on each side by a wide extent of lawn, where tall grass lay rotting in sodden masses on the ground, and clumps of thistles almost as large as shrubs sprang up boldly, and shed their feathery seeds on the neglected soil. I caught sight of some straggling sheep as I walked towards the house, followed by a strong boy who was perspiring under the weight of my portmanteau and gun-case, and it was not long before I caught sight of the house itself. It certainly was a fine house and a fine place. The mansion was large, imposing, and gloomy. It was built of a dark, muddy-colored stone, with great wings stretching out on either side, and a bleak-looking glass cupola towering up from the centre, seeming like a large trap which some ambitious schoolboy had set up there to catch the wind. As I turned the corner of one of the huge wings, I caught sight of an old ruined tower, a little way off. Dilapidated as it was, it was a more agreeable sight than the great mausoleum before me. The ivy clung lovingly round the decaying walls, and crept through each crack and crevice, and played around the edges of the crumbling turrets with a pleasant and familiar air. The spot of turf around the foot was bright and green, and half-buried fragments of cloister groinings and mullioned windows peeped from out the sward, like grim old faces looking from behind a mask of sunny youth. On the other hand rose up the great house, bearing on its cold, cheerless features an air of stagnant existence. A meagre wreath of smoke, that curled out of one of the lofty chimneys, was all that gave it the appearance of being inhabited; and gazing upon the gloomy mass, I could not help applying to it Coleridge's ghastly expression of "Life in Death."

It was no time, however, for prolonged reflection. I was fatigued with my journey, and would have hailed the great Pyramid with pleasure, provided it promised the luxuries of a bath, a dressing-gown, and an easy-chair. So I hastened towards the hall door, which was flanked on either side by a large stone chimera, and gave the bell a lusty pull. The door opened almost immediately, and I beheld a hall that certainly was not in keeping with the exterior of the establishment. It was lofty and well filled with large oaken chairs, one glance at whose cushioned seats effectually put to flight all feelings of fatigue. Huge logs blazed away cheerfully in the wide fire-place, while on the walls hung antlers, wild animals' skins, and a very fine collection of ancient armor. Never was man more amazed than I, when this pleasant old hall burst on my view. All without had been so bleak and cheerless, that the contrast to the comfort now before me was ten-fold. I had scarcely recovered from my surprise, before a quiet, respectful-looking servant, in rich, old-fashioned livery, had transferred my luggage from the boy's shoulders to his own; and under his guidance, I proceeded to instal myself in as quaint an old bed-room as ever was promenaded by ghost or ghostess.

My first interview with Aunt Petronilla was singular enough. I had purified my person from the dust of travel, made my toilette, inspected the old engravings and paintings that covered the walls of my bedroom, endeavored to discover what was the subject depicted on the tapestry which shrouded my couch, and after guessing at every event in sacred and profane history, gave up the task in despair. I had done all this, and was quietly sauntering along an endless corridor, in the vague hope that it led somewhere, when at the other extremity, which was half enveloped in shade, I saw a gray and ghost-like figure. The figure was advancing towards me, and as it came on with a slow, gliding step, it seemed as if it were set in a frame of dark shadow, and with its gray hue and black background, reminded me irresistibly of an animated Daguerreotype. Without uttering a syllable, the Daguerreotype glided up to me, and seizing my hand shook it methodically.

"I am your Aunt Petronilla," it said, in a clear, even tone of voice.

I bowed, for I was totally at a loss how

to reply to such an extraordinary greeting. After looking at me attentively for a few seconds, the Daguerreotype spoke again.

"You are very like your father."

This time I bowed from instinct, for my father had been reckoned a very handsome man, and I took it as a compliment.

"You are not nearly so good-looking, though," continued the Daguerreotype, hastening to correct any impression my vanity might give rise to; "you want his eyes, and your upper lip is much longer than his was, but that you bring from your mother."

My cheek flushed at this slighting allusion to my mother, though it was uttered apparently without the smallest intention of disparaging her.

"It matters little about defect of feature, Aunt," I said warmly, "so that the heart is not deformed; and had my mother a thousand blemishes of face and figure, I would gladly take them all, if I was certain of inheriting with them a small portion of her generous and noble nature."

Aunt Petronilla fixed her dark lustrous eyes upon my face, and seemed for a second or two as if she were trying to read my inmost thoughts. She then took my hand and shook it a second time, and much more warmly than before.

"Good!" she said; "I like you. No doubt you think me very wicked and unkind, in short, a misanthropical old oddity. Well, never mind; you need not trouble yourself to disclaim these opinions. You must have heard them, at least. I think we shall get on famously together in time. But come, I have got to introduce you to some people who are awaiting us below."

So the Daguerreotype and I went silently along the corridor together.

* * * *

Heavens! what a lovely creature! She was reading as we entered, and the attitude into which she had unconsciously thrown herself was full of the simplest and most unstudied grace. The house decidedly improved on acquaintance. That rich, brown hair, with the sunlight bursting through its dark gloss, those large gray eyes, so deeply fringed with their dark heavy lashes, that fair skin, that small hand, that little foot which peeped so timidly from beneath the long black silk dress, would in themselves

have been sufficient furniture to transform a hovel into a palace.

"Ella, my dear," said Aunt Petronilla, "let me introduce to you my nephew. Mr. Philip Ferne—Miss Hall."

A bow, a rustle of the black silk dress, a glance of the large gray eyes, and a violent thumping of my own heart, are all the events that I recollect, connected with that important introduction.

"And now," continued my aunt, "let me make you acquainted with another friend of ours. My nephew, Mr. Ferne—the Reverend Mr. Snipe."

A tall young man, with a black coat and white face, emerged from an immense arm-chair, in which he had been up to that period buried, and having made an exceedingly tall salute, and whispered something to himself about being "most happy," he immediately entombed himself again in a sarcophagus of cushions, and was seen no more until dinner time.

It is astonishing with what quick instinct a woman divines that you admire her. I sat opposite to Ella Hall at dinner, and I knew, as well as if I had a corner in her brain from which I could count her thoughts, that she felt I loved her. The stolen glance which rested on me for an instant and was then withdrawn, the voice which grew low and trembled slightly when it was replying to me—I saw and heard all this, and needed no more to tell me that I was madly in love, and that Ella Hall knew it.

The Reverend Mr. Snipe and I were left to our own reflections and a bottle of excellent port. I was not in a conversational mood, so I sat and sipped my wine and stared at Mr. Snipe, until that gentleman seemed to me to whiten and whiten more and more, until at last he spread into a great white bird that flapped lazily over the dinner table, holding a gigantic bleeding heart in its claw; but just as it was about to fly out of the window, a voice broke the silence, and lo! the great white bird with the bleeding heart vanished away, and there sat the Reverend Mr. Snipe opposite me, balancing a glass of port wine between him and the setting sun, whose rays pouring in at the window made the red juice sparkle like rubies.

"Miss Ella is a beautiful girl," said Mr. Snipe, trying to look at me through his glass of port—"a beautiful girl. Don't you think so, Mr. Ferne?"

"Yes!" I answered with sudden and involuntary emphasis, "I know it."

Snipe stared at me with all his might.

"Ah!" said he sighing, "it is a great pity that she is so poor. If I could afford it, I would marry her to-morrow."

I clutched a decanter near me. Another instant and I should have sent it whizzing at the fool's head, when a sudden consciousness of the absurdity of such a movement flashed upon me. So, instead of breaking Snipe's head, I filled my glass.

"Is she then so very poor?" I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"Her father is a half-pay captain, with six children."

"That is poverty indeed. How comes she here? Is she connected in any way with our family?"

"I believe not. But Miss Petronilla, with that amiability of character for which she is so eminently distinguished, accidentally discovered the distress of her family, and generously offered her an asylum. Ah! Mr. Ferne, it is a fine thing to be rich and able to perform the sweet-smelling deeds of charity; for, as the inspired writer beautifully remarks —"

"Mr. Snipe," said I, rising, "will you take some more wine?"

"Thank you, I will not drink any more."

"Then let us join the ladies."

* * * * *

There was much mystery about Aunt Petronilla. I could not make her out. That she had suffered much at an early period of her life was evident from her thoughtful manner, and sometimes morbid sensitiveness. She was very kind and full of amiability, but occasionally her soft lustrous eye would flash wildly, and her pale cheek crimson with some internal excitement. In these moments she would often talk incoherently, and startle us all by some sudden and unexplainable burst of passion.

I remarked, though, that after these ebullitions she invariably retired to her own room, where she would seclude herself for five or six hours, and then descend with as smooth a face and as sweet a voice as ever. Every morning at breakfast, a large sealed packet was placed beside her plate. The address was always in the same hand, and the characters were full of energy and boldness. This voluminous document my aunt perused invariably before she began her

morning meal; and this generally occupied her for a considerable time, as the manuscript frequently numbered ten and twelve folios closely written. Who her correspondent was, was a mystery. She never spoke of it herself, and it seemed to be an established rule that the subject should never be mentioned in her presence; but hail or snow, wet or dry, every day that mysterious packet lay upon the table.

Opposite to the dreary gateway described a few pages back was a small, isolated, two-storied house. The roof was long and sloping, and projected considerably, so as to form a deep eave, beneath which many a grateful peasant in his Sunday finery took shelter from a sudden shower. The walls of this house were entirely covered with ivy, that mantled so thickly around the windows as to render the Venetian blinds, which were always closely shut, almost entirely useless. Were it not for the occasional smoke which I saw curling out of the chimneys, I should have imagined this house to be deserted. The door seemed as if it had never been opened since it was first put up, and with its closed blinds and dark ivied walls it did not possess a single indication of actual life.

My aunt was fond of driving herself around the country in a light pony chaise, and on these excursions I sometimes accompanied her. One day, as we were passing the lonely house, I asked her to whom it belonged. She did not reply. Astonished at her silence, I was about to repeat the question, when I chanced to look at her face: it was pale and death-like, and an expression of deep anguish contracted her features. Obeying an involuntary impulse, I glanced up at the house, and lo! one of the Venetian blinds was slightly open, and I beheld distinctly two glittering eyes staring steadfastly at us. Then my aunt whipped the pony, the chaise flew on, the blind closed, and I saw no more. From that moment the morning packet of manuscript, and those strange eyes that gleamed so suddenly down upon us, became inseparably connected in my mind. I never again alluded to the lonely house before my aunt, but whenever we drove out together the eyes glittered upon us out of the dark casement.

I was in love with Ella Hall. In that little sentence is embodied the events of weeks; events which, perhaps, would contain but

little interest for the reader, while to me it is a delicious calendar, where every notch has its little tale or incident over which my memory wanders with a slow and loving footstep. There were long talks in the evening twilight about books and poets, and drawings forth and comparings of thoughts and feelings, which until then had lurked secretly in the inmost recesses of our hearts, and startling even ourselves to find them there. I had not told her that I loved her, but she knew it, and the tide of time flowed on between us laden with the consciousness that in each other's bosom lay a passion which awaited but some fruitful moment to burst into the maturity of words. That moment came at last. We were in the old ruin, a spot where we often read and talked of the times when that old place was gay with life, until we almost fancied that we heard the spirit of antiquity murmuring from out the very foliage and joining in our discourse. We had been speaking about Coleridge, and his poem "Genevieve," and I know not how the conversation turned or where I commenced, but I suddenly found my arm around my companion's waist, my hot breath burning upon her cheek, and my heart ceasing its pulsations lest I should lose a fragment of that delicious "Yes," which came trickling from her red lips like a dew-drop which half unwillingly falls from a rose-bud. I was entranced with joy. Ella loved me! Now I was indeed at peace. As I stood with her head resting on my bosom, and gazing into her eyes with unutterable love, a faint shriek from her lips startled me, and turning suddenly I beheld Aunt Petronilla. She was standing in a half-ruined window, which, wreathed with ivy, formed a sort of dark frame-work round her pale figure. There was an expression of deep pain on her features. She beckoned to us, and said in a low tone of voice, in which, however, there was not a trace of anger:

"Children, come to the house; I want you there."

We followed in silence, and on reaching the house she intimated her desire that we should enter the library, as she wished to speak with us. Seating herself near a table, she spoke as follows:

"You are in love! Well, it is natural; but listen to me well! I am about to tell you a story. I once knew a fair girl, Ella, like you, young, beautiful, intellectual. She loved,

and was loved in return. Her lover was much her senior, but he was a man of lofty views and large experience of life. They were betrothed, and in a few short weeks the hours would arrive when the love of years would cast off its glowing wings and enter into the graver but not less enduring garb of wedded affection. Just at this moment of consummation a terrible event for ever seared their happiness and left them sorrowful and solitary beings. That young girl, by an accidental revelation, became informed that many years ago it had been bruited abroad that her family had been cursed with hereditary insanity. From that instant an irremovable presentiment haunted her that at some time or other she would fall a victim to this curse. Appalled at this frightful prospect, she registered a solemn vow that she would never transmit the terrible malady to posterity. She kept her vow. She wrote to her lover breaking off the engagement, and sacrificing her passionate love to what she considered a high sense of duty. If you could have read that letter, you would know what a pang this sacrifice cost her. It was, to use Goethe's expression, 'dug out of a suffering woman's heart.' They parted, he to go abroad, she to bury her anguish in her own breast and live. Years after this, when her hair had silvered and her eyes lost their brightness, an unknown author commenced giving to the world a series of romances whose simple and exquisite beauty, notwithstanding the air of general gloom that hung over them, was universally acknowledged by the public. About the same time a recluse took up his abode near to the old maid's residence. He was never visible, but rumor said that his entire time was occupied with writing. A long time passed, and the old maid read greedily those wild and thrilling romances, which seemed to her to bear a strange affinity to her own sad history.

"Accident one day revealed to her the fact that the author, recluse, and lover of early years were one. From that time they corresponded, but carefully avoided an interview. In a letter written at this period he said:

"'You say, my friend, that you can trace the germs of our sad history in my novels, and that out of the dark recesses of the olden time have sprung those pages which have won a reputation that to me is useless. In this you are right. The past is the teacher

of the present, and the soul must look behind when it would gather stores of instruction. It is hard for one like me, whose life has consisted of but one event, to forget that sad epoch whose influence must always be present with me, and cling round me like some vapor which hovers over a sunless lake and will not depart. I write these books for you, dear friend, and not for the world; every page I transcribe, I consider what effect it will have upon you: will it touch your heart, will it stir up the dark waters of your soul as the wind moves the midnight ocean? Face to face we meet in these books: when you read them, you read my heart. Do they not tell you of my love, my sufferings, my despair, and of my melancholy triumph over that terrible ordeal which your stern resolve had imposed upon me?"

"Such," continued my aunt, "was the story of that solitary pair. Who the woman was I need not tell you; your own penetration has already told you that she now speaks to you; her companion in misery you will never see. But I have related this story to you both to show you how impossible it is that you and Philip can ever marry."

"Impossible, Aunt!" I exclaimed, thunder-struck; "what do you mean? what objection can there be?"

"It cannot be! it cannot be!" cried my aunt with increasing energy; "the curse is on our race, and must not descend. I have suffered; why do you shrink?"

"But this is foolish, Aunt, this dream of yours about insanity haunting our race. It exists only in your imagination."

"What!" exclaimed she, quivering with excitement, and her eyes gleaming with a strange fire, "have I suffered these years of agony merely for a fantastic dream? Has a shadow blasted two hearts that were formed to relish acutely the luxury of life? If so, my sacrifice has been wasted. No, Philip! I forbid this union. It is no phantasm that haunts me, it is an awful reality. I forbid this union. It must not be."

"It will," I answered calmly, "it will. Listen to me, Aunt; for though I may speak strongly, it is not disrespectfully. You are the victim of a morbid imagination; you are an enthusiast, and in this instance unhappily your enthusiasm has destroyed you. It would be a crime in me if I were to sacrifice my own and another's heart to such a fallacy. No, Aunt; in this I cannot obey you.

Love flows from God, and it is not for us mortals to bar its tide, and say, like Canute, 'Thou shalt go no farther.'

"Do you refuse, then?" almost screamed my aunt, her whole form seeming to dilate with intense excitement.

"I do, most distinctly."

She tossed her arms aloft with a wild shriek, and, without casting another glance at me, fled rapidly from the room, uttering a loud and fearful cry. Scarcely had the echoes died away in the corridor when Ella fell fainting on my bosom.

That night I tossed restlessly on my bed. I was much grieved at the strange turn things had taken, and I knew not what to think of my aunt's wild enthusiasm, which really almost amounted to insanity. I had, however, determined on my plan. This was to remove Ella immediately to my mother's and make her my wife, my means being sufficient to overrule any scruples that her family might entertain relative to so hastily formed a connection. While arranging the details of this little scheme, I fell asleep. How long my slumber lasted I know not, but I was awakened by feeling an oppressive weight upon my chest. I sprang up with a terrible effort. Good Heavens! I could scarcely breathe. Hot, hot! the room was like a furnace, and smoke choked me every time I attempted to respire. I rushed to the window; air, air, fresh air! in it came pouring upon my bare bosom, an ocean of relief. But still the heat. Until then my brain was in a whirl, but the cool air restored my senses. The truth flashed upon me. The smoke, the intense heat—it was, it must be—the house was on fire! With a wild cry I bounded to the door. Good God! what a sight, as I flung it open and looked down the corridor—a whole avenue of red hazy fire, which seemed to have no end! Gushes of hot air and rolling clouds of smoke came down the corridor, and nearly stifled me. The floor scorched my naked feet. How could I save myself? I remembered a back staircase; with a wild shout of "Fire! fire!" I rushed towards it. As I got my foot upon the first step, I suddenly recollected Ella; back, back like the wind I ran to her chamber, which was near to mine. A trembling, fainting figure in white stood near the door. I did not see a feature, I did not even think who it was, but a secret instinct told me. I caught the white figure in my arms and

staggered along the hot floor, through stifling air and blinding smoke, to the little staircase. All this time I was in a sort of active dream. I flung the door back, and the brass handle burned my fingers as I unshot the bolt. I staggered down the stairs, through passages, rooms, all without reflection or knowledge of what I was doing. After what seemed to me to be a terrible wandering through some unknown region of darkness, I suddenly burst out through some aperture or other into the open air. The entire sky was crimson with fire. By this time a crowd of persons had assembled, and were endeavoring vainly to save the furniture. I thought of nothing but Ella. She had fainted, and somebody took her from me and left me alone, staring wildly at the burning house. Pointed tongues of flame darted out from each gaping window, like painted adders from their holes; flames curled about the tall chimneys in crimson wreaths. The sounds of cracking glass, falling rafters, and splitting slates were mingled with the roar of the multitude, who were shouting for water, ladders, fire escapes, in short for every thing which could not be got. The house itself stood out against the dark sky a perfect Palace of Fire, while on the esplanade in front a crowd of small, black, puny-looking people were running wildly about doing nothing, and the monarch of Flame roared loudly and shook his lurid crests with triumph at the impotence of their efforts. Above all hung a red hazy curtain of smoke and glare, through which one could now and then see the stars blinking feebly. As yet I had scarce awakened from my dream, but in the buzz of the crowd around, my aunt's name suddenly caught my ear; then it flashed upon me like an electric spark that I had not seen her, that she might be perishing in the flames. I drove madly through the crowd, asking loudly of all, but none had seen her. The cowering, terrified servants huddled together in a group, and, gazing stupidly at the fire, could tell me nothing in reply to my hoarse questions. It was evident that my poor aunt was in the house, and I was determined to try and save her, even if I perished in the attempt. Seizing a cloak from some by-stander to shield me from the falling sparks, I rushed towards the entrance; a hundred hands stretched forth to hold me back, but I shook them off, and with a few springs was standing in

the hall. The heat was intense. I was obliged to keep continually moving, or my feet would have been scorched to a cinder. Holding in my breath as much as I could in order to avoid inhaling the smoke, I sped along the halls and corridors where the flames brushed me as I passed, shouting to my aunt, but there came no reply; the half-burned floors shook beneath my tread, and I expected every instant to be engulfed. Hark! what is that? I stop and listen, and a low whine sounds along the passage. I rush to a door and fling it open, and out bounds poor Quip, who thus owes his life to my hand. It is too late. I hear the crowd shouting to me to return. If I do not wish to die, I will fly. I rush along with Quip by my side; we reach the hall; it is a sea of fire. There is no time to think; on, on; through it, or die! A moment of suffocation, intense heat, scorching, horrible heat, and I find myself lying on the cold grass with officious people crowding round me, and Quip licking my hand.

A few seconds had scarcely passed when I heard a cry of universal horror from the multitude around me, mingled with exclamations of "Ladders, ladders! Good God, will no one save her? Poor lady, she is mad!" I sprang to my feet and looked up. Gracious God! In the glass cupola which sprang from the centre of the house, I saw a solitary figure mounting to its summit. The flames were whirling up around it, and it was evident that in a few moments more it must sink along with the roof which supported it; but still the figure ascended steadily until it reached the top, then it turned, and as the lurid flashes illuminated its features, I beheld Aunt Petronilla. Madness, the wildest madness, played over her face and shot from her eyes. She laughed horribly and tossed her arms aloft, and clear and distinct above all other sounds came that loud unearthly cry which had attended her flight on the previous evening. The cupola now began to totter, and with each crash the crowd below swayed to and fro, and uttered a sort of murmuring wail. The roof bulged in gradually; the glass in the cupola shivered pane after pane with a sharp crack. Then in an instant the entire fabric sank, the flames shot up to heaven, and a dense pall of smoke slowly settled over the crumbled mass.

A few days afterwards the workmen found

an old gray-headed man dead among the ruins. People who came and looked at him said that he had lived for years at the house opposite the gate, and that he had seldom stirred out. A lock of beautiful brown hair was found clasped tightly in his hand. What brought him there was a mystery to all save me, but I well knew what faithful heart had warmed that sickly frame. Poor old man! when his eyes had gleamed upon us from his secret lattice, lingering sadly upon the wasted form of his early love, he little thought that he would have so soon to wander out in the gray morning and yield up his faint spark of life on the spot where she had perished so miserably. I had him buried in the same grave with all that could be discovered of Aunt Petronilla's ashes, and they slept peacefully beneath the shadow of the old ruin.

Aunt Petronilla dying without a will, I

succeeded to her large property, and in time I called Ella my own. We have now been married many years, and though we have several new faces beaming round our fire-side, I am happy to say that as yet none of them bear traces of "Hereditary Insanity."

Up to this day there is much discussion regarding Aunt Petronilla's frightful fate. The general opinion is, however, that my opposition to her will evoked an insanity which her strange mode of life had long been breeding in her constitution, and that she had formed the wild resolution of attaining her object by burning us all alive. The reader has learned how nearly she succeeded.

I forgot to say that I was married by the Rev. Mr. Snipe, who in a mild way congratulated me on my luck in being able to "afford to marry so charming a person as Miss Ella Hall."

DEMOCRATIC DEMAGOGUISM.

A VERY obscure critic, one Butler, from whom it would be safe to plagiarize in the presence of a modern "Democratic" constituency, has compared a hero of sentimental romance to that ideal personage composed entirely of tailors; of whom it is said that "nine are required to make a man." Now, when your hero of romance is made, it is indeed very much as though nine tailors had made him: bear witness Messrs. Bulwer and James; but in these days, when the valor of a tailor is as good as mine or yours, whatever it may have been in times of old, the joke has become stale for want of truth: nine editors, not nine tailors, now go to the composition of a man; at least of a Presidential Candidate. Nine democratic talents, to invent his "qualifications;" nine brazen trumpets, to blow them far and wide; nine anatomizing vacuities, to compose the "hollow way" of his will and his opinions.

Let us take a view of the nine vacuities.

1. No help to the farmer, to get his grain to market: no canals, no roads.

2. No aid to foreign commerce: no improvements at the outlets of great rivers.

3. No aid to the sailor and merchant on the lakes: no harbors.

4. No increase of the home market for grain: the farmer must send his produce to England.

5. No use for our own iron and coal: we must ride and roll on British iron, in order that England may ride and roll on American gold.

6. No protection to the ingenuity and labor of Americans. Prosperity to none but the capitalist. "To those who have it shall be given."

7. No expression of the national will, no government by majorities: a Veto.

8. The Constitution cut into a straight jacket for the Whigs, while the Democrats are suffered to go at large.

9. Foreign policy of the nation restricted to irritating the Mexicans.

—And all this emptiness to be endured by twenty-five millions of people in order that a Mr. Caleb Claptrap may become Secretary of War. Truly, the people of the United States must be under incredible obligations to Claptrap.

Our antiquary informs us that the nominee and Claptrap, who is said to be a "Boston gentleman," were in Mexico at the same time. Did the prophetic soul of Claptrap even then so far *pierce* the darkness of the future, and foredoom the representative of all the Percys to the mean and miserable fate of a political stop-gap?

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

It were scrutable that "a Boston gentleman's" stop-gap should be President; even though we find it "inscrutable" that the gentleman himself should be Secretary of the second Mexican war; since an inert and negative President is necessary to a Claptrap and Steel-trap Secretary: but why—we inquire of our antiquary—did the genius of violent annexation select the delegation of Virginia (!) to "jockey" the nominee? Why not any other delegation, that of New-York, for example, or better still, of Ohio? Would it have looked too monstrous, had any *other* delegation produced an absolutely negative and colorless candidate? Has Virginia, once the heart, become the spleen of the Union, producing nothing that has any taste or color about it? Was it *Wise* on the part of that delegation? If wise, on what grounds; by what *color* of argument; by what hopes stimulated; by what fears exasperated; by what ancient ashes of the burnt-out "glory" of the Old Dominion, warmed to the requisite *bargain* heat? The Democratic "Boston gentleman" presented Virginia with "a leaden dagger, fine to gild;" what did the "Boston gentleman" get in return? Our antiquary throws doubt upon his own researches, and like an honest man, thinks it possible he may be mistaken: perhaps it was the leadership of our Republican armies, on their second triumphal march from Vera Cruz to the Mexico of Cortez and of Scott. It is with antiquaries as with prophets, they distrust you with generalities and uncertainties.

One can imagine nothing more "cosy" and sisterly than the sympathy between the two Democracies of New-Hampshire and Virginia at this present time. A fatal cosiness for Barn-burners and Free-soilers. On a former occasion Virginia democracy produced a Polk. New-Hampshire Locofocism, teeming with vaster emptiness, rivals her sister in a second birth. The chival-

rous sister, forgetful of female jealousy, clasps the dear inanity in her generous arms. The bastard "Young America," meanwhile, is sent into the country, with *bonbons*, to nurse.

The contrasted behavior of the two Conventions, Whig and Democratic, represents very well the character and spirit of the two parties. The Democratic delegates, as we have already shown in a preceding article of this number, instead of a popular leader, nominated by a considerable part of the nation, selected a person "sprung" upon them by two or three men, who watched their time, fomented trouble, and produced their nostrum, while the regular doctors were fighting over the patient.

It has come to be *understood*, in Democratic Conventions, that a popular candidate shall *not* be elected. It is a "game," a political sleight of hand, arranged by *all* the managers, and played out, like "presto" magic, with infinite gravity of face. The delegates rush home to their constituents, with: "My unterrified friends, you sent me to Baltimore to nominate Mr. Cass; I voted forty times for your man." (*Thunders of applause.*) "It was labor to no effect." (*A dead silence.*) "It was understood, (*Ay, ay,*) that if I could not work a majority for your candidate, I should take the next best." (*A voice—"You didn't do it;—put him out!"*) "Mr. Pierce was named by acclamation." (*Thunders of applause—"Who is Pierce? Put him out!"*) "I voted for him. He is a good choice." Constituents know nothing of Pierce; the wire-puller tells them the more's the pity, they are so ignorant. (*A heavy silence, and murmurs—the "unterrified" ignorant?*) "Who knows not Pierce, argues himself unknown." (*Vast applause; a quotation always brings applause.*) And so, by three hundred eulogies, delivered in three thousand different places, on ten thousand different occasions, and published in a million copies of newspapers, the candidate *does* become effectually known as a great—nominee.

It has come to this: that one man, Caleb Claptrap, for example, who has a certain influence with three other men, *selects* the man who, in the short space of four years, if elected, is to divide one hundred and twenty millions of dollars among *his* friends and *their* friends. It is the job of jobs; there is none equal to it.

The actual submission of nearly one half the people of the United States to an equal piece of management in the election of Polk, puts it out of the pale of jesting. It is a serious and frightful mischief.

There are but two ways of electing a President, by a Convention trick, and by the people. General Washington, General Jackson, General Harrison, and General Taylor were elected by the people; as General Scott will be. These have been the most decidedly popular elections, and three of them were Whig in principle. General Scott will be the fourth. Whether it is, that military men are not as desperately given to intrigue and jobbing, that high sense of honor which is the soul of their profession protecting them against such contagion; or whether they alone are able to command a universally popular vote, because of the high military enthusiasm of the people, it is needless at present to inquire. On the Democratic side, we discover but one guaranty for the election of the Baltimore nominee, namely, the ignorance and waxen plasticity of certain constituencies, and the desperate resolve of their leaders to secure for themselves the collection and distribution of the revenue.

Doubtful as we have always been of the utility and soundness of Conventions, we confess we were equally delighted and surprised at the good faith and staunch integrity manifested by the Whig delegates at Baltimore. The representative principle, the safeguard and soul of the Republic, was maintained by them to the last. They had been sent to compare opinions, and ascertain the respective popularities of the candidates; they did their duty, and were careful not to exceed it. They manifested a proper respect for their constituencies, and did not for an instant imagine that they had come together to select a man and set him before the people.

A more arbitrary and audacious proceeding than the nomination of Polk, and of late that of Mr. Pierce, or more grossly insulting to that body of voters who call themselves Democratic, could not have been devised: its ratification by the majority of voters in the United States would be a virtual recognition of the supremacy of a party Convention; in other words, of the extinction of the representative system; and with that, of popular liberty. Several Democratic journals have made themselves conspicuous in

advocating a popular candidature, which should actually represent the popular sentiment of some one division of the party. Alas! what a lame and impotent conclusion to all such was the result of the Convention.

There is but one other example of a complete *appropriation* of the suffrage of one half the nation by two or three wire-pullers, and that was the nomination of Polk by the same Convention.

As to the proposition made by some, that a Convention should dictate his principles to the nominee, it is already made good by the Democratic body of that name. The candidate, Mr. Pierce, for example, was selected, and his principles settled for him afterward in a platform, which he adopted in advance.* The aspect of a Convention engaged in this three-fold duty of dictating his principles to the nominee on the one side, and their candidate and principles to help the nation on the other, is truly an imposing one; "it possesses all the grandeur of the Olympic games;" a difference appearing in degrees of grandeur only in the kind of game.

"There are men," writes a contemporary, "in that Democratic Convention,"—meaning by "that," the one which met lately,— "more capable of filling the Presidential chair, more wise, more dogged in stiff-necked and Jacksonian Republicanism, than any aspirant to that dignity. While those great, and, for the most part, fulsome individuals, who deem they alone are capable of ruling this Republic, and while their immediate followers in the legislature have been in talking pump-handle position for years, attitudinizing and blowing themselves out before the country, speaking on every question, and enlightening themselves on none, the delegates to Baltimore have been studying Democracy on the soil of Democracy, far off in the forest, or the prairie; upon the land, plough or hoe in hand; or in the cities, among their brother workmen. They take their learning from no book or tribune," &c.

We heartily coincide with this honest organ in its sense of the utter unfitness of

* The proverb says, one should not buy a pig in a poke. General, Quoth! Pierce cared nothing for the contents of the bag, so the bag itself were made sure.

the candidates of its party to hold high office in the government of a great nation. We have been at pains, these many years, to lay the same mighty truth before the voters of the Union. Aided in our just endeavor by their own organs, we may hope soon to reach the utmost of our desire. The precise and excellent division of Democratic leaders into two classes: the "fulsome" and the "stiff-necked and dogged," coincides also with our own division, and explains very happily the true causes of the success of the nominee. To satisfy the two classes of the Convention, it was necessary to find a truly representative man, who united in himself the opposite qualities of the Convention, and was not only thoroughly "fulsome," but absolutely "stiff-necked and dogged." We should have concluded, without further inquiry, that the candidate possesses both these qualities to an eminent degree; as no other combination would have reconciled the Convention, and none others are able to produce a completely negative, opinionless, and serviceable "stern-post" for a Claptrap and Steeltrap administration.

Equally do we join hands with our honest contemporary, when, after crushing with heavy Muleiber "milling" the candidacy of his party, he turns upon its orators; a body of men, each one of whom is either a candidate himself, or identified with a candidate; and who have been for years, to use his juvenile, but apt expression, "in pump-handle position" before the world, "attitudinizing and blowing themselves out before the country, speaking upon every question," &c. This is hearty, and just. These eternal orators of nonsense require to be put down. The whole system of democratic oratory requires revival. The remark, that the delegates at Baltimore have been studying Democracy far off in the forest, and on the prairie, throws a new light on the proceedings of the Convention. We have always regarded the party of legislation which calls itself Democratic as a division of men who, very judiciously, oppose every thing which they do not understand. Socrates, an Athenian democrat, a very poor man,—who was originally a stone-cutter, lived in a cottage with a mud floor, and passed his time talking with "young" Athens,—remarked, that there was nothing of politics to be learned in the forest or prairie;

"stones and trees," said he, "teach one nothing. To become wise, one must live with men." The birth of knowledge is from thoughts working upon experience. The knowledge of hunting and farming is learned in the forest and prairie; the knowledge of men—that is to say, of politics—among men. The farmers and hunters of the West acquire what they have of democratic opinion by comparing ideas in conversation, listening to the eloquence of Judge Douglas, and attending the petty sessions. Politics is the relation of men to each other, in affairs of the common weal. They have the most interest in, and practical knowledge of it, whose affairs extend and ramify the most in society and business. The interest of the farmer who "studies" politics, "hoe or plough in hand," with his workmen, across the furrows, is indeed large in the common weal. His person and his property are protected by the Constitution of the United States. He has, therefore, a profound interest in the preservation of that Constitution, and keeps his rifle in good order to maintain it.

The farmer, however, has other interests. It is necessary for him, if he wishes to acquire for himself a competency, and for his sons an education, to have a near market for his produce; or, if he cannot have that, at least good roads, and a safe inland navigation to convey it to those wealthier and more prosperous portions of the world, England and the Atlantic States, who have grown rich by tariffs. Unhappily, great numbers of those who "study" politics over the furrow, do not attain to this pitch of information. They attain only to the ferocious stage of politics, which is, not to grow rich one's self, but to prevent others from being so. They therefore vote down manufactures and the home market, and direct their representatives in Congress to keep up the freight charges on grain, &c., by voting down the River and Harbor bill. A more intelligent portion—luckily the most numerous—of the western farming community, who can study out the advantage of low freights, are in favor of navigation. Another part, more intelligent still, are for manufactures and a home market; these men are at least *willing* that their neighbors should grow rich, if they themselves can get a good price and a quick sale for

produce. These are the Whigs, among farmers. Now it appears, from the account of our contemporary, that "that" Convention—to wit, the Baltimore assemblage—was composed, in part at least, of delegates elected by the first described class of persons, of that ferocious or negative school of agriculturists who are satisfied with attaining to the dignity of an obstacle. This, we may suppose, was the "stiff-necked and dogged" division of that liberal and patriotic Convention. Of the other portion, consisting of personal *aids-de-camp* and wire-pullers to those designated as the "fulsome" division of the Democratic party, it may be predicated that they are the true counterparts of the first; as impudent swagger, "pump-handle" eloquence, and eternal nonsense, are the orators proper of sullen ignorance and envy. Some of the journals alluded to have ranged themselves strictly on the "ferocious" or negative side of their party.

The honest fear expressed by some, lest the delegates should sell the votes of their constituencies, shows that these constituencies are actually the property of the delegates. The enormity did not consist in the recognition of such a property, but in its being *sold*; a final proof, were any needed, that the voters of the Democratic party hold no opinion of their own, as to the fitness of this or that public man for the Presidency; but that their votes are the property of the delegates, and can be disposed of at bargain and sale.

The sympathy of our contemporaries seems to be very needlessly awakened for the delegates who came to Baltimore to be self-sold. There was, however, no compulsion in the matter. They sold themselves, or rather, they sold the votes of their constituencies, not for money, (as far as our antiquary has yet been able to discover, though he is diligently occupied in that direction,) but for the hopes of the Democratic party; that is to say, the hopes of offices and contracts.

In the process of cutting up the dead carcass of the Convention, we found only two ganglia or points of organic unity. In one of these, a distinct hard bit of nervous tissue, injected with blood, lying over the stomach, we found a second Mexican war. It was to this ganglion the electric stimulus of Caleb Claptrap and Co. was applied, with the well-known success. The second was a small

knobby ganglion, connected with the tongue, with one or two small filaments to the gall duct, spleen, and rectum. In this we found the hopes of that faction which is represented by the journals aforesaid. In the entire carcass there was no brain, but an infinitude of liver and other alimentary dependencies. Of what is known in political anatomy as "bone and sinew," there was so little, the entire creature had an irregular consistence, neither soft nor hard, like a sack filled with cats and puppies. For the most part, throughout all this mass, there were nothing but hopes of office, instead of organic centres. The "coolness and effrontery with which the old proprietors of the party" treated the particular members of this living mass is by no means difficult to conceive. Men who have no principle or scruples, do not like to be *supposed* to have any. It is awkward and wastes time. Nothing delights them more than to throw down the heavy standard, which they carry with labor and disgust, and treat findly and merrily with the enemy. The "gentlemen" who "journeyed from distant States," i.e. nations? "at the cost of themselves and their constituents,"—and of the nation, if their candidate is elected,—were not much astonished nor insulted, when they found they had been bid for and disposed of before their arrival. On the contrary, they ratified the bargain with acclamation, and justly; for if not for sale, to what purpose were their hoofed and horned imperturbabilities driven to the Democratic "shambles at Baltimore?" Would they not have been for ever disgusted with a Convention in which there were no purchasers?

It was understood by the buyers that no one of the candidates would get the requisite majority. At a certain point, when the Convention seemed ready to burst in ignorance, the *deus ex machina*, or humbug in a box, was let out; the audience rose enraptured, clapped their hands, and went home. This is what is called a *coup de théâtre*, and requires a great deal of preparation, especially of *claqueurs* or applauders, let into the secret of what is coming, in order to receive it as if with a sudden enthusiasm.

The nature and disposition of the "imperturbable" part of the American people, is more thoroughly understood and used by sly old demagogues than by young and "fast" ones. Population, in all countries,

even in democracies, is subject to degrees, as well of intelligence, as of activity and virtuous industry. In the heart of the Republic, we find two kinds of "population" who take no interest in its proper welfare. The first of these treat the country as a dishonest farmer a hired farm : they reap and rob it, and give nothing in return. These are men of European inclinations, infected either with Jacobinical or aristocratical sentiment, it matters not which in choice of mischiefs, despising the spirit and figure of the Republic, as libertines despise the soul and form of virtue, until they feel its power. Attacking the more intelligent part of the citizens, in whose conduct and uprightness the Republic actually exists, they meet a kind of "imperturbability" so very like contempt, it repels them on the instant. Ingenious and powerful demagogues, exercised from youth upward in eloquence, diplomacy, intrigue, and all-powerful *manners*, try in vain their boldest *ruses* and their most powerful incitements, upon people who have no impulse nor motive to any species of public madness or folly. These men, namely, the farmers who *improve* their farms, and when they have doubled the yield of the soil, intelligently seek and create new and near markets for it; the miners who raise coal and ores from the earth, ingeniously and not rudely and wastefully; the artisans, who, fighting at once with the refractory nature of metals and the dull envy of their ignorant neighbors, create at home a market for the farmer and for themselves, and wrest from the tyrant of the ocean her maritime glory and her foreign monopolies : all who employ mind to overcome stupidity and matter, who make the minds of men plastic, versatile, and liberal, while they improve their bodily condition; this "class of population," the citizens proper, nay, the creators and true representatives of the Republic, have no motive for public madness and folly. They *prefer* a life of industry and regular enterprise.

Of their valor in war, their wonderful intelligence, activity and audacity, (the audacity of a well-grounded confidence in a noble nature,) the world has abundant and terrible evidence. The military glory of the Republic is as dear to them as her industrial virtue. They know in some degree the true from the false, can distinguish the honest from the designing politician, and perceive and regret the

prostitution of generous talent and youthful ardor to the base contrivance of old and cunning demagogues; the ring of the true metal is easily distinguished by them from the dead clank of the base.

Now where there is a prompt and formidable courage and intelligence in the people, there is no "effrontery" nor vile bargaining for constituencies among their leaders. It is only the "Dutch" kind of "imperturbables" who *can* be sold with effrontery; or in the faces of whose "delegates" it is possible "to laugh and tell them they are already disposed of."

"Stiff-necked and dogged" "imperturbables" may be sold, like stiff-necked bulls, "and ask no better fate;" but let us for a moment imagine the indignant anger of a Delegation of free-souled republicans, on finding a candidate of no mark or merit "sprung" upon them by Caleb Claptrap and his scene shifters.

To our sorrow we know, that the other kind of "imperturbables," who come down with "desperation" once in four or eight years to "right" things, is large in number, and approachable by no argument. There is but one kind of merit which they appreciate, and that is the merit of force. A Washington, a Jackson, a Taylor, a Scott, are acceptable to these men, because of the fighting quality. This they easily and readily understand; and when they do "come down" in favor of this quality, they become irresistible by numbers. The General who has seen three wars and conducted one; gained ten great victories; who has three times, by his personal weight, prevented war between nations; who has made the tactics of the army the most complete, and its efficiency the most perfect possible; who, though an inflexible conqueror, makes no war upon captives, or upon women and children; who regards the property of an enemy not found in arms as sacred, together with his life; the General whose commanding qualities of person and character enabled him to control the fiery vigor of an American army, and bend it to his will, for the common glory of the whole; such a candidate will "bring down" even the unread "imperturbables," whose intelligence is not sufficient to save them from selecting purchasable representatives, or from sending delegations to the Democratic "shambles" at Baltimore.

"Imperturbabilities" of the "hoofed and horned" order of population, "who exercise the most masterly of all inactivities," by "looking on" for years, while their managers realize comfortable fortunes, "buying and selling them" briskly, with a profit on every exchange, and who, on a sudden, become suspicious, and "desperately" "set things right," by goring and trampling, are of a kind not desirable in any government, much less in a republic. The benign influence of reform, education, and progress, in arts, industry and wealth, does in time convert these unfortunate and ignorant "imperturbables" into active and intelligent citizens, *unsaleable* in any market, and of whom it may be said, as by the Romans of the Corsicans, that "they could not be *used*, not even for slaves."

A word on "Young America," and "foreign policy," and we have done.

Strictly interpreted, the foreign policy of the United States is to have *no* foreign policy: we confide in the *force* and the *example*, and not in the *cunning* of our government. As well might a broad-shouldered, powerful, and at the same time just man, elaborately slide and insinuate himself among a crowd of impertinent husslers, as the mighty Republic attempt *cunning*, and "address" in the diplomatic circles of Paris and London. Let the weak and wicked thrive by cunning; we have irresistible *force* upon our side. The expansive power of our population has spread it over two thirds of the continent, and will extend it.

To show every where a bold and resolute front; not a resolution of desperation and blackguard effrontery, but of a confidence inspired by the just public sentiment of a great nation, whose breath of life is respect for right. We firmly believe, that those generous young men who threw away their lives in Cuba, had they known the disposition of the people of that island, would have despised the enterprise as thoroughly as they at first admired it. They imagined they were imitating the glorious example of Lafayette in rescuing a people who were ready to lay down their lives for liberty. They learned the immortal truth, *that men must be worthy of political freedom before it is even lawful to assist them*. The doctrine now industriously propagated by some, that we are to hasten with arms and money to the rescue of every nation that lies under a des-

potic government, is the pure unadulterated doctrine of Garrison and the Abolitionists. If we are to rescue *men*, say they, from slavery and oppression, without inquiring as to the *kind* of men whom we are assisting, let us at once renounce the Constitution of Union and fall headlong upon the South! The negro is near at hand; *our* fathers enslaved him; he is a man: why is he not also a citizen of the United States?

Let the South look to it! The propagandists demand the aid and influence of the American people, for *all* nations who rebel against despotism. "Young America" is a division of that amorphous monster called the Democratic Party, whose stronghold is in the South.

For the conquest of Cuba and Mexico, we aver, there are two factions, intensely and mortally hostile to each other, within the circle of party "democracy." These two parties are, on the one side, the propagandists, and on the other, Southern "annexationists," of the Texas school. Both offer war, but from motives ethically and practically opposed. We are far from intending to fix the stigma of propagandism, or what is eventually the same thing, universal abolitionism, upon the Senator who was supported by the faction to which we are alluding at Baltimore, and who was rejected by Southern instinct. In his speech on the Kossuth resolutions, in the Senate, he adopted the ground taken at that time by ourselves, a ground of expectation, of caution, and of reserve. We held it indiscreet and undignified for the nation to "commit itself," though never so warm and ardent in the love of liberty, to *any* European movement. He would have us declare our sentiments with freedom and dignity, and let the *opinion* of the nation have its weight, keeping its *action* in reserve for the *true* crisis. Notwithstanding the moderation and justice of his sentiments, Southern instinct saw in the faction, whose good pleasure it was to point him out as their candidate, symptoms at which they justly shuddered. "We are for the annexation of Cuba," nodded Young America to the South, with a benevolent smile. "We are for Mexico and Central America." "Ah!" cried the South, "let us know what else you are for. What is the meaning of this your fusillade of all the 'great men' and orators of Democracy; what had Mr.

Cass done to be garroted in his easy chair? Is it merely that young men may have office? Why is the atmosphere of Washington denounced by you in good sounding rhetoric, as an air pestilential and 'miasmatic'? Because at Washington the politicians of the North undergo transfusion, and receive Southern blood into their veins? Is that the secret of this new development of Barnburnerism, this sweeping and furious denunciation of every politician who has known office, or made himself useful to the party by 'versatility of sentiment'? What *else* are you for, besides the annexation of Cuba and Mexico? Let us hear." "We are for giving aid and encouragement to every people who suffer under deprivation of natural liberty," replies, *passim*, the enthusiastic organ.

"Do you include the negro?" asks the South. This question Young America *anticipates* in May, by proving, in a very heavy and labored essay, that it is at least doubtful whether a negro is a man* never seeming to reflect that an intelligent Ashantee might use the same arguments to prove that a Celt, a Mogul, or a Caucasian was not a man; and nothing gained for either when you have proved it.*

Jacobinical propagandism, as far as it is not a growth of vulgar ambition, and the ordinary thirst of power, is a logical deduction from two general propositions, as follows:

I.

Major. Personal and political liberty is the right of all beings who have immortal souls.

Minor. All human beings have immortal souls.

Conclusion. Therefore, personal and political liberty is the right of *all* human beings.

II.

Major. The condition of our own rights

and freedom is, that we protect the same in others.

Minor. Justice is not affected by remoteness, either of time or place.

Conclusion. We are bound to succor the oppressed of all nations, and confer upon them the liberty we enjoy.

If you grant the major, you grant the conclusion. The *logic* of propagandism is irrefragable, and its passions are justified by its *logic*. But the premise of both its syllogisms is false. Murderers, felons, and savages, and many other kinds of human beings whom we could name, are, beyond all question, endowed with "immortal souls," whatever meaning is attached to that expression; but we positively aver, they are *not* entitled to personal and civil freedom.

Nor is it true that the condition of our own rights and freedom is, that we protect the same in others. On the contrary, it is sometimes, nay, constantly, their condition, that we destroy and repress the same in others. There are many members of society who employ themselves wholly in the overthrow and destruction of the rights and liberties of others; and it is proper to suppress them. "History is Philosophy teaching by example." The portentous example of the successive revolutions in France have taught us, what philosophy had shown men long before, that the result of an extension of all the rights and powers of a full-grown and educated freeman to a nation two thirds servile, ignorant, and monarchic, ends in the destruction of what small degree of liberty might be in possession of the better class, and the establishment upon its ruins of the most frightful of all despotisms. God has not given genius, courage, magnanimity, much less that "stiff-necked and dogged" democratism, (which we too for its own sake do revere,) to *all* his creatures, even those who have immortal souls, however numerous their *species*. The number of "the free" in all ages is small, compared with those to whom freedom is unknown. The *freemen* of this nation are a privileged aristocracy of superior men, dauntless in war, brilliant in intellect, the sovereign People; possessing a form of government handed down to them from a race of heroes; who, in dignity of personal aspect and intellectual attributes, have never seen their equals among men. The *recognition* of sovereignty, wrested by these men from the crown, was

* The whole of this abundantly tedious and mischievous controversy, as to whether negroes and white men are of the same species, turns upon a misunderstanding, (as usual.) Neither party have been able to define what they mean by a *species*. In some little lull or pause in the storm of argument, we beg their attention to the following question: If the Almighty saw fit to endow two, three, or more species of human animals with an immortal soul, whether, if it appears he *has* done so, they propose to take any action upon it?

a recognition only of what lay already in the strong hands, clear heads, and masculine character of the Americans. Men are not *made* free by presenting them with the freedom of the country in a charter. The first use made by slaves and poltroons of their freedom, is to impoverish, hang, and exile the virtuous, the witty, and the brave, and put knaves and tyrants to govern in their stead; and if a nation of slaves have the choice of rulers given to them, they will as inevitably crush out the last spark of liberty enjoyed by the more intelligent and superior men among them, as that wolves will tear in pieces a few defenseless dogs.

If we can judge by what we read in daily news, there is a crushing majority of slaves, poltroons, and monarchists, not only in European countries, but even in Great Britain, the soil from which the freedom of America first separated itself. The Puritans and Huguenots, and after them a ceaseless tide of the *freedom* of the old world, have raised upon this continent a mighty nation of the free. They endeavor to leave corruption, cowardice, priest-domination, and despotism behind them. Every brave and talented exile who flies from imperial proscription in Europe, darkens the old world by his flight, and heightens the growing brilliancy of the new.

Should a new order of men arise in Europe, numerous and powerful enough to secure liberty for themselves, and able to maintain a popular war for just principles and rights, such a movement might command the effective coöperation of the United States. The American Democrat (we use the name in its true and not its partisan sense) will not spill his blood or his treasure, until he knows they will not be wasted in the cause of traitors and poltroons.

Had the last French Revolution been effected by American intervention, how bitter *now* would have been our shame, and our hostility! The deluge of armed colonization is rolling and spreading over all the islands, and the continent; to protect and guide it in *legitimate*, humane, and profitable channels, that is, at present, the eminent and difficult task of administration. The Whigs of the Union, ready as they may be for any enterprise or war which may be necessary for the honor and solid prosperity of the country, will oppose opinions and enterprises which have no solid reasons than those offered by the propaganda of universal abolition. They will place at the head of government an administration, prompt and powerful in war, and progressive and national in peace. The attention of that administration will be largely occupied by the affairs of Mexico and the Isthmus. The defense of the great routes of travel, Tehuantepec, Chagres, Nicaragua, and others in projection; the pacification of the southern frontier, converted into a desert by the ravages of Indians and Mexicans; the peaceful or forcible removal of all unlawful obstacles to our commerce, raised by the impertinence of foreign governments; the revival of our consular and diplomatic corps, in the ports of the continent and islands; these objects will lay a sufficient responsibility to try the strength and courage of the best administration; and, if it keeps the promise of the past, will make it loved by the people, and respected by all nations. The Whig Administration will not go into office a political engine, to vitiate and crush the legislation of the people, but as the executor of laws, and the defender of the Constitution and its compromises.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

At present England, the real centre of European political life, is placed in the singular and anomalous position of being in the hands of a ministry which does not possess the confidence of either the country or the crown. Called into being during a necessitous and eventful crisis, and composed of a heterogeneous and incongruous mass, the Derby administration has yet done things which the subtlety of Peel would have failed to accomplish, and before whose difficulties Lord John Russell would have quailed. A despotic and injurious Militia Bill has been forced through the House by a ministerial *coup de main*; a proclamation against Catholic observances the next day startles the nation from the pages of the *Gazette*, and the English people are at length awakened from the profound political apathy in which they had been immersed for the last five months.

The passing of the Militia Bill appears to have excited considerable hostility on the part of the English press. The bill institutes the ballot for soldiery precisely similar to the French conscription, but the Government has yielded a promise that the bounty and voluntary enlistment system will be first tried, and ballot only resorted to in case of actual necessity. The ballot, however, hangs over their heads, and can be brought into execution at a moment's notice. One of the great objections to a secret system, such as conscriptive ballot, is, that it may at any time be turned into a terrible engine of despotic power. An English yeoman has rendered himself in some way obnoxious to the aristocratic county authorities. Straightway he receives an intimation that he has been drawn for the militia, and he has to don his sword and belt, and betake himself wheresoever the "gods command." Who can tell that the ballot, at which he was not present, was conducted fairly? Who can say that the lot was not placed upon him because he was considered a dangerous member of society, who wanted the wholesome restrictions of military law? We do not say that such *will* be the result, but we say that such *may* be the effect of a ballot for militia. How much better would it be if a law similar to that of this country and Prussia was brought into operation, compelling every man of a certain age and physical condition to serve in the national forces. All invidious distinctions would be abolished; the name of "ballot," so hateful to the ear of a free-man, synonymous as it is with unfairness and oppression, would not offend his prejudices; and where all were bound by the same laws, all would obey with the same alacrity. However this may be, the effect upon the English people is pretty evident from the tone of the press. Consternation reigns in quiet households, and every

fat, unreflecting grocer in Cheapside is haunted by the nightmare of being "drawn for the militia." The Government has stated that the law will not come into operation before 1853; but even at this distance there is a certain class of people in England that it will terrify. Now that the emigration to Australia and California has set in with such a determined flow, we think it was bad policy to add any inducement to the people to quit the country. The laborer, wavering between the dubious comforts obtainable upon eight shillings (sterling) a week and the rich harvests promised by the gold fields of the two continents, will very probably be decided in his emigration scheme by the passing of a bill which, however harmlessly it may work, will, through the agency of the press and the peace demagogues, be presented to his imagination clothed in all the terrors of despotism.

The recent royal proclamation against the Roman Catholic processions, which will be found farther on, has created a good deal of discussion in all the circles of English society. There is no doubt but that the evil it is levelled against required prompt suppression. The ruling principle of the Roman Church appears always to have been "encroachment;" in other words, give them an inch and they take an ell. They were proceeding to carry out this axiom after their own fashion in London, by parading about the streets in canonical costume; forming processions of a religious character at the very gates of Protestant churches, and exhibiting before the eyes of the populace all those mystical emblems of their faith by which they strive to appeal to the mind by captivating and exciting the senses. This presumption naturally excited the attention of the Government, and accordingly the result is a proclamation forbidding any further such exhibitions, under the usual penalties attending the violation of existing laws. But, though we cannot avoid approving of the spirit of the proclamation, we doubt if it is judicious when we take into account the peculiar nature of the sect against which it is intended to operate.

The English press has been thrown into a state of intense excitement by a very imprudent threat of Louis Napoleon, that he would expel their reporters from the country if they meddled with State secrets. This was no doubt occasioned by the late disclosure of the *Times* relative to the great Northern alliance. However this may be, the policy which dictated the movement is very questionable. Until now the French President was absolutely rising in the English market; the London papers were gradually merging their hatred of his despotic policy into an unfeigned

admiration of his reckless but calculating genius; and with the exception of a few professedly republican organs, their strictures upon his conduct dwindled down to a very faint murmur. But lo! the instant this threat is promulgated, newspaper opinion is suddenly reversed, and Louis is once more the hateful tyrant, the unscrupulous miscreant he was four months ago. We are of opinion that the classical fable of Janus was nothing more than an anticipatory allegory, and meant the editor of the *London Times*.

Just at present not alone France, but Europe, is tranquil; but it is the tranquillity which precedes the thunder-storm, which sooner or later must burst over the old continents. The allied despots of the North are awaiting with forced calmness the moment when, according to their code of politics, aggression shall become justifiable, and they can descend behind a mask of old and useless principles upon the threatening majesty of France. Never before, probably, have the two antagonistic principles of the social world met so closely as in the person of Louis Napoleon. He embodies at one and the same time the essence of despotic and republican power. He places one foot on the pedestal of "divine right," and the other upon that of universal suffrage, and is supported equally by both. In him we have discovered for the first time, that countries exist where Republicanism may be despotic, and where Despotism becomes the ruling spirit of a republic. In effect, Louis Napoleon is quite as absolute a despot as the Emperor of Russia. He was elected by universal suffrage, he stands upon universal suffrage; and yet he has twisted the chains of office into fetters for his people, and changed the rod of the republican ruler into the sword of the military despot. Nevertheless, the Northern tyrant looks on him with distrust. He is only in part his brother. The taint of the Republic is in his blood. He is the offspring of an epoch when kings were plucked from their thrones, and the principles of divine right rotted in the dust. In a word, he is too much of a despot for the French Republic, and he is too much of a republican to suit the Russian despot.

ENGLAND.—The proceedings in this country have lately been of a comparatively unimportant character. Parliament has dragged on through its usual weary routine of home and foreign business, presenting to the general reader scarce a single item of interest. The proclamation against the Roman Catholics, which appeared in the *London Gazette*, and which we subjoin, created some excitement; but its more immediate effects will, we think, be observable in Ireland, and it will probably have the most prejudicial effects on the Protestant candidates who are now canvassing the electors of that country:

BY THE QUEEN—A PROCLAMATION.

VICTORIA R.—Whereas by the act of Parliament, passed in the tenth year of the reign of his late Majesty King George IV., for the relief of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, it is enacted

that no Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, or any member of any of the religious orders, communities, or societies of the Church of Rome, bound by monastic or religious vows, should exercise any of the rites or ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, or wear the habits of his order, save within the usual places of worship of the Roman Catholic religion, or in private houses; and whereas it has been represented to us that Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, wearing the habits of their orders, have exercised the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion in highways and places of public resort, with many persons in ceremonial dresses, bearing banners and objects, or symbols, of their worship in procession, to the great scandal and annoyance of large numbers of our people, and to the manifest danger of the public peace; and whereas it has been represented to us that such violation of the law has been committed near places of public worship during the time of divine service, and in such a manner as to disturb the congregations assembled therein; we have, therefore, thought it our bounden duty, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to issue this our royal proclamation, solemnly warning all those whom it may concern that, whilst we are resolved to protect our Roman Catholic subjects in the undisturbed enjoyment of their legal rights and religious freedom, we are determined to prevent and repress the commission of all such offenses as aforesaid, whereby the offenders may draw upon themselves the punishments attending the violation of the laws, and the peace and security of our dominions may be endangered.

Given at our Court at Buckingham Palace, this fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, and in the fifteenth year of our reign. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The Metropolitan Interments Bill has been actively taken up again in the lower House. Those who are accustomed to gauge the burial-grounds of London by the isolated and comparatively insignificant intra-mural cemeteries in this country, can form but a very limited estimate of the terrible pitch to which the evil has risen in the English capital. As there is a regular money traffic in the graves of London, and as every church-yard yields a certain annual income to church officials, every inch of ground becomes valuable, and is economized at the expense of health, decency, and humanity. In some overcrowded church-yards the layers of coffins are crushed into a smaller compass by a machine for the purpose, in order to make room for some incoming corpse; and in some places, where even this barbarous economy is not pursued, bursting coffins disclosing their loathsome contents may be seen protruding through the inch and a half of soil, which is all the sexton thinks necessary to preserve the sacred privacy of the dead. When putrefying sepulchres like these are hemmed round on every side by thick ranks of houses not over clean in themselves, and when the fetid atmosphere of the place circulates its deadly poison through every neighboring lane and alley, who can wonder at the wretched inhabitants falling by thousands beneath the sickening miasma? It should be a lesson to us, that

when our great cities spread into the gigantic surface which London embraces, that we do not also imitate that capital in this wholesale system of popular assassination.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor's conduct lately became so unprecedented and annoying, that the Speaker of the House of Commons had to give him in charge to the Sergeant-at-Arms. He was released from his captivity at the request of his sister, who is about to place him in a lunatic asylum.

The English Ambassador has, we understand, applied to Louis Napoleon for an explanation of the threatened expulsion of the English press from Paris. The result has not yet reached us.

We learn from the *Morning Herald* that the English Government have taken measures to prevent any "American adventurers" from attempting any aggressive measures against the Virgin Islands. We confess we do not exactly see what our adventurers would want with the English colonial possessions. They have a large field for their operations among the placers of California, where a spirit of adventure leads to much more substantial results than it ever would within the sacred precincts of the Virgin Islands.

Late accounts have brought intelligence that the libel suit brought by the celebrated Dr. Achilli against Newman has terminated in favor of the former. On Monday, 21st of June, the new Cunard steamer, "the Arabia," was launched at Greenock. She is 2,402 tons burden, with engines of the side lever class, of 850 horse power, but working up to 1,000.

Parliament was dissolved on the 1st of July, and writs issued for a new election, returnable August 20th.

FRANCE.—The Baron de Heckeren has returned to Paris from his unsuccessful mission to the Emperor of Russia. He was coldly received, as much from personal objections on the Emperor's side as unwillingness to entertain his proposals. De Heckeren was formerly an officer in the Russian Imperial Guard; and was not only dismissed the service, but forced to leave Russia, in consequence of having killed the poet Poushkin in a duel, after having wounded him in the most sensitive portion of his domestic happiness. This was not the very best ambassador in the world to choose, and the reception he met with showed that the Emperor remembered every thing but too well. During the interview they spoke of the President of the Republic. The Emperor spoke of him twice as Monsieur Louis Napoleon, and only once called him Prince Louis Napoleon. The Emperor declared that he acknowledged the services rendered to society by the President, and added that the sovereigns of Europe would assist him in suppressing and destroying revolutionary ideas and parties. He twice said, in the course of the conversation, "Tis my part, I am a legitimist, and my family has pretensions to legitimacy." The last words of the Emperor were, "*Que le Président ne fasse pas de sottises; mais il a trop de bon sens; il ne fera pas de sottises.*"

M. de Heckeren, having touched on the visit of

the Grand Dukes to Austria and Italy, made allusion to the happiness it would give the President of the Republic if they would also visit France; to which the Emperor replied that he should have liked them to see France, but that, in the circumstances, the thing was impossible. It is said that M. de Heckeren took occasion to give both to the Austrian ministry and to the Emperor of Russia formal assurance that Louis Napoleon was determined not to favor any attempt to establish either Italian or Polish nationality.

Late advices mention that the *Corps Legislatif* have shown symptoms of restiveness against the dictation of the President. On Tuesday, the Assembly had the Budget under discussion, and refused their assent to some of the items. Louis Napoleon, who was watching the proceedings from a private box, thereupon sent a note to the President, stating that the Assembly were overstepping their powers in refusing their assent to amendments sanctioned by the Council of State. The meeting broke up in confusion.

Upon reassembling next day, the Budget was again discussed, and the Assembly acted so far independently as to throw overboard the grant of 1,745,000 francs for the dotation of the Senators. The difficulty caused a temporary fall in the Funds.

The trade of the Republic is in a very prosperous condition. The principal feature remarked by strangers in the aspect of Paris, is the considerable number of new houses which are on all sides in course of construction. It is admitted that the building trade has seldom been more prosperous than at present, and the consequence is that there is rather a deficiency than a redundancy of operatives.

The manufacturers of the capital are not altogether so well satisfied. They begin to complain that their season has terminated earlier than usual, and that their orders for exportation have been fewer than during previous years. The manufacturers of what are termed *objets de luxe* are the loudest in uttering these complaints. The dealers in fancy articles are largely indebted for their present prosperity to the crowds of strangers who flocked to Paris to witness the "feast of eagles." The cabinet makers in the Faubourg St. Antoine have received large orders from Hayti within the last few days. The Emperor Soulouque has commanded that his palace shall be newly furnished, and he has further granted permission to import into Hayti certain articles of luxury free of duty. The Paris manufacturers are preparing to take advantage of this permission. The partisans of "protection" are exerting themselves to obtain an augmentation of the customs tariff. The agricultural committee of Lille, for example, has addressed a circular to the other committees in the department of the North, to petition the government to impose an additional duty of 11f. the 100 kilogrammes on foreign flax-thread imported into France. The pretext is, that the importation of foreign flax-thread is injurious to the agricultural interest in the department of the North. The manufacturers, on the other hand, admit that such a measure would be fatal to the French linen manufacture. The ac-

counts received from the manufacturing districts continue favorable. Both cotton and wool are in demand, at advanced prices, in Havre. The manufacturers of Rouen, Mulhouse, Roubaix, and Elbeuf have disposed of nearly all their stock, and are now in the market to purchase the raw material. We have to notice a considerable rise in copper. This is attributed to the miners in South America having abandoned the copper mines to flock to California to seek for gold.

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AUSTRALIA.—The extraordinary and rapid extraction of gold still continues unabated. The *London Times* gives the following account of the quantity of precious metal exported:

"The advices from Sydney by the *Vimiera*, with the announcement that (including £55,000 which she has herself brought) a total of £303,000 of gold was exported from that port alone on the 7th and 10th of March, have produced a strong impression, the actual evidence afforded by such shipments being far more powerful than any written details. Whether other sums had been dispatched during the preceding fortnight, either from Sydney or Port Philip, does not appear, but it is most probable that such was the case. Subjoined is an extract of a commercial letter regarding the price of gold dust and the rate of exchange:

"Gold dust is 64s., and very little inclination is shown to purchase, except by the banks, and this will be the case while they refuse to buy bills drawn against shipments above 40s. per ounce. Affairs are likely to remain unsettled until we receive from England 100,000 sovereigns, on account of the increase in our deposits and note circulation having made the liabilities of all the banks greater than the quantity of specie in the country justifies. Specie would purchase bank-bills at 6½ per cent. discount, and no doubt would pay a large capitalist to ship here for the purpose of availing himself of the exchange while our exports so far exceed our imports. The Blackwall and other vessels about sailing will convey to London £300,000 worth of gold dust, making a shipment of this article to the amount of £1,200,000, and a similar sum from Victoria."

"From South Australia the advices mention that Sir Henry Young, at the request of the Chamber of Commerce at Adelaide, had convened the Legislative Council for the purpose of making bullion a legal tender at £3 11s. per ounce, and a law to that effect had been adopted, which was to remain in force for twelve months. The Adelaide people seem to promise themselves great advantage from the measure, and have overlooked the fact that it must be an unjustifiable step as regards all existing contracts, while with respect to future transactions it can have no possible effect, since if parties are compelled to receive uncoined gold at £3 11s. per ounce, when in other colonies, as compared with coin, it is only worth a smaller sum, they will simply put the difference on to the prices at which they may dispose of their commodities. If the Chamber of Commerce had limited their request to the establishment of an Assay-office, leaving the assayed gold to find its own

value, the proposal would have been a perfectly correct one. The opening of a Mint, however, would be the only complete measure."

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INDIA.—The English troops are still engaged in absurd war upon the Burmese, from which will result loss of life, loss of money, and loss of reputation. The rainy season has set in, and the soldiery are dying rapidly of cholera. They have also discovered that the Burmese are no mean antagonists, and it will surprise us much if, before the war is over, the English do not discover, to their cost, that it were wiser to keep their love of Indian conquest a little more within bounds. The very vain and unsatisfactory result of the last Burmah war ought to have taught them better.

It is said that the Governor-General has claimed from the Burmese monarch the sum of £250 000 sterling for the expenses of the war up to the 31st of March, with a notification that he will be charged £10,000 sterling per day until he accepts the terms dictated by the British. The present strength of the expedition is 6,000 regular land forces of all arms, 15 armed steamships, 4 or 5 transports, a line-of-battle ship, a 44 gun frigate, and a brig of war. More extensive operations will probably be undertaken after the rainy season.

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ITALY.—The Papal Government is very uneasy at the intelligence of frequent conferences between Louis Napoleon and some of the chiefs of the Italian Liberal Party.

The fate of Murray, the Englishman under sentence of death at Ancona, is still undecided. The British Consul's application to see him in prison was refused.

A Swiss journal states that the Pope has contracted with a Mr. Kalberwarter to recruit a Papal army of 6 000 picked men, mostly Swiss.

M. Thiers, albeit under the ban of Louis Napoleon, the Pope's dear son and ally, had obtained an audience of his Holiness, previous to leaving Rome for Naples. This audience was the more flattering, as it took place at the express desire of the Pope himself—M. Thiers, from motives of delicacy, in his present political situation, having abstained from requesting it on his arrival. He was, of course, delighted with the affability of Pio Nono, with whom he conversed for some time on subjects connected with the fine arts, with which M. Thiers has been much occupied during his stay here. If report speaks truly, the statesman took an opportunity of lauding moderate political measures, when his Holiness observed that such had invariably been his principles, and were so still; affording by his reply another proof of what has so often been put forward—i. e., that he has very little to do with the present actions of the Papal Government.

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PRUSSIA.—The Zollverein meeting, at which Prussia was to declare its determination on the present crisis of the Union, has taken place. The Prussian Commission replied definitely to the Darmstadt Coalition:

1st. That Prussia rejected altogether a Customs Union with Austria.

2d. That Prussia will not enter into the discussion of commercial questions with Austria. The treaties for the renewal of the Zollverein shall be completed.

Prussia demands an immediate and unconditional answer from all the States of the Zollverein, whether or not they agree to the proposition, in order that Prussia may immediately establish Custom Houses on the frontiers of such as dissent.

The friendly relations, on other topics, with Prussia and Austria, will not, however, be disturbed.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—Sir Harry Smith has returned to England, and General Cathcart has assumed his position as Governor General.

The *London Times* gives the subjoined summary of the news:

"The only military movement since our last advices, is one by Colonel Michel, on the 17th of April, near Fort Cox, when a subdivision of the Light Company of the 6th Regiment killed eight Caffres with the bayonet; and a company of Rifles in ambush drove a body headlong down some cliffs, killing twenty, and wounding a great number.

"The last dates from King William's Town are to the 27th of April. General Cathcart had recovered from the effects of a severe fall, and was to proceed, on the 27th, to Fort Beaufort, preparatory to an attack, upon an extensive scale, on Friday, the 30th of April, upon the Waterkloof, where Macomo had again removed with a large party of Caffres from the Amatolas, and had been joined by a great many rebel Hottentots. It was understood that the General would direct this movement in person.

"General Cathcart's determination to hang the councillors of Seyolo and Stock, who have been captured while endeavoring to excite Pato and other friendly Caffres to join the enemy, has inspired great confidence, and the erection of the gallows at King William's Town, for that purpose, has struck much terror into the Caffres. The General's policy of destroying the enemy's cattle is most important, as is also his refusal to have personal communications with any of the chiefs among the Caffres. His energy and decision of character are much admired, and a prospect seems now open of really subduing and punishing the Caffres, so as to produce a permanent and substantial peace in the course of three or four months."

HANOVER.—The Hanoverian Chambers were adjourned on 28th May to 4th June. The Diet of Oldenburg have decided to accede on certain conditions to the treaty of September between Hanover and Prussia. It is stated in a Berlin journal that the recent settlement between the King of Denmark and the Duke of Augustenberg will be repudiated by the Germanic Diet.

The *Weser Gazette* states that numerous arrests took place on the 24th at Bremen, in consequence of the discovery of the statutes and rules of an association called the League of Death, together

with poniards, pistols, and other weapons. The prisoners had been taken to the Hotel de Ville, and great excitement prevailed in the city.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

THAT body of men whom we have sent to represent us in the national council, to deliberate over the best methods of supplying our national wants, and of advancing us in national prosperity, seem to have forgotten the object of their assembling at Washington. The amount of work which they have accomplished during the session of 1852, eight months in duration, and not yet finished, is fearfully disproportionate to the time that has been consumed in doing it. Scarcely one measure of importance has been consummated, scarcely one evil repressed, scarcely one new political idea evolved. Nor for this unprofitable delay and lack of effort is there any excuse. The Democratic party have a large majority in both houses. The field of Congressional debate, lately cleared of great obstacles, presents no difficulties to legislation in comparison with the difficulties of former years. And yet, with a full docket, with easy majorities, and with an anxious constituency, Congress has so far done nothing, and gives us small ground to hope for better things in future.

Where is the Homestead Bill, whose utility the sober sense of the people ratifies, and which was so triumphantly passed by the House of Representatives? Where is the Deficiency Bill, with its unforeseen and necessary items, which a Locofoco Opposition, straining at gnats and swallowing camels, profess to find so burdensome upon the Treasury, but which were not to be avoided, and cannot in any case be repudiated? Are we to witness no appropriations to Rivers and Harbors? Shall no change be effected in our present ruinous and absurd Tariff? Or, if Congress will refuse to act upon these separate measures, what will it do, and why has it not made at least a beginning?

This lack of any positive effort may be natural, and may be readily accounted for by the fact that it is much easier to make speeches, and be published in the papers, than to undergo the labor of drawing up bills, examining and setting forth their claims, and producing well-grounded and solid arguments for their passage; much easier than to sit patiently in committee over the details of Congressional business; and to many men, much easier than simply to retain their chairs, and vote when called upon to give their opinion. The time of Congress is therefore consumed by speeches from every class of men, often on irrelevant subjects, and in most cases little calculated to help forward any measure proposed, if indeed they do not operate against it.

In the House of Representatives, June 26th, Mr. Bennett's Land Bill, of which the following is an abstract, was passed by a vote of ninety-six to eighty-seven:

The bill appropriates to Missouri three millions of acres; to Alabama, two million five hundred thousand acres; to Iowa, three millions of acres; to Michigan, two million five hundred thousand acres; to Wisconsin, two million five hundred thousand acres; to Louisiana, two million five

hundred thousand acres; to Mississippi, two million acres; to Florida, two million acres; to Arkansas, three million acres; to California, three million acres; to Illinois, one million acres; to Indiana, all the public land not sold, located, or reserved, lying within her limits, and one million acres in addition thereto; to Ohio, all the public land not sold, located or reserved, lying within her limits, and two million acres in addition thereto; and to each of the States Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, at the rate of one hundred and fifty-six thousand acres for each Senator and Representative in the Thirty-second Congress from said States respectively; and to each of the organized Territories and the District of Columbia, one hundred and fifty thousand acres. The eleven States first named are to apply their shares in the construction of railroads, and the remainder of the States, and the Territories, and the District of Columbia, are to expend theirs for the support of schools, or for other useful purposes.

The bill providing for the establishment of a Branch Mint in California, of which we spoke in our last issue, having been returned by the House to the Senate with several amendments, these amendments were passed, and the bill has now become a law. The advantages of such a Mint in California are great, and we regard its passage as one of the most important acts of the session.

In the Senate, June 28th, Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, chairman of the Census Committee, made a report. The Committee having taken the census returns of Maryland as an index of the correctness of the census returns of the entire United States, decide that the expense of such a census is not warranted by the truth of the information arrived at. The Committee pronounce the historical sketches of States, Cities, and Towns, the Geological Histories, the calculations upon the returns of Deaf and Dumb, Blind and Idiotic persons, the tables giving the places of nativity and occupations of persons, and the medical statistics, as contained in the sample before them, as incomplete, inaccurate, false, useless, and unnecessary, and recommend that they be all omitted in the published returns. They say that if their recommendation be adopted, the size of the Census returns will be reduced more than four fifths of what they have been swelled to by the Census Superintendent. Mr. Bayard's report is sustained by a full enumeration of errors and absurdities. In the matters especially of health and disease, and of manufactures, the blunders of the Maryland Census are palpable to the most careless reader.

The Bill for the relief of the Collins steamers, which passed the Senate some weeks since, and has been pending before the House during the mean time, was passed by the latter body on Tuesday, July 13th, by a vote of 89 to 87.

The bill provides "for additional compensation for increasing the transportation of the United States mail between New-York and Liverpool in

the Collins line of steamers to twenty-six trips per annum, at such times as shall be directed by the Postmaster-General, and in conformity to his last annual report to Congress, and his letter of the fifteenth of November last to the Secretary of the Navy, commencing said increased service on the first of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, at the rate of thirty-three thousand dollars per trip, in lieu of the present allowance, the sum of two hundred and thirty-six thousand five hundred dollars: *Provided*, That it shall be in the power of Congress, at any time after the thirty first day of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, to terminate the arrangement for the additional allowance herein provided for, upon giving six months' notice."

In the course of the debate on this measure, in the Senate, Mr. James, of Rhode Island, made the following statement:

"The Cunard line has seven ships, the aggregate tonnage of which is 12,252 tons. These ships cross the Atlantic eighty-five times per year, or rather what is equivalent to eighty-five trips for one ship. This makes the total tonnage worked across the Atlantic, in the eighty-five trips, 148,750 tons. For this service they receive from the British Government, in round numbers, \$856,820—making \$5 75 per ton. The Collins line has four ships, of an aggregate of 13,702 tons, which cross the Atlantic fifty-two times per annum, or perform a service equal to fifty-two trips for one vessel. The amount to be paid by this amendment, and what is now paid, is \$858,000, or \$4 82 per ton, and a fraction less than twenty per cent. below what is paid by the British Government to the Cunard line.

"The Cunard line receives, it will be seen, for 1852..... £171,364
While it received for 1851..... 145,000

Making an increase of..... £26,364
Equal to..... \$131,820

"The amount now received by the Cunard line is \$856,820—being within less than \$2,000 of what is asked for by Mr. Collins."

The new Postage Bill, which has been recently concurred in, provides as follows:

1. All newspapers, pamphlets, &c., weighing two ounces, shall be charged one cent postage within three thousand miles, and one cent for each additional ounce; over three thousand miles, double these rates.

2. Books shall be deemedailable matter. Newspapers shall be mailed free to subscribers within the county in which they are published, as heretofore.

3. All papers and periodicals must be sent with open wrappers; free from all other writing except the address; and not inclosing any slips or communications. If these conditions are not complied with, the matter will be charged with letter postage.

4. Papers lying dead in the office shall be sold to pay their postage.

The above summary presents the leading features of the Bill.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

THE WHIG NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The Convention having been organized on the 16th of June, fifty-three ballotings were had for a Presidential candidate. We give the final ballot: Scott, 158; Fillmore, 112; Webster, 21.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the Convention:

"The Whigs of the United States, in Convention assembled, adhering to the great conservative principles by which they are controlled and governed, and now as ever relying upon the intelligence of the American people, with an abiding confidence in their capacity for self-government, and their devotion to the Constitution and the Union, do proclaim the following as the political sentiments and determination for the establishment and maintenance of which their national organization as a party was effected:

"*First.* The Government of the United States is of a limited character, and it is confined to the exercise of powers expressly granted by the Constitution, and such as may be necessary and proper for carrying the granted powers into full execution, and that all powers not granted or necessarily implied are expressly reserved to the States respectively and to the people.

"*Second.* The State Governments should be held secure in their reserved rights, and the General Government sustained in its constitutional powers, and that the Union should be revered and watched over as the palladium of our liberties.

"*Third.* That while struggling freedom every where enlists the warmest sympathy of the Whig party, we still adhere to the doctrines of the Father of his Country, as announced in his Farewell Address, of keeping ourselves free from all entangling alliances with foreign countries, and of never quitting our own to stand upon foreign ground; that our mission as a Republic is not to propagate our opinions, or impose on other countries our form of government, by artifice or force, but to teach by example, and show by our success, moderation, and justice, the blessings of self-government, and the advantages of free institutions.

"*Fourth.* That, as the people make and control the Government, they should obey its Constitution, Laws, and Treaties, as they would retain their self-respect, and the respect which they claim and will enforce from foreign powers.

"*Fifth.* Revenue sufficient for the expenses of an economical administration of the Government, in time of peace, ought to be derived from a duty on imports, and not from direct taxation; and in laying such duties, sound policy requires a just discrimination, whereby suitable encouragement may be afforded to American industry, equally to all classes, and to all parts of the country.

"*Sixth.* The Constitution vests in Congress the power to open and repair harbors, and remove obstructions from navigable rivers, whenever such improvements are necessary for the common defense, and for the protection and facility of commerce with foreign nations, or among the States, said improvements being, in every instance, national and general in their character.

"*Seventh.* The Federal and State Governments

are parts of one system, alike necessary for the common prosperity, peace, and security, and ought to be regarded alike with a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment. Respect for the authority of each, and acquiescence in the just constitutional measures of each, are duties required by the plainest considerations of national, state, and individual welfare.

"*Eighth.* That the series of acts of the Thirty-first Congress—the Act known as the Fugitive Slave Law included—are received and acquiesced in by the Whig party of the United States, as a settlement in principle and substance of the dangerous and exciting question which they embrace; and so far as they are concerned, we will maintain them and insist upon their strict enforcement until time and experience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation, to guard against the evasion of the law on the one hand, and the abuse of their powers on the other, not impairing their present efficiency; and we deprecate all further agitation of the question thus settled, as dangerous to our peace, and will discountenance all efforts to continue or renew such agitation, whenever, wherever, or however the attempt may be made; and we will maintain the system as essential to the nationality of the Whig party of the Union."

DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.—Henry Clay died at Washington, Tuesday, June 29th, aged seventy-five years.

The proceedings of both branches of Congress, upon the day subsequent to his death, were of the most interesting and impressive nature. Men of all parties and shades of party forgot their differences of opinion in their zeal to do honor to the memory of the great statesman, and joined together in eulogies whose signal charm consisted in their truth, and in the sincerity with which they were uttered.

In the Senate, addresses were made by Messrs. Cass, Clemens, Hunter, Underwood, Cooper, Jones, Brooke, and Seward. We quote a few sentences from the remarks of the latter, in which is embodied an epitome of Mr. Clay's career:

"Colonization, Revolution, and Organization—three great acts in the drama of our National Progress—had already passed when the Western Patriot appeared on the public stage. He entered in that next division of the majestic scenes which was marked by an inevitable reaction of political forces, a wild strife of factions, and ruinous embarrassments in our foreign relations. This transition stage is always more perilous than any other in the career of nations, and especially in the career of Republics. It proved fatal to the Commonwealth in England. Scarcely any of the Spanish American States have yet emerged from it; and it has more than once been sadly signalized by the ruin of the Republican cause in France.

"The continuous Administration of Washington and John Adams had closed under a cloud which had thrown a broad, dark shadow over the future; the nation was deeply indebted at home and abroad, and its credit was prostrate. The Revolutionary factions had given place to two inveterate parties, divided by a gulf which had been worn by the conflict in which the Constitution was

adopted, and made broader and deeper by a war of prejudices concerning the merits of the belligerents in the great European struggle that then convulsed the civilized world. Our extraordinary political system was little more than an ingenious theory, not yet practically established. The union of the States was as yet only one of compact; for the political, social, and commercial necessities to which it was so marvellously adapted, and which, clustering thickly upon it, now render it indissoluble, had not then been broadly disclosed, nor had the habits of acquiescence and the sentiments of loyalty, always slow of growth, fully ripened. The bark that had gone to sea, thus unfurnished and untried, seemed quite certain to founder by reason of its own inherent frailty, even if it should escape unharmed in the great conflict of nations, which acknowledged no claims of justice, and tolerated no pretensions of neutrality. Moreover, the territory possessed by the nation was inadequate to commercial exigencies and indispensable social expansion; and yet no provision had been made for enlargement, nor for extending the political system over distant regions, inhabited or otherwise, which must inevitably be acquired. Nor could any such acquisition be made without disturbing the carefully-adjusted balance of powers among the members of the Confederacy.

"These difficulties, Mr. President, although they grew less with time and by slow degrees, continued throughout the whole life of the statesman whose obsequies we are celebrating. Be it known, then, and I am sure that history will confirm the instruction, that Conservatism was the interest of the nation, and the responsibility of its rulers, during the period in which he flourished. He was ardent, bold, generous, and even ambitious; and yet, with a profound conviction of the true exigencies of the country, like Alexander Hamilton, he disciplined himself, and trained a restless nation, that knew only self-control, to the rigorous practice of that often humiliating conservatism which its welfare and security in that peculiar crisis so imperiously demanded.

"It could not have happened, Sir, to any citizen to have acted alone, nor even to have acted always the most conspicuous part in a trying period so long protracted. HENRY CLAY, therefore, shared the responsibilities of Government with not only his proper contemporaries, but also survivors of the Revolution, as well as also many who will now succeed himself. Delicacy forbids my naming those who retain their places here, but we may without impropriety recall among his compeers a Senator of vast resources and inflexible resolve, who has recently withdrawn from this chamber, but I trust not altogether from public life, (Mr. Benton;) and another, who, surpassing all his contemporaries within his country, and even throughout the world, in the proper eloquence of the forum, now in autumnal year for a second time dignifies and adorns the highest seat in the Executive Council, (Mr. Webster.) Passing by these eminent and noble men, the shades of Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Jack-

son, Monroe, and Jefferson rise up before us—statesmen whose living and local fame has ripened already into historical and world-wide renown.

"Among geniuses so lofty as these, HENRY CLAY bore a part in regulating the constitutional freedom of political debate; establishing that long-contested and most important line which divides the sovereignty of the several States from that of the States confederated; asserting the right of Neutrality, and vindicating it by a war against Great Britain, when that just but extreme measure became necessary; adjusting the terms on which that perilous yet honorable contest was brought to a peaceful close; perfecting the army, and the navy, and national fortifications; settling the fiscal and financial policy of the Government in more than one crisis of apparently threatened revolution; asserting and calling into exercise the powers of the Government for making and improving internal communication between the States; arousing and encouraging the Spanish American Colonies on this Continent to throw off the foreign yoke, and to organize Governments on principles congenial to our own, and thus creating external bulwarks for our own national defense; establishing equal and impartial peace and amity with all existing maritime powers; and extending the constitutional organization of Government over all the vast regions secured in his life-time by purchase or by conquest, whereby the pillars of the Republic have been removed from the banks of the St. Mary's to the borders of the Rio Grande, and from the margin of the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. We may not yet discuss the wisdom of the several measures which have thus passed in review before us, nor of the positions which the deceased statesman assumed in regard to them, but we may without offense dwell upon the comprehensive results of them all.

"The Union exists in absolute integrity, and the Republic in complete and triumphant development. Without having relinquished any part of their individuality, the States have more than doubled already, and are increasing in numbers and growing in political strength and expansion more rapidly than ever before. Without having absorbed any State, or having even encroached on any State, the Confederation has opened itself so as to embrace all the new members who have come, and now, with capacity for further and indefinite enlargement, has become fixed, enduring, and perpetual. Although it was doubted, only half a century ago, whether our political system could be maintained at all, and whether, if maintained, it could guarantee the peace and happiness of society, it stands now confessed by the world the form of government, not only most adapted to Empire, but also most congenial with the constitution of Human Nature."

Funeral ceremonies were performed, Thursday, July 1, in the Senate Chamber, after which the body was transferred to the cars, on its journey to Lexington, Ky., where, in accordance with Mr. Clay's last wish, it is to be buried.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

MUSIC.

Stars Musical.

JENNY (LIND) GOLDSCHMIDT has bid us farewell. The latest reports concerning her movements in London leave us in doubt as to her future musical engagements. And now, looking at her from afar, and with the impression of her career still strong and fresh upon our minds, it may not be uninteresting to pause and ascertain, if possible, what sort of musical benefit is conferred upon us by her visit.

It is no easy matter to convey to the honest, religious American mind an impression of Madame Goldschmidt's musical character alone. In fact, the secret of her success among us is, in great part, due to influences other than musical. True, the best judges of music have been satisfied with her voice and execution, and the opinion among all disinterested admirers is, that she is undoubtedly the most accomplished and effective soprano singer living. But this fact alone would not have secured her a hearing from all classes of society. It is a fact well known, that no other person had ever before drawn together audiences so varied in age, character, and condition. Let us look back for a moment, and we shall see that native and foreign, rich and poor, high and low, learned and unlearned, fashionable and unfashionable, sober and playful, saint and sinner, alike mingled in unconcerned proximity, to present to her the tribute of their admiration. Barnum's princely management was unquestionably the effective secondary cause of her occupying this distinguished position before the American public. But innumerable Barnums, backed by the press of an entire nation, could not have continued a reputation for two years, unless that reputation had been spontaneously and unequivocally stamped as rare and genuine.

There was, in the first place, that ever-sympathetic source of popular affection, humbleness of birth, which linked her in strong bonds to a whole nation's heart. Next, there were a persevering faith and holy hope in conquering obstacles, which early gave to her character a triumphant strength. Unerring tact in the management of her affairs very naturally followed her sagacious judgment of men and things. The world's best maestros and musical managers were consulted. Her "gradus ad Parnassum" was ascended slowly but surely. Then generously sprang from her dutiful heart those heavenly charities which, more than all else, heralded her in terms angelic to our religious sympathies. Add to these the curt, soft name which all loved to let fall from their lips, and we may gather, aside from strictly musical causes, the secret of her hold upon us.

After what has been stated, the clear-headed reader cannot fail to see that Jenny Lind Goldschmidt must sometimes smile at the studied attempts of unbalanced critics to make her out a

divinity. The idea is absurd. If she could, by any possibility, be placed upon a pedestal to be worshipped, we are confident she would be a very enraged and saucy goddess. She is just the most dutiful, effective, and sagacious soprano singer alive, *i. e.*, in her favorite styles. If we were called upon to name any quality which is the secret of her success, and the meaning of which would be most readily understood by the largest number, we should unhesitatingly say it is COMMON SENSE. *And she knows this.* No person living knows his character and worth—his exact measure—better than Madame Goldschmidt knows hers. Her mind is the perfection of common sense; and we do not hesitate to declare, from our knowledge of her character as revealed to us by phenological and physiognomical indices, that she not only feels the utmost contempt for the transcendental landations that have been poured forth, *ad nauseam*, in relation to her divinity, by writers who do not possess sufficient practical common sense to enable them, unaided by friends, to earn a respectable livelihood, but that, in her inmost soul, she actually loathes all such moon-shine criticism. As a matter of business, she allows it to pass unnoticed, but she cannot respect its authors.

Here, more than in Europe, were observed her systematic works of charity. But while we fail not to cherish a lively gratitude for these, we regret that no opportunity was afforded us to witness a complete musical triumph, by a union of the dramatic with the musical. Equivocal as may be the moral of most of the librettos of the modern opera, we yet should have greatly preferred to see her in *Der Freischütz*, *Robert le Diable*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Fille du Regiment*, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, rather than have attended her fragmentary and unsatisfactory concert performances. These latter, and all others of a similar sort, (with proper deference to her spiritual advisers,) are elaborate monstrosities, claiming no higher merit than did the artist's attempt of old to make a beautiful face out of the faultless eyes of one, the nose of another, and the mouth of a third. To a sensitive mind we can imagine of no cause more prolific of confused and antagonistic associations. Observe the selections for a moment. First on the programme is an overture descriptive of the movements of a fairy. Then appears a sturdy baritone, singing about "wars and rumors of wars." Third, shows the Star of the Evening adoring the moon. Fourth, brings out the digital dexterity of some violinist or pianist, who, laboriously as any mechanic, has worked his 'ten hours a day,' to master his piece. Fifth, sees Soprano and Baritone very much excited in lovers' quarrels. Sixth, finds the Baritone in a barber's shop. Seventh, gives us glimpses of the Star of the Evening revolving in eccentric orbits of joy, whereof pearly runs, querulous arpeggios, titillating trills, breathless crescendos and diminuendos, are the evanes-

cent exhalations. And so on to the end of the programme.

"Oh, ghost of Aristotle, rise,
And thunder forth thy unities."

The plain, social songs of this cantatrice were, of all her selections, the most beneficial, simply because they were the most thoroughly understood and felt. The execution of her operatic morceaux elicited surprise and admiration, on account of the voice and the execution; but, as a general thing, throughout the length and breadth of the country, they were neither understood nor appreciated, and therefore left no marked impression. Could she have overcome her scruples in regard to the stage, and in the larger cities have sung in the operas which we have named above, an audience would not have been wanting which would not only have derived rich, rare pleasure from the representation, but a substantial benefit would have been rendered to musical professors and students, which they may now hope for in vain.

We trust a different view of matters musical and dramatic may influence ALBONI.

The birth, early musical education, and subsequent musical experience of this distinguished Contralto, have been such as to secure for her a proud niche among the chief singers of Christendom. Born near Rome in 1826, she showed so great a love of music at the age of six years, that her friends were reluctantly compelled to accede to her wishes, and gave her, despite their prejudices, the best possible advantages for developing her talent. At the age of eleven she was placed under the care of a celebrated maestro, (Baglioli,) whose discipline for two years laid the foundation of her future fame. At thirteen, she entered the Conservatory of Music at Bologna, of which Rossini was then director. This great master was highly pleased with her wonderful voice and untiring assiduity, and devoted (a rare thing with him) much time to her instruction.

Maratta Alboni was now fifteen, and through Rossini's influence was engaged at the theatre in Bologna. She chose Pacini's "Sarrino" for her *début*, and her triumph was complete. Her high position was immediately recognized, and the next year she appeared at Milan with increased enthusiasm. She has since visited Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Paris, London, and other European capitals, and has enlarged both her fame and her fortune.

Her first appearance here, at Metropolitan Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 23d, was brilliantly attended, though the season for concerts was passed, and the evening was sultry. We have seen and heard her, and derived a very good and substantial pleasure thereby. Her plump phy-

sique, frank face, and affable demeanor, all find a witching exponent in her voice. She exhibits no dramatic power, and has but little spirituality in her organization; yet the *tout ensemble* is pleasurable to the last degree, and we pay but a poor compliment to human nature in saying that the picture is too full of the luxuriant present. The ripe fruits of mid-summer, and the more substantial garnerings of autumn, are as tempting in their time as the balmy fragrance and the opening buds of immortal Spring. So when appears the life-loving and matured Alboni, rich in the possession of her rare and goodly gifts, we wish that Heaven had made us just like her.

The programme of her first concerts answered well enough for summer weather. In the coming autumn, however, we trust that an opportunity will be offered us to witness her triumphs on the stage, the field in which she first won her fame, and the one too where only can the modern Opera, or selections therefrom, be most satisfactorily displayed.

French Opera at Niblo's.

REVERSING the order of nature, by which the birds of song desert our northern latitudes in winter for the more genial climate of the South, our favorite songsters, having cheered us during the winter months, have chosen the ardent tropics for the scene of their midsummer cantations. Stefanone, Bosio, and Salvi have left us, and under the direction of Maretzek are stirring the souls of the gay Mexicans and Chilians to rapturous plaudits, while Marini is renewing his old triumphs on the boards of the Opera at London.

In their place, we have had the French Opera Company from New-Orleans, at Mr. Niblo's ever agreeable Garden. The company have performed the usual round of French opera with good effect and to large audiences. Mlle Jolly is a delightful singer, possessed of a voice well adapted to her *repertoire*, and a light, neat, graceful little figure, which conciliates and attracts at first sight. She is well supported by the company, and Mr. Niblo has once more laid us under obligations in furnishing a light and pleasurable summer musical recreation.

The Castle Garden opera—that unfailing resort of strangers in New-York during the summer months—has this season failed to be presented. Philadelphia and Boston have not been more successful in the possession of an Italian opera this summer. Our trio of musical cities must not again suffer such a desertion of their artists.

Madame Anna Thillon is progressing westward, and the papers are full of the accounts of her triumphs.

NOTE.—Several pages of book notices are crowded out; among others, notices of Wintthrop's Speeches, Trescott's Diplomacy of the Revolution, Arvine's Cyclopædia of Anecdotes, &c.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY FOR THE WORLD.

THE AMERICAN LANTERN,

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED FROM DESIGNS BY THE FIRST ARTISTS OF THE DAY

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT

107, FULTON STREET, NEW YORK,

EDITED BY

DIOGENES, Jr.



ILLUSTRIOUS DIOGENES assumes, as a Postulate, that the Public not only deserves, but demands, a Paper, which, selecting the prominent topics of the day, shall rather admonish and reform "Folly as it flies," than shoot it, despite the splenetic proverb of the poet.

I We do not hope to jest the world into good manners immediately. Education is a work of time. The temple of human perfection cannot, like ALADDIN'S Palace, be elevated in an instant, by the mere rubbing of a lamp, even tho' that lamp be in the hands of DIOGENES himself. We demand, therefore, a little time, attention, and encouragement, for our proposed labor of love, which has for its comprehensive and benevolent scope, the amusement and instruction of the entire human race, including our last annexation, Japan.

Our intention being to pour the impetuous torrent of our genius through the muddy and polluted ditches of Hypocrisy, Humbug, Vice, Fanaticism, and Folly, and with the resistless force of our Wit, Wisdom, Sarcasm, and Illustration, to bring up from their hidden depths the oppression and secret cruelties of the social state; while the lighter follies, after amusing the world with their vain attempts to battle against our onward impetus, will be flung upon the shore of Time "for a wise world's example."

Thus, while we candidly acknowledge our inability to smite the stronger vices out of exist-

ence, we feel assured, that by holding the mirror up to the intemperate of all classes, whether they indulge *unduly* in politics, ill-manners, bigotry, wine, or water, we shall make them thoroughly ashamed of the ugly and ridiculous figure they cut in our reflector.

The mother of SOCRATES cured him when a child, of passion, by showing him his face in a glass, during one of his paroxysms, and we all know what a philosopher he became. Who can tell, therefore, the strides our fellow-creatures may take, when they feel the strong blaze of our LANTERN upon them?

The mission of DIOGENES is too philanthropic to be bounded by sectional prejudices; we shall, therefore, in the matter of politics, assume a strict, but armed neutrality, watching all sides, and recognizing no excellence, but that which is hallowed by the purest patriotism. DIOGENES is, therefore, not a partizan. Our Creed is the progress of Republican Man.

"For DIOGENES can never so narrow his mind,
As to give up to party, what was meant for mankind."

On the contrary, we shall roam the infected body of the world, and when we find the sore spot, shall not probe it to give pain, but to cure it; being thus cruel, only to be kind.

As, however, it is our Christian duty to warn evil doers, let the subtle wordmonger, who, protected by his country's banner, fights only for himself, *beware!* Let the pseudo philanthropist, who, while his voice sounds in the van of melioration, creeps himself stealthily after the scraps that lie upon the path, *beware!* Let the cunning plotter, who lays traps and pitfalls to impede his fellow toilers on the road to distinction, that he may distance them at last, *beware!* Our LANTERN will blaze upon all degrees of dereliction, and the judgment of DIOGENES be as inflexible as a Rhadamantine Edict.

But while his frown will thus be terrible to the delinquent, his benignant smile will be a sufficient guard to those who prove themselves worthy to belong to the great Brotherhood of Humanity. To such

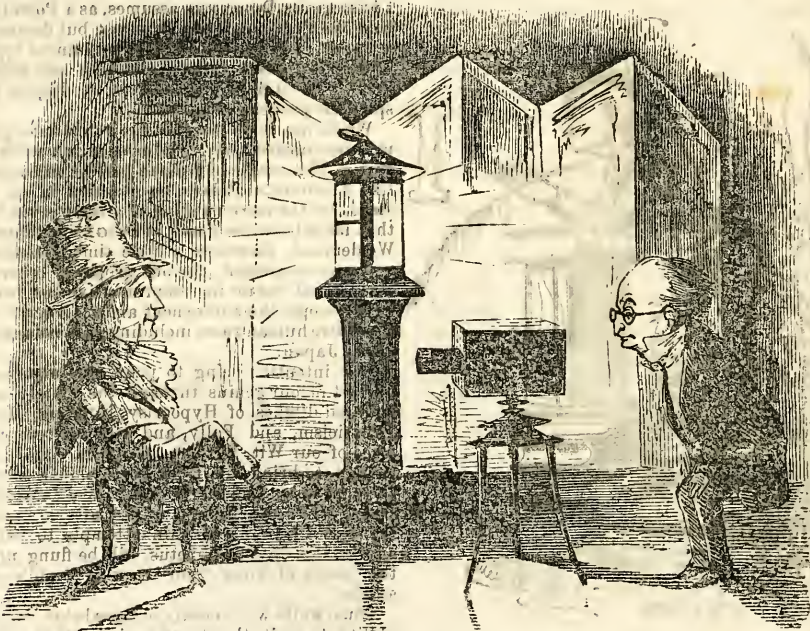
THE LANTERN

Of DIOGENES will be pointed as an exemplar of good.

Not only shall individuals, but principles, professions, and particular platforms be subjected to a rigid examination, the wonderful properties of our LANTERN enabling us to look beyond the outer and apparent, into the inner and actual; and wherever the Index does not agree with the Springs and Works within, like a Clock in motion, set to the wrong hour, we shall ourselves strike "the true time of day." Endeavouring always, with impartial and inexorable hand, to assist in rooting out the noxious weeds that desecrate the garden of life: but in every instance tending upon, nurturing, and sustaining those living traces of Heaven's hand, which serve to remind us, that it was once all Eden.

In a word, we are resolved to render

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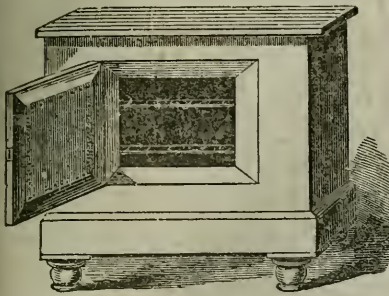
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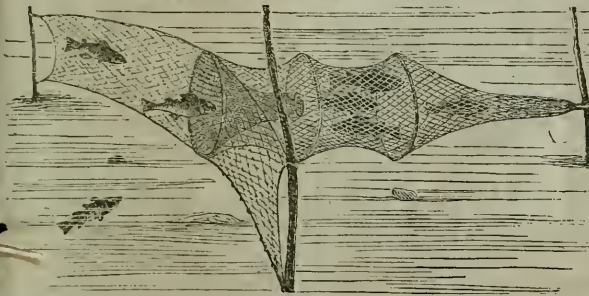
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